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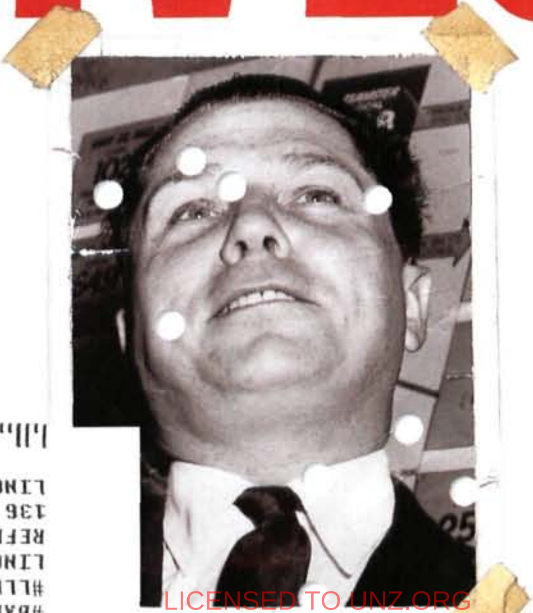
As Jimmy Hoffa Jr. tries to take back the Teamsters in his father's name, Teamster boss and liberal hero Ron Carey tries to duck charges that he's got mob pals of his own—and America's most notorious union realizes that killing a man doesn't make him dead

HOFFA LIVES!

JUL 27 1995



A special investigation by Jeffrey Goldberg

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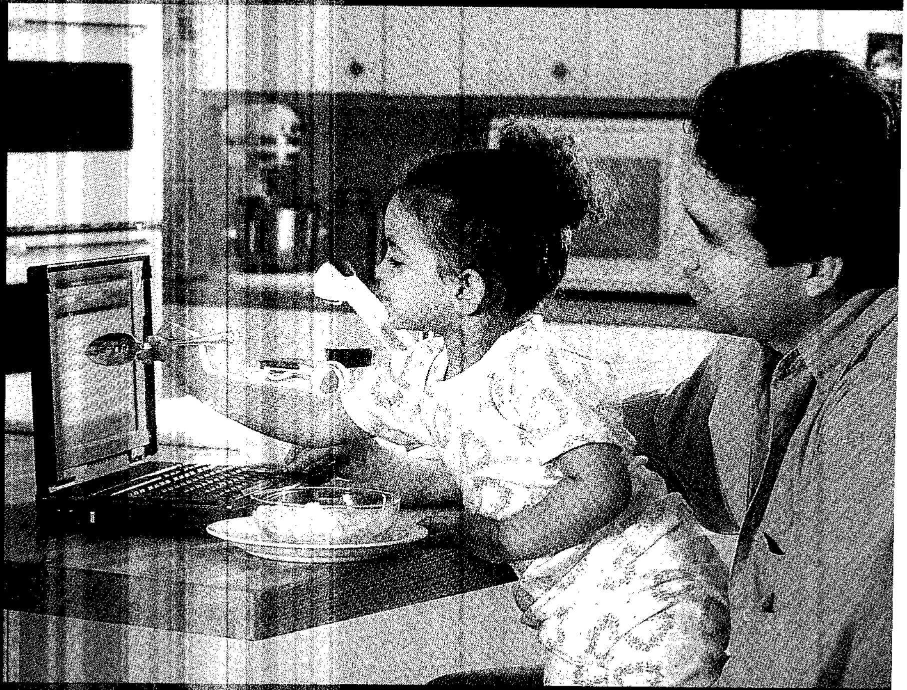

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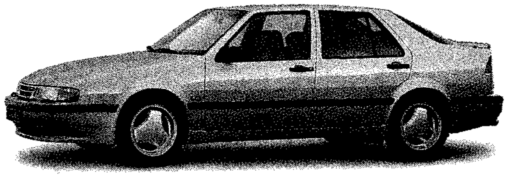

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and I'm tired of having it shoved up my ass."
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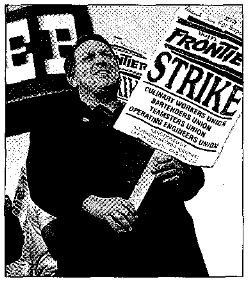

An epic battle is shaping up over who will lead the Teamsters, the largest union in the AFL-CIO, into the next century. On one side stands the much-heralded reformer Ronald Carey; on the other, James P. Hoffa—a.k.a. Jimmy junior, son of the legendary strongman who hasn't been seen since July 1975. Twenty years later, can the Teamsters extract themselves from the shadow of Hoffa's ghost? An exclusive *New York* investigation.

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Stylish urban horticulturist Rebecca Cole specializes in the garden as modular installation, a method that simultaneously accommodates awkward spaces, mutable tastes, and the concerns of landlords. From Potted Gardens, her tiny shop on Bedford Street, Cole fills city-dweller rooftops and decks with elaborate, meticulously crafted assortments of plants, bushes, and trees rooted in containers she calls fabulous junk: old shoes, fire buckets, washtubs, wooden crates, cracker tins, oilcans—many gathered by the homeless people the designer describes as "my friends from the street."

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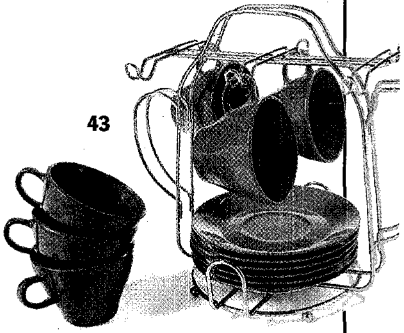

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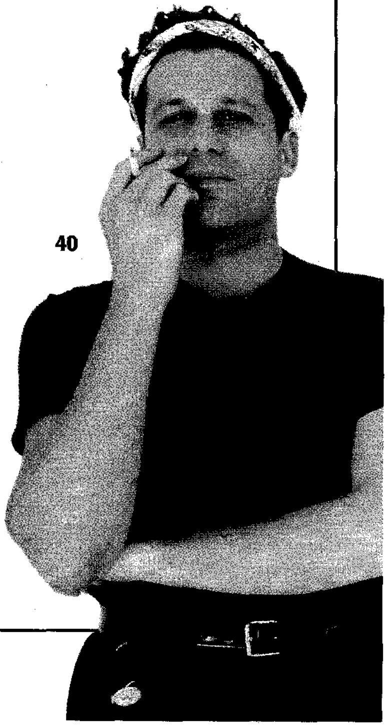
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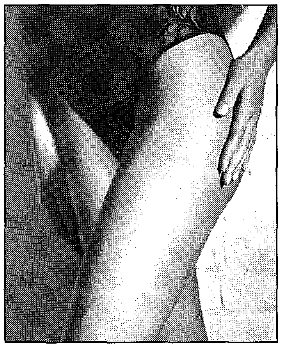

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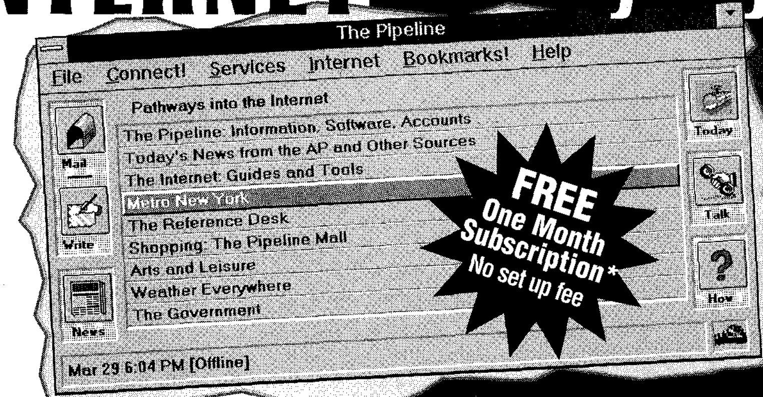

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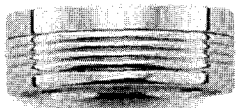

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Model Behavior?

Stritch defends her honor; Denby's view of 'Braveheart' touches a nationalistic nerve; an online reader from Down Under says "Wow."

I WOULD LIKE AN OPPORTUNITY TO CORrect some inaccurate statements that John Connolly made in his article "Model Mismanagement" [July 17]. First, $40,000 was never transferred into my bank account from Ingrid Seynhaeve. That amount was transferred into Star Capital Management, Inc.'s account for the purpose of an investment in a venture that unfortunately failed. I came to a settlement agreement with Ingrid out of a sense of both moral obligation and an assurance from her attorney, Mark Lawless, that they would appreciate my voluntarily standing behind the loss, and would consider the matter closed, which is what I wanted most. In addition, at the time of the settlement, Ingrid's attorney said he would call your magazine to tell your reporter what a "stand-up guy" I had been. Either he never made the call or you chose to ignore it. I offered to secure Ingrid's losses with my home as collateral to give her comfort while I made arrangements to recover her losses. I resigned from Star Capital because my health was being affected by an association with a company I was no longer comfortable with.

David Weil
WESTCHESTER, N.Y.

John Connolly responds: Prompted by our story, the New York State Attorney General's office is looking into Star Capital and Messrs. Bucchieri and Weil, and the U.S. Securities & Exchange Commission has issued subpoenas in connection with its own investigation. Furthermore, Ingrid Seynhaeve's attorney, Mark Lawless, did not mention anything to me about Weil being a "stand-up" anything during the reporting of this story.

Expert Opinions

LET ME COMMEND YOU FOR HAVING THE best dance critic in all of New York and probably the country. Reading about dance in other publications, I find none of the critics match Tobi Tobias. She is knowledgeable and precise and has a sense of aestheticism rare to find. In a word, she knows what she is talking about. Thank you for having her!

Sima Damestoy
MANHATTAN

JUST WANTED TO LET YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I enjoy Tobi Tobias's dance columns. Her story about Edward Villella's Miami City Ballet ["Dance: Miami Heat," May 15] was wonderful. I think I would continue my subscription just for her column.

Monica Zullo
MANHATTAN

TOBI TOBIAS'S REVIEW OF NEW YORK City Ballet's recently promoted and young rising stars ["Dance: Burning Bright," February 27] was accurate as well as incisive except on one small point: Miranda Weese's dancing is anything but the "perfection of ordinariness," as the author puts it. I believe that if Tobias will but look closely, she will notice the beginnings of stirring performances in Weese, realize that she is a budding star, and watch her flower just as the Farrells and Kistlers of the world did.

Layo Katibi
MANHATTAN

Nationalist Tendencies

I AM READILY WILLING TO ADMIT THAT the claims of the Scottish nation are not a major issue at present. Nonetheless, David Denby's cavalier dismissal of them in his review of *Braveheart* ["Movies: "Survival of the Fittest," June 5] is a surprising example of ignorance. It's hard to imagine a reviewer making similar remarks about a film with an Irish setting. Most people seem to understand that speaking English does not make the Irish into Western Englishmen. Contrary to Denby's take on things, the Scots are not basically Northern Englishmen. If, as Denby says, the people of Glasgow and London have more in common with each other than New Yorkers have with other Americans, it is because, like New York, neither city is particularly representative of its country. All three cities have been beacons to immigrants from Ireland, Eastern Europe, and the Indies, East and West. Prior to their ultimate conquest by the English, the Scots constituted a nation as different from England as Germany is from France. The Scots had their own language, government, and religious and folk traditions that were distinct from the English. I suspect David Denby actually knows all that; he simply thinks it doesn't matter. It's ironic that he mentions Bosnia but fails to see that a historical tale about a small nation's struggle against its powerful neighbor is relevant. It's doubly ironic in that the Scots' claim to nationhood is actually more compelling than that of the Bosnian Muslims.

John A. Kelleher
SUMMIT, N.J.

Stritchly Speaking

I ADORED HELEN EISENBACH'S ARTICLE about me in *New York* Magazine ["Seventh-Inning Stritch," June 12]. However, I need to correct a mistaken impression about my first "affair." What I said to Helen was: "I skipped school and took the train to the University of Michigan to make *up* with my boyfriend," not *make out with my boyfriend.* My "first time," as Helen refers to it in her stunning article, was so far the other side of 16 that when I told my analyst, it was the only time I ever heard him clear his throat.

I'm sure you understand why I have to demand a retraction—I simply can't be bad publicity for the Sacred Heart Convent!

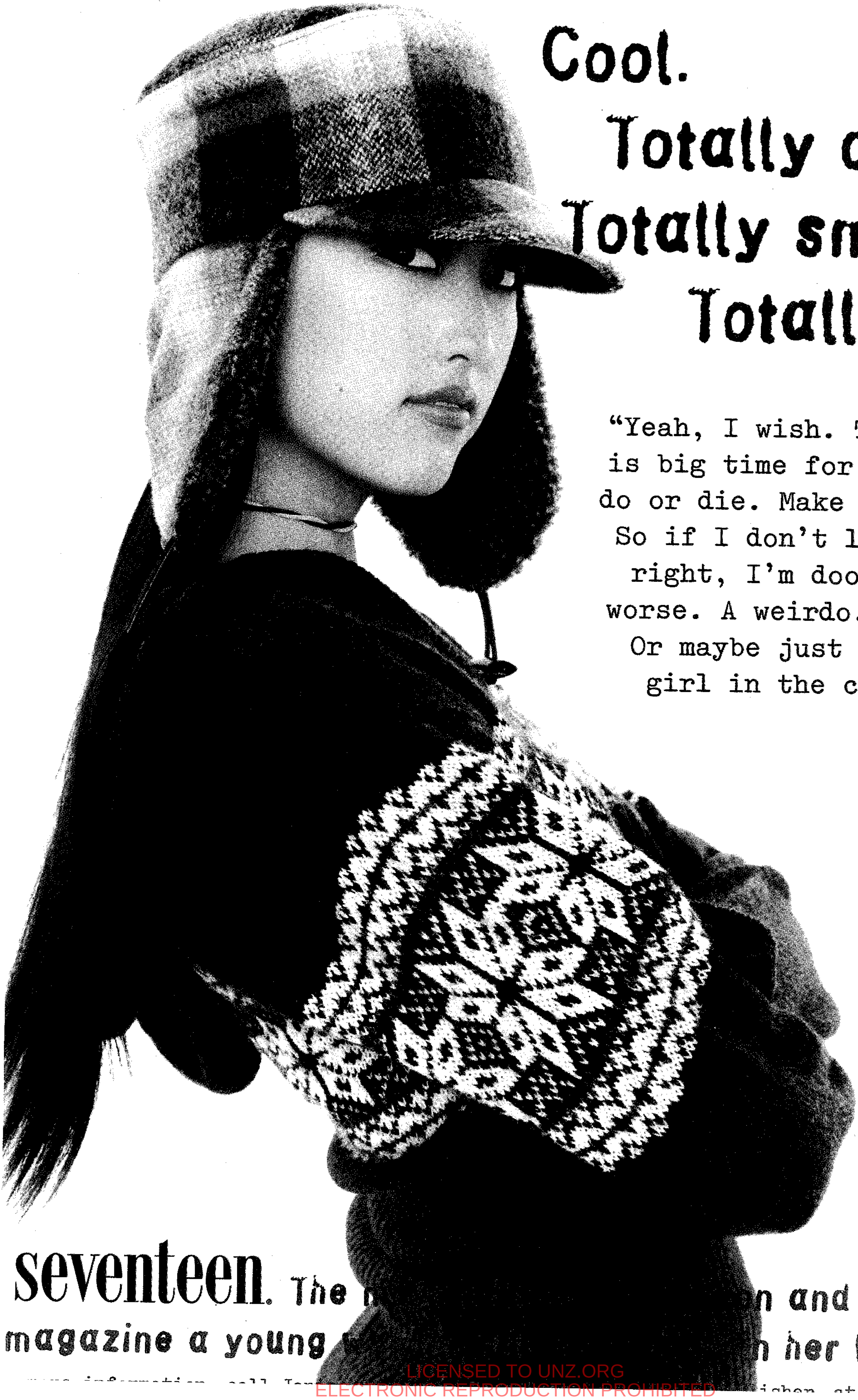
Elaine Stritch
MANHATTAN

Welcome Wire

JUST TO SAY "WOW" AND "THANKS" FOR being online [on CompuServe]—almost (though I have to say, not quite) as good as being in my favorite city. Love the setup and the graphics, and the articles are well chosen. Please keep sending those signals down my modem!

Lisa Simons
SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998 or sent via e-mail to 76702.2510@compuserve.com. Please include a daytime phone number.*



Cool.
Totally cool.
Totally smart.
Totally hot.

"Yeah, I wish. This year
is big time for me. It's
do or die. Make or break.
So if I don't look just
right, I'm doomed. Or
worse. A weirdo. A nerd.
Or maybe just another
girl in the crowd."

seventeen. The n and beauty
magazine a young n her lifetime.

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BY PAT WECHSLER AND ROGER D. FRIEDMAN

INTELLIGENCER

O.J., STEROIDS, AND THE TRUTH

As the **O. J. Simpson** trial continues, mounting courtroom evidence suggests that the football star may have been acting out of a steroid-induced rage when he allegedly committed the notorious murders in June 1994. Last week, Simpson's physician testified that when he first met O.J.—three days after the murders—O.J. told him he had discontinued steroid medication for rheumatoid arthritis a month earlier. According to **Dr. Robert Huizenga**—whose current book deals with steroid abuse among the L.A. Raiders—Simpson had recently stopped taking a medication called Sulfasalazine, which Huizenga described as a "modifying drug" for rheumatoid arthritis. But Sulfasalazine is a drug that treats colon disorders; what it "modifies" is hydrocortisone, a powerful steroid. On the stand, Dr. Huizenga also testified that Simpson received multiple cortisone injections that may have certain side effects, which he cagily called "sequelae." These side effects, according to *The Essential Guide to Prescription Drugs* (Harper & Row; 1977), include "mental and emotional disturbances of a serious magnitude." The *Guide* explicitly cautions against discontinuing the drug abruptly. But oddly, neither prosecutor **Brian Kelberg** nor defense attorney **Robert Shapiro** bothered to question Huizenga about the possible side effects of these drugs, which, Harvard Medical School's **Dr. Harold Bursztajn** points out, can include secondary mood disorder, agitated depression, and often suicide. If Simpson was withdrawing from the medicine, this might account for his irrational behavior leading up to the day of the murders.

Dr. Robert Huizenga: Dodging the question

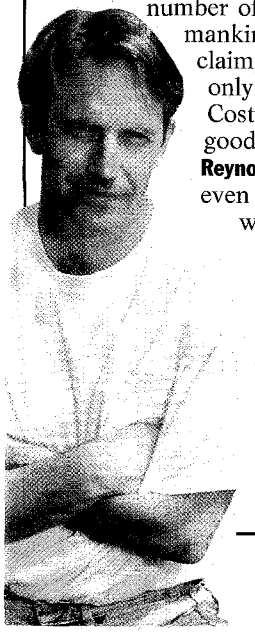
AL D'AMATO'S SUMMER HOLIDAE

As chairman of the Senate Whitewater hearings, New York's **Al D'Amato** has been the picture of propriety, but off-hours, the senator seems to be letting his, uh, hair down. In fact, Washington spies report, the senator—happily engaged to zillionaire gossip **Claudia Cohen**—has been in a downright partying mood. D'Amato's latest drinking buddy is a staff member named **Holidae Hayes,** a thirtysomething redhead who serves as his aide on the Senate Banking Committee. "She's always there to brief him," says a friend, who describes Hayes as a "Jessica Rabbit" type. "She's with him all the time." One night last week, Hayes accompanied a group of D'Amato cronies to Washington hot spot Cafe Milano, where, according to stunned onlookers, D'Amato proceeded to "nuzzle" her neck and whisper in her ear. Hayes wasn't the only target of the senator's unsolicited attentions. Reports another member of the D'Amato gang: "He kissed me right on the lips and said, 'You're the most beautiful woman I've ever met.' That was fairly typical of his behavior that night." Sources say the festivities ended, well after midnight, only because the senator accidentally dumped a beer in his lap. Hayes strongly denies any romantic link to D'Amato. "That was my only social outing with him." she insists. "I'm baffled by this. We have a totally professional relationship."

Al D'Amato and Claudia Cohen: Nonexclusive nuzzling?

KEVIN COSTNER SAVES THE WORLD

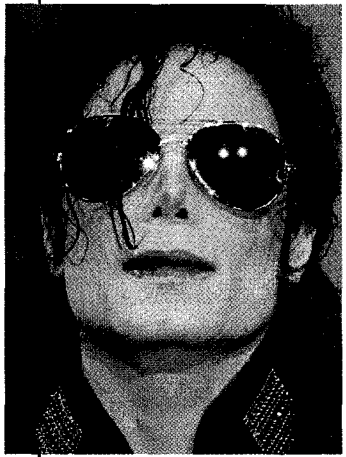
Kevin Costner may not be able to save *WaterWorld*—or his career—but that hasn't stopped him from trying to save the earth. Sources claim the star has assembled a "think tank" of scientists and "mad inventors" who are quietly developing a number of projects "to help the environment and mankind." Tops on the agenda, the sources claim, is a machine to depollute the oceans. If only these great thinkers could have salvaged Costner's personal relationships. His onetime good friend, *WaterWorld* director **Kevin Reynolds,** now refuses to speak to him, and even opted to skip the film's premiere this week. "He's going to stay in Seattle and see it with an audience," says a friend. Meanwhile, the newly divorced Costner has enlisted his three children to help him sell *WaterWorld* to the press. "Everything I do, I do for my mother, father, and brother," he told "Intelligencer" recently. As for the kids? "Right now they think I'm everything," said Costner. "Eventually they'll see through me."



Kevin Costner: Waterlogged

VANITY, THY NAME IS BURCHILL

As co-founders of the smart, high/lowbrow British fanzine *The Modern Review,* **Julie Burchill** and **Toby Young** quickly became the darlings of the London media-hipster set. But their partnership—and the magazine—spectacularly self-destructed in May after Burchill, who once slammed **Camille Paglia** as a "crazy old dyke," took up



Michael Jackson:
The pen is mightier than the law

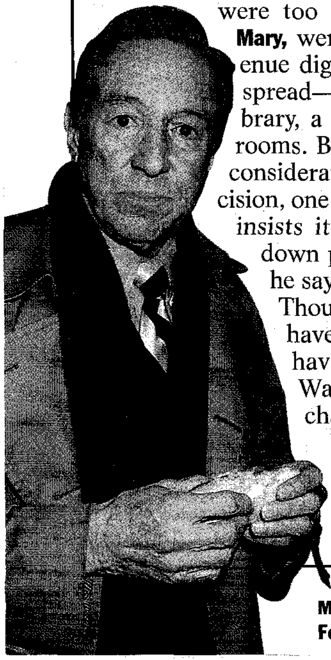
with Young's 25-year-old ex-girlfriend and tried to oust Young as editor. Though the two have been at war ever since, it seems they're about to be reunited—at that reliable Anglophilic repository *Vanity Fair.* Burchill and Young were just hired by the magazine—she as a contributing editor and he as a "visiting fellow." Will the duo share an office at 350 Madison? No chance, gloats Young, who's already installed at Condé Nast: "She never leaves England and *almost* never leaves her apartment. The chances of her setting foot in this office are as remote as her getting off with **Rachel Williams.**"

DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT HIS*TORY*

In Los Angeles, there seem to be only a half-dozen lawyers, and they're all representing one another. During the city's *last* interminable legal drama—the **Michael Jackson** child-molestation case—attorney **Johnnie Cochran** represented the pop star while **Larry Feldman** was the lawyer for his teenage accuser. Evidently there were no hard feelings between the two attorneys: Feldman is now defending Cochran in the $1 million palimony suit filed by his ex-lover, **Patricia Cochran.** He is also defending Cochran's cohort **Robert Shapiro** in a slander case against LAPD detective **Mark Fuhrman,** who is suing the attorney for calling him a racist. But Feldman is not pleased that Jackson may have taken a subtle swipe at him in his sinking HIS*tory* album. Though the lyrics "Jew me, sue me" have been removed, Feldman says it's not hard to figure out whom they refer to. "It's inappropriate and offensive whether it's directed at me or not," he says, "but nothing Michael does surprises me." Feldman also reports that Jackson's alleged victim, now 15, is "reacting poorly" to all the publicity surrounding the album and "would like it all to go away. The damage that's been done to him can never be repaired."

NEXT ON *60 MINUTES:* CO-OP SNOBBERY

Residents of 770 Park Avenue like things *really* low-key at their co-op—that's what *60 Minutes* anchor **Mike Wallace** found out when he was flatly rejected by the building's co-op board last week. "They had no desire to meet us," complains the 77-year-old newsman. "We were led to believe that we were too high-profile." Wallace and his wife, **Mary,** were itching to trade their Madison Avenue digs for the more spacious $3.3 million spread—which contains three bedrooms, a library, a formal dining room, and two maid's rooms. But while some speculate that snootier considerations may have guided the board's decision, one resident—appropriately anonymous—insists it's nothing personal. "We often turn down people considered to be high-profile," he says. "I'm sure it's no reflection on him." Though they're disappointed, the Wallaces have taken the snub in stride. "We could have used the extra space," says Mary Wallace. "It would have been a nice change." For now, however, the couple has abandoned the apartment search, and retreated to Martha's Vineyard, where the neighbors are, one hopes, less persnickety.



Mike Wallace:
Feeling neighborly

BROOKLYN SCREENS; A HIPPER TIPPER?

WHAM BAM: The Brooklyn Academy of Music is planning a $1.5 million renovation of its Carey Playhouse. The Fort Greene complex plans to open a three- to five-screen art-movie house in the fall of 1996. Press director **William Murray** says: "We hope to show independently produced films. When we get closer to the opening, we'll have a better idea of how it will work." Among the possibilities when the house opens: film festivals.

Tipper Gore:
Foot soldier

IF THE SHOE FITS: Don't cry for **Tipper Gore.** She may not get much attention, but *someone* out there likes her. When **Stuart Weitzman** opens his mega-posh shoe boutique on Madison Avenue near 59th Street, he'll be selling a one-of-a-kind pump named after **Al Gore**'s other half. What's more, the shoe, which comes with a Louis heel, is made with a stretch fabric called—what else?—goring.

QUANTITY, NOT QUALITY: Which potential 1997 mayoral candidate has attracted the greatest number of contributors this year? Not **Rudy Giuliani,** our mayor, or **Mark Green,** who'd like to be. It's **Ruth Messinger,** borough president of Manhattan, with 1,116 to date, according to the Campaign Finance Board. Rudy comes in second with 893. Green had a mere ten.

A WALK IN THE GROOVES: Heard about, talked about, but never actually seen, Dogstar is coming to Irving Plaza Wednesday, July 26. Who are they? The thrash-and-grunge power combo headed by *Speed* star and **David Geffen** non-acquaintance **Keanu Reeves.** Fans of the Hawaiian hunk will finally get to see him test his metal.

MUSICAL CHAIRS: Robert Morgado—the former Warner Music chairman who was canned last May—is back in circulation again, this time as his own boss. The once-powerful records chief is temporarily holed up at the white-shoe law firm of Debevoise & Plimpton while he seeks investors for a new venture-capital fund, concentrating on start-up businesses in Latin America and Asia. But Morgado's travails at Time Warner must have stirred up a charitable impulse. Friends claim that he plans to sink some of the $50 million he won as a bon voyage gift from the company into a foundation to help victims of domestic and child abuse, headed by his wife, **Mary Lou.**

LOVE STORY: The legal department at Chanel has finally found a summer intern who knows from knockoffs. **Gael Love,** the final editor of *Connoisseur,* is now a second-year law student and working there part-time.

Additional reporting by Beth Landman.

Photographs: top left, Globe Photos; center right, Eddy Adams/Sygma; bottom, Rose Hartman/Globe Photos.

GOTHAM

It is multifunctional and has a mayor—Donald Barthelme

THE FRONT PAGE

Song of Themselves

One thing never changes: Politicians love to hear themselves talk.

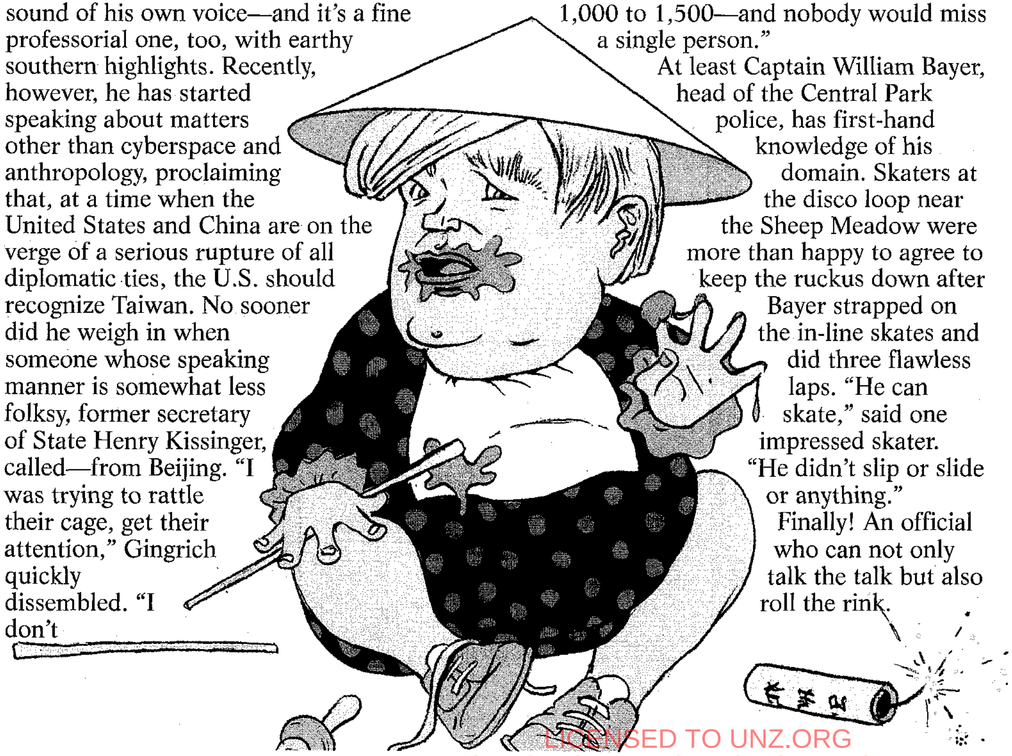
The most beautiful sound is the sound of the honorable Cliff Stearns's voice, or so it surely seems to Cliff Stearns. The Florida representative led a pack of wobbly-footed freshman Republicans on a rhetorical hunt last week, shooting for the wounded but not yet dead National Endowment for the Arts. Unwilling to wait out a two-year stay of execution already in the works in Congress, Stearns squawked that unlike worthy federal programs, such as the B-2 bomber, the NEA does not offer enough physical security. "Does the NEA defend Americans against invasion?" Stearns asked. "Does it protect Americans from crime?" Representative Pat Williams, one of the few remaining vocal defenders of the NEA, responded, "It protects us against the invasion of ignorance." Jane Alexander, the chairman of the NEA, said nothing at all, aware that the invasion had already landed.

Newt Gingrich is also charmed by the sound of his own voice—and it's a fine professorial one, too, with earthy southern highlights. Recently, however, he has started speaking about matters other than cyberspace and anthropology, proclaiming that, at a time when the United States and China are on the verge of a serious rupture of all diplomatic ties, the U.S. should recognize Taiwan. No sooner did he weigh in when someone whose speaking manner is somewhat less folksy, former secretary of State Henry Kissinger, called—from Beijing. "I was trying to rattle their cage, get their attention," Gingrich quickly dissembled. "I don't particularly care about having said the thing about Taiwan either way. . . . My conclusion after talking to Henry is that I'm just going to have to spend a lot of time thinking about China and studying China."

Mayor Giuliani, on the other hand, doesn't need to spend time thinking or studying. After a year of haranguing the man hired to run the schools about how to do his job, the mayor now feels fully qualified to do it himself. When the Board of Education approved a possible increase in class size in an attempt to meet Giuliani's $750 million cut in its budget, the mayor immediately shot down the proposal, suggesting his own solution: "Cut the central board by another 1,000 to 1,500—and nobody would miss a single person."

At least Captain William Bayer, head of the Central Park police, has first-hand knowledge of his domain. Skaters at the disco loop near the Sheep Meadow were more than happy to agree to keep the ruckus down after Bayer strapped on the in-line skates and did three flawless laps. "He can skate," said one impressed skater. "He didn't slip or slide or anything."

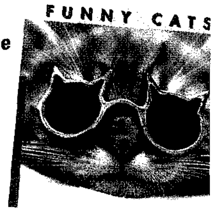
Finally! An official who can not only talk the talk but also roll the rink.

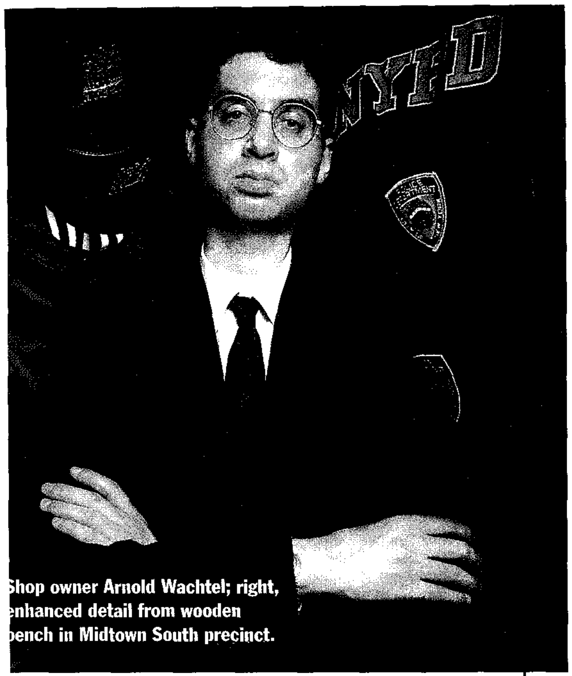


TO BEAM OR NOT TO BEAM Of the first 150 people waiting in line for tickets to the final performance last week of *The Tempest* starring Patrick Stewart, fewer than half had ever been to Shakespeare in the Park—but curiously, more than half were regular viewers of *Star Trek: The Next Generation.* Twenty-five percent were both Shakespeare in the Park and *Star Trek* fans, while 25 percent claimed they had seen neither Shakespeare in the Park nor *STNG.* A significant number were a tad defensive just to be asked. "If you're implying that I'm a Trekkie and I'm just here to see Patrick Stewart, you're wrong," one said.

IF YOU WOULD LIKE A JOB, PRESS 2 Listings on the *Newsday* and New York *Newsday* automated job phone line, "updated periodically with the most recent open positions," as of last Thursday: editorial, 0; advertising, 1; circulation, 3; operations, 3; marketing, 1; administrative services, 1; public relations, 1; finance, 3.

GREAT MINDS Received over the transom during the past week: *The Dog Who Rescues Cats: The True Story of Ginny,* by Philip Gonzalez and Leonore Fleischer; *The New York Cat Owner's Guide: Everything You and Your Cat Need to Know About Life in the City,* by Bill Dworkin; *Diary of a Cat,* by Leigh W. Rutledge; *Funny Cats,* edited by J. C. Suarès; and *My Cat and I,* a CD collection of fourteen love songs by Herman van Veen.





Shop owner Arnold Wachtel; right, enhanced detail from wooden bench in Midtown South precinct.

Crime

GESTAPO, MIDTOWN SOUTH

A STRANGE AND (ALLEGEDLY) TRUE STORY of uncommendable police work, as told by Arnold Wachtel, Manhattan small-business owner, friend to law-enforcement officials across the country, certified officer of the peace, and plaintiff in a civil lawsuit filed against the New York Police Department last Wednesday: "In 1986, I opened a novelty-and-gift shop known as the Fun Emporium, one block from the Port Authority. We sell a lot of tourist-related merchandise and novelties . . . and theatrical costumes and uniforms for police, fire, and medical services for genuine use as well as theatrical purposes. I would say about 70 percent of officers in the Midtown South precinct were customers . . . we enjoyed having them around. There was one officer by the name of Walter Neville who was assigned to the area. In 1990, he told me he was starting a new business called Walt's Gardening and Landscaping, and could I make him a loan so he could buy some equipment? I told him I couldn't help him, and from that moment on, he turned vicious.

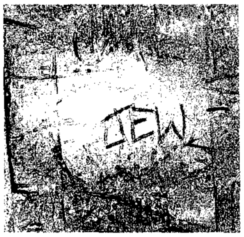
"When he saw me in the street, he'd call me a 'cheap Jew bastard.' When customers purchased something, he would frisk them when they came out of the store. I was in a friend's store and he walked in . . . and said, 'Arnold, I haven't forgotten about you. When I'm through with you, you're going to feel like I chopped you into little pieces with a chain saw.' I felt if I complained against one police officer, I would lose a lot of my business. I spoke to some other officers and [Neville] would stop for a while and then start in again, until it came to a head on July 20, 1994.

"That week I was on jury duty. I was on my way to the post office and Walter taps me on the shoulder. The minute we get back to the store . . . he slaps the cuffs on me and he and Sergeant Walla order the store closed. He says, 'You're under arrest for unlawful use of a police uniform or emblem.' "

Wachtel's lawyer, Harold Borowick, interjects: "They're arresting *him* for selling stuff *they* sold to him and authorized *him* to sell back to *them*! It's just bizarre."

Wachtel continues: "[Neville] got me to Midtown South. He takes me before the desk and goes through my pockets and puts my money back, protruding from my pocket. He says, 'You're going in the cell.' I say, 'Please take the handcuffs off me . . . can you push my money in so I don't get robbed?' And he says, 'That's the idea; I want you to get robbed.' Later, I was taken back to the store because they wanted me to open the safe. . . . Neville has work tools and big gloves on and he's breaking and disassembling store fixtures and counters. They've got two trucks outside and they're throwing boxes and garbage bags filled with merchandise. They confiscated a lot of ladies' undergarments and a lot of stuffed animals in police uniforms.

"Walter Neville took me back to the holding cell. There was a poster on the wall of a group of neo-Nazis that were giving the *heil*-Hitler salute. He shows me the poster and says, 'These are my men that raided your store, the Midtown South Anti-Crime Unit Gestapo!' In the holding cell, there's two wooden benches. He says, 'This one is reserved for Jews. It's marked off especially for you,' and he pointed to the bench and engraved in the wooden bench is the word JEW. In the middle of the night, I said, 'It's very hot. I can't breathe. I'd like something to drink.' He said, 'Shut the fuck up and stop your complaining, because it's a lot hotter in the concentration-camp ovens!'



"On July 21, he removed me from the cell. He drove me down to Central Booking with Officer Eddie Fitzgerald. Neville said to Fitzgerald, 'We didn't make enough overtime on this arrest. Let's take Arnold back to the precinct and keep him there for a few hours.' The sergeant on the next shift said, 'What are you doing back here? I don't want to see this guy.' They locked me in

UPDATE

Who Freed Luis Rojas?

"A lineup was arranged at ten o'clock the next morning. . . . The police filled out the lineup with clean-shaven, shorthaired police cadets. [One witness] said that they had overheard a detective tell another officer they would be using cadets as fillers. The scene gets weirder—almost like slapstick, if not for its deadly serious outcome."

—From "Who Framed Luis Rojas?," by John Connolly,
New York *Magazine, November 28, 1994*

"The lineup itself approaches the bizarre. As previously discussed, the fillers were Police cadets, clean shaven, crew-cut and neat."

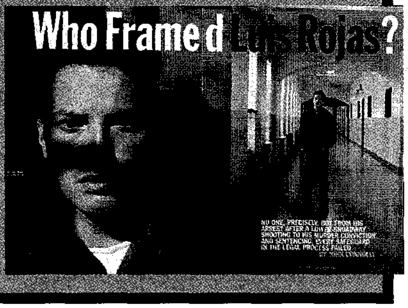
—From a state-appellate-court decision overturning the conviction of Luis Rojas last Thursday, July 20, 1995

"The prosecution's case rested almost entirely on its parade of eyewitnesses—no gun, no fingerprints, no physical evidence whatsoever. In a recent interview, [Rojas's attorney David] Fronefield told me he hadn't hired an investigator to check Rojas's alibi, or to find witnesses to rebut the prosecution's testimony. . . . To some observers, it was occasionally unclear which side Fronefield was on."

—New York *Magazine, November 28*

"In the final analysis, we find Mr. Fronefield's performance at trial to be seriously lacking as he was unprepared and unversed in both the law and the facts which, in turn, deprived defendant of the effective assistance of counsel, requiring reversal of the conviction."

—The appellate court; last Thursday



Photograph: top left, Greg Miller.

- **Track & Field**
- **Rock Climbing**
- **Swimming**
- **Basketball**
- **Indoor Sand Volleyball**
- **Boxing**
- **Cardio & Strength Training**
- **Personal & Sport-Specific Training**
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PIER 60

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CHELSEA PIERS
SPORTS & ENTERTAINMENT

23RD STREET & THE HUDSON RIVER

the car for 45 minutes while they went to have breakfast. He says, 'I've notified the news media' . . . and he turned on 1010-WINS, and sure enough, the story comes on. I said, 'I'm feeling faint, I have to be taken to a hospital.' He says, 'Let's take you over to Skellvue,' meaning Bellevue, but police slang for a bad person is *skell,* so he's makin' fun. He says, 'I'm going to take you to Skellvue and chain you down to a gurney next to someone with AIDS or TB. I'm going to make sure you catch something while you're there.' "

Wachtel spent one more night in the hands of the NYPD and was finally brought before a judge and released. On February 16, all charges brought were dropped, including unlawful use of police uniforms, resisting arrest, and assaulting Neville. Last week, Wachtel filed his complaint, listing ten causes of action against the city, Neville, and three other officers of Midtown South. The police did not return calls for comment.

Wachtel adds: "Neville still continues his campaign of harassment. On July 4, he drove his car up in front of my store, stuck his hand out the window, and gave me the finger." Ruth G. Davis

The Law

JACKIE'S THINGS

NOW WE KNOW THAT JACQUELINE KENNEDY Onassis owned a copy of the *Warren Report.* Also a tiara, silver and gold with diamonds, dating from 1875. And a program from the 1962 Army-Navy football game, bound in brown morocco. And a presidential flag from November 1963. We know this because Caroline Kennedy and John F. Kennedy Jr. relinquished their rights to these items, along with 91 other pieces of their late mother's property, in documents filed in surrogate's court last Valentine's Day. Jackie Onassis's will asked them to list what they didn't want within nine months of her death, bequeathing items that "relate to the life and work of my late husband, John F. Kennedy, to John Fitzgerald Kennedy Library Incorporated" and directing that "the balance of said tangible personal property be sold."

Included in the items given up by the heirs are about 28 pieces of furniture—all tables and chairs, mostly French—and clocks and screens and artworks that are not obvious Kennedilia and may be destined for auction. John Ruskin's watercolor *The Spanish Steps* is listed, along with a pair of Hellenistic terra-cotta horses from the third century B.C., beautiful but not very rare or valuable, and two pieces of Van Cleef & Arpels jewelry (an 18K-gold ruby-and-diamond necklace, No.

What Caroline Kennedy and JFK Jr. Gave Up

Personal effects of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis that have been relinquished by her children

John F. Kennedy Commemorative Silvered Bronze Medallion.

French Political Engraving Concerning the Revolution.

Set of Fifteen Reproductions of Paintings of An Official Visit to India, by Duheme.

American Hand-Wrought Silver Bowl, by Trefry & Partridge.

American Silver Cigarette Box.

American Silver Small "Revere" Bowl.

Continental Silver-Gilt Faceted Cigarette Cup.

Octagonal Ashtray.

Continental Silver-Gilt Cigarette Box.

Oval Mexican Silver Two-Handled Tea Tray.

Portfolio of Ten Mounted Photographs of the John F. Kennedy Library.

Report of the Commission on the Renovation of the Executive Mansion, 1952.

The White House: An Historic Guide, No. 1 of 100 copies.

Major Speeches of Senator John F. Kennedy, 1953–1954. Preceded by poem.

Saint-John Perse. *Amers.* Paris, 1962.

Pair of Louis XVI–Style Gray-Painted Bergères.

Louis XVI Gray-Painted Canapé, With Rectangular Backrest Composed of Eighteenth-Century Elements, Upholstered in Dark-Red Leather.

Louis XV Provincial Fruitwood Bureau Plat.

Italian Neoclassical Beige-Painted and Parcel-Gilt Desk Chair.

Pair of Flemish Ivory Oval Bacchanalian Reliefs from the Workshop of François Duquesnoy, Seventeenth Century.

Regency Brass-Inlaid Leather-Inset Rosewood Games/Writing Table, Circa 1820.

Pair of Continental Carved-Ivory-Covered Urns, Nineteenth Century.

Louis XV/XVI Ormolu-Mounted Tulipwood and Fruitwood Parquetry Table a Vide Poche.

Louis XVI Brass-Mounted Mahogany Console Desserte with Rectangular Top.

Pair of Regence White-Painted Chaises à la Reine, Mid-Eighteenth Century.

Louis XV/XVI Ormolu-and-Patinated-Bronze Marble Clock.

Chinese Export Gilt-Decorated and Black Lacquered Tilt-Top Table, Nineteenth Century.

Chinese Four-Fold Wallpaper Screen.

Pair of Louis XVI Gray-Painted Bergères, Upholstered in Brown Leather, Last Quarter Eighteenth Century.

Italian Neoclassical Kingwood and Fruitwood Parquetry Games Table, Eighteenth Century.

Pair of Charles X Patinated and Gilt-Bronze Six-Light Candelabras, circa 1825.

Rectangular Neapolitan Tortoiseshell Box With Inlaid Cover, Mid-Eighteenth Century.

JFK and Jackie wed, September 12, 1953

Pair of Hellenistic Terra-cotta Horses, Canosa, Third Century B.C.

Four Colored Engravings by William Hodges:

A View of the S° Well Side of Chunar Gur, 1783.

A View of Part of the Palace of the Late Nawals Suja al Dowla at Fizabad.

A View of the Bridge at Honpoor over the River Goonity, 1787.

A View of Part of the Palace of the Late Nawal Suja al Dowla at Fizabad.

Johann Georg De Hamilton, *Nobleman on Horseback,* Possibly a Member of the Thurn und Taxis Family, Oil on Canvas.

Judith Lewis, *Elegant Figures Preparing for the Hunt,* Oil on Canvas.

John Ruskin, *The Spanish Steps,* Rome, 1841 (inscribed on right), Watercolor and Pencil on Paper.

Attributed to John Wootton, *Portrait of a Gentleman with a Riding Crop, a Stately Home Beyond, a Coat of Arms Upper Left,* Oil on Canvas.

Eighteen-Karat-Gold Ruby-and-Diamond Necklace, Van Cleef & Arpels.

Platinum-and-Eighteen-Karat Gold Ruby-and-Diamond Ring, Van Cleef & Arpels.

Pair of Gold-and-Diamond Earclips.

Silver-and-Gold Diamond Tiara, Circa 1875.

Small Three-Ring Leatherette Notebook, Including 109 Written or Typed Pages.

Gold Snake-Form Bracelet.

Elaine de Kooning presents her port of President Kennedy, 1962.

Gold Ring Bearing the Kennedy Crest.

Gold-and-Platinum Ruby-and-Diamond Acc Brooch.

Gold, Platinum, Diamond, and Emerald Ri

Gold, Diamond, Green-and-Red Enamel, Ruby, Emerald, and Adventrine Belt.

Gold, Diamond, Ruby, Emerald, and Green Enamel Bracelet.

Gold Presentation Bangle Bracelet.

Gold "Native Canadian Mask" Pendant.

Two Yellow-Metal-Wire Collars and Pendan

Small Rectangular Glass Box with Gold, Diamond, Ruby, Emerald, and Sapphire Floral Design.

Suite of Gold Mexican Presentation Jewelr

Presidential Flag from November 1963.

American Flag, White House, November 1963.

Group of 11 Tie Clasps and 12 Pins in Pla Boxes.

Copy of Nuclear Test Ban Treaty, 1963.

The Following Miscellaneous Items, Locate in Decedent's Safe-Deposit Box: Radio anc Earphones; Ceramic Box with Tie Clasps; T Boxes Containing Collar Stays, Buttons, Pi and Change; Buttons; Key of City of Salisbury; Medals; Gold Ball; Embroidered Coat of Arms; Silver Cuff Links with Diamo

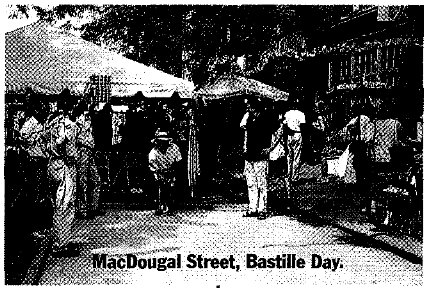
Photographs: top, UPI/Bettmann; bottom, Molly Thayer Coll./Magnum. Facing page: bottom, AP/Wide World Photos.

38552, and a platinum-and-18K-gold ruby-and-diamond ring, No. 39075-3).

Most of the pieces given up by Caroline and John, though, are probably headed for the Kennedy Library. Like many New Yorkers, Jackie Onassis stored old files and clothes, and several of those storage bins are detailed in the eleven pages: "Large scrapbooks of newspaper clippings, 1961–1963. Located at Decedent's storage facility," "Newspaper clippings, 1964–1968 and 1968–1969. In manila folders, located in boxes 52 and 53 in Decedent's storage facility," "Group of men's clothing and accessories. Consisting of the contents of trunks marked 1 and 2, wardrobe boxes marked 3 and 4, and trunks marked 5 and 6, at Decedent's storage facility including coats, suits, shirts, jackets, pants and accessories." Also listed: condolence letters, correspondence with national and international leaders, personal notes, and White House Christmas cards.

Most of Jackie Onassis's things have already arrived at the library and the rest are expected shortly, says a spokesman; they are currently being catalogued, and the library plans to exhibit them in the future. This is bad news for Sotheby's shoppers. Rumors of an auction began surfacing last winter, when word leaked that the auction house was doing an appraisal. Neither Sotheby's nor the estate's executors will comment, leading to ever wilder speculation: There's definitely going to be an auction, but it's been delayed; no, the family won't consent to such a circus; Sotheby's is already starting to sell some of her jewelry, but they can't use her name; don't be stupid, that would be kissing hundreds of thousands goodbye. If Warhol's cookie jars earned $247,000 at auction, what would someone shell out for Jackie's cigarette boxes?

DEBORAH MITCHELL


MacDougal Street, Bastille Day.

Sports

SCENES FROM OUTSIDE A FRENCH RESTAURANT

Allez, allez, allez, THE PLAYERS GO, crouching on the sand and wooden boards that cover MacDougal Street in

Surrounding an Ancient Greek Coin; Box with Stone; Four Pairs of rs; Pens; Suede Case with Buttons; Hourglass; Medallions; Stopwatch; lue Enamel Pin; Inhaler; Membership Fabric Samples; White Box with s; Leather Case with Medallion; Cuff Watch Chain, Tie Clip, Lapel Buttons, tud, and Button; Two Key Chains; Box with Silver Pen, Charm, and s; Plastic Box with Tie Clasp and ; Cuff Links in Shape of *K;* Two ed Silver Links; Porcelain Box with Six Leather-and-Cloth Boxes; White r Box with Seal Containing Two s; Manila Envelope (Contents Including s, Notes, Letters, Messages, Pens, s, Key, and Paper Clips); Bronze ; Dog Tags; 48 Half-Dollar Coins; en Clasps; Calling Cards and Dies; Franking Stamps; Two Plastic Boxes uff Links, Tie Clasp, and Tie Pin, all g Seal; Gold Medallion; Silver Gilt Pill namel-and-Silver Gilt Box; Rosary ; Box Containing a Pearl; Box ining Gold Pin and Miniature; Box Circa Small Ivory Statue; Small Inscribed Coaster; and Money Clip.

dolphus. *Memoirs of Queen Caroline,*

t Johnston. *Travels Through Part of the an Empire and the Country of Poland,*

s Life in London, 1821.

ller. *Costume of the Russian Empire,*

arge Tortoise Shells.

d and Painted Wooden Model of the arine *U.S.S. Lafayette.*

-and-Chrome-Plated Shovel.

of Men's Clothing and Accessories sting of the Contents of Trunks and robe Boxes, Including Coats, Suits, , Jackets, Pants, and Accessories.

s of Vintage Women's Clothing, ing Dresses, Jackets, and Coat.

School, Circa 1830; An Illustration the Mahabharata Series.

Five Black Notebooks of Photographs.

Large Scrapbooks of Newspaper Clippings, 1961–1963.

Marc Chagall, *The Jerusalem Windows,* 1962.

Illuminated Manuscript from the City of Chicago.

Program From the 1962 Army-Navy Football Game.

A Copy of the *Warren Report.*

Limited-Edition Copy of *A Thousand Days,* Inscribed.

Newspaper Clippings, 1964–1968 and 1968–1969.

Photograph Albums, Including Pictures of White House Rooms; Materials Used in White House Rooms, White House Rose Garden, White House China, Glass, and Linen; Trips of President and First Lady, and Post-Presidential Trips.

Lyndon Baines Johnson Document, Signed.

The Contents of a Five-Drawer File Cabinet, Including Presidential Family Photographs and Materials Relating to White House Entertainment, Redecoration, Blueprints, Wallpaper, Fine-Art Acquisitions, and Press Releases.

The Contents of a Five-Drawer File Cabinet, Including Family Photographs, White House Photographs, Oversized Photographs, and Photographs of the Dedication of Runnymede and the Aircraft Carrier *John F. Kennedy.*

The Contents of a Five-Drawer File Cabinet, Including Official Photographs and Press Releases, Photographs of the White House, and Press Secretary Pam Tunure's files from the White House.

Artist Unknown (Philadelphia), *The Green Room—The White House.*

Artist Unknown, *The Blue Room—The White House.*

Elaine de Kooning, *Portrait of John F. Kennedy.*

James Fosburgh, *Portrait of John F. Kennedy.*

Franchetti, *Portrait of Owner and Sister.*

James A. Mitchell, *The Honey Fitz in Nantucket Sound.*

M. Garelo, *Portrait of Son Saluting.*

Aaron Shikler, *Oil Study for White House Portraits.*

Victorian Painted Leather Four-Fold Screen, Circa 1900.

Six Framed and Decorative Articles.

The Contents of a Gray-Metal Five-Drawer Filing Cabinet, Including Stamp Collection, Bicentennial Medal, Leather-Bound Photo Albums, Mass Cards, Calling and White House Cards, Public Photographs, Menus, White House Christmas Cards, Miniature Copies of Inaugural Address, Reproduction Prints, Three Wooden File Boxes with File Cards, Carbons of Letters, and Two Albums.

The Contents of a Faux-Wood Filing Cabinet, Including Condolence Letters, Correspondence with National and International Leaders, Personal Letters, Addresses, Cards Sent with Flowers, Messages, Telegrams, Notes, Sketch, Notes and Other Items Relating to the Redecoration of the White House; White House Stationery; and Christmas Cards.

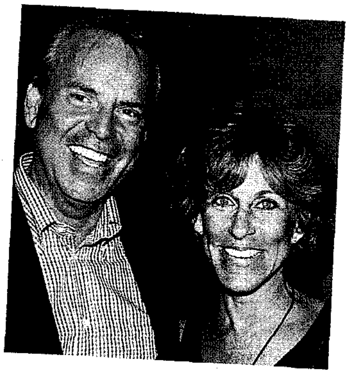
The Contents of a White Four-Drawer Filing Cabinet, Including Materials Relating to the 1962 America's Cup Races, Correspondence and Designs Relating to Redecoration of the White House, Files on Books, Carbon Copies of Correspondence and an Article, Letters, Inventories, Files, Catalogue, Christmas Cards, Lists, Treaty with Attached Correspondence, Materials Regarding Redecoration of White House, Small White House Stationery, Notes Regarding White House Guide Book, Files Regarding Tours, Small Silver-Plated Dish, Notes Regarding White House Dinners, Dinner Menus, Files Regarding State Visits, Notes Regarding Social Events, Autograph Manuscript for Magazine, Receipts, Thank-You Letters, Press-Luncheon Documents, Correspondence, Interviews, Itineraries, Drafts of Speeches, Clippings, Photos, Protocol Documents, and Various Lists.

The Contents of a Gray Five-Drawer Filing Cabinet, Including Photocopies, Pasteups, Notes, Letters, Pledges, Correspondence from National and International Leaders, Letters, Reports, Sample of Stone, Photos, Draft Scripts, Sympathy Notes, Interview Requests, Biographies, Speeches, Statements, Christmas Cards, Anniversary Programs, Transcript, Invitations, Carbons, Press Releases, Memoranda, Lists, Meeting Transcripts and Annual Reports, Solicitation and Proposal Letters, Copies of White House Memos, Photo Albums, Telegrams, Sample Form Letters, Vacation Files, and File Regarding Commission of Aircraft Carrier *John F. Kennedy.*

Pair of *Trompe-l'oeil* Painted Doors, 6'6" by 32".

Wedding Dress.

JFK signs the Nuclear Test Ban Treaty, October 7, 1963.



Scene Play

At the book party for 'Sleepers' at the Tribeca Grill.

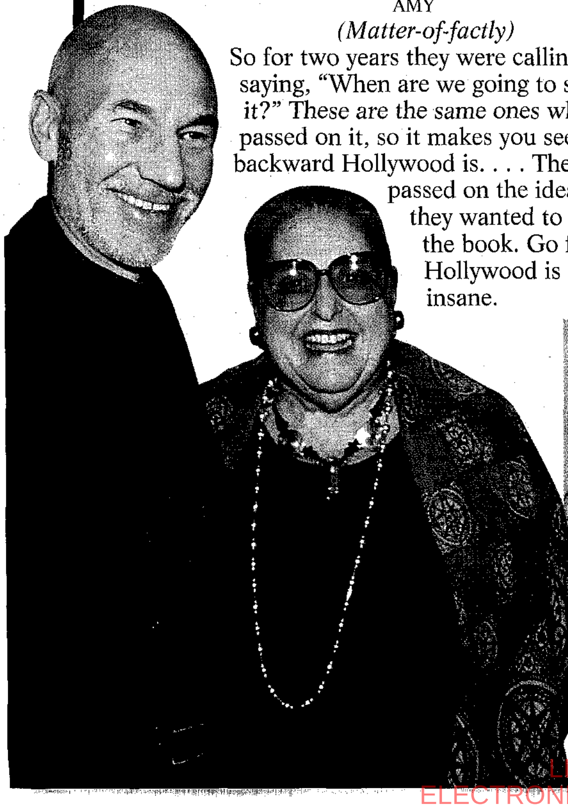
By Norman Vanamee
Photographs by Patrick McMullan

A hot summer evening; hors d'oeuvres are circulating. LORENZO CARCATERRA, *a jaded 40-year-old former* Daily News *reporter, stands in the center of the room, smiling. Ballantine Books has pushed up from January 1996 to tomorrow the publishing date of* Sleepers, *his autobiographical book about reform school, abuse, and revenge; the book has been sold to Propaganda Films for $2.1 million. Barry Levinson (*Diner, Rain Man*) has agreed to direct and has already written the screenplay; Brad Pitt is starring. Shooting starts in 40 days. Accusations by the* Daily News *and the New York* Times *that the story is fictional have only increased the buzz. One of Carcaterra's William Morris agents,* AMY SCHIFFMAN, *enters.*

AMY

(Matter-of-factly)

So for two years they were calling me, saying, "When are we going to see it?" These are the same ones who passed on it, so it makes you see how backward Hollywood is. . . . They passed on the idea, but they wanted to do the book. Go figure; Hollywood is so insane.



Clockwise from upper left: At the *Sleepers* party: Literary agent Loretta Fidel and director Barry Levinson; author Stanley Pottinger and book agent Joni Evans. At the LIFEbeat concert at the Beacon Theatre: Singers Mary Wilson, Isaac Hayes, and Chaka Khan; Chris Isaak; Sarah McLachlan. At the premiere party for *Jeffrey* aboard the *Spirit of New York:* Patrick Stewart with author Paul Rudnick's mom.

front of Provence restaurant. It's a sweaty 35 degrees Celsius—this is a metric crowd—it's Bastille Day, and SoHo is smelling very French. Cigarettes dangle from fingers and lips; kisses swipe both cheeks. Chefs and staff from Provence, Le Bilboquet, Café Noir, Chez Jacqueline, Le Pescadou, Felix, Les Halles, Chanterelle, and Restaurant Daniel—as well as the un-Gallic "44," the Rainbow Room, Barolo, Zucca, I Tre Merli, and L'Udo—are competing for a trip to St. Barts and magnums of Veuve Clicquot champagne. The game is pétanque, and if you want to know the rules, go look them up.

"It's a wonderful game," says Mary Wright, whose husband belongs to team La Boule New Yorkaise. "Anyone can play—any sex, any age. And it's a wonderful excuse to drink."

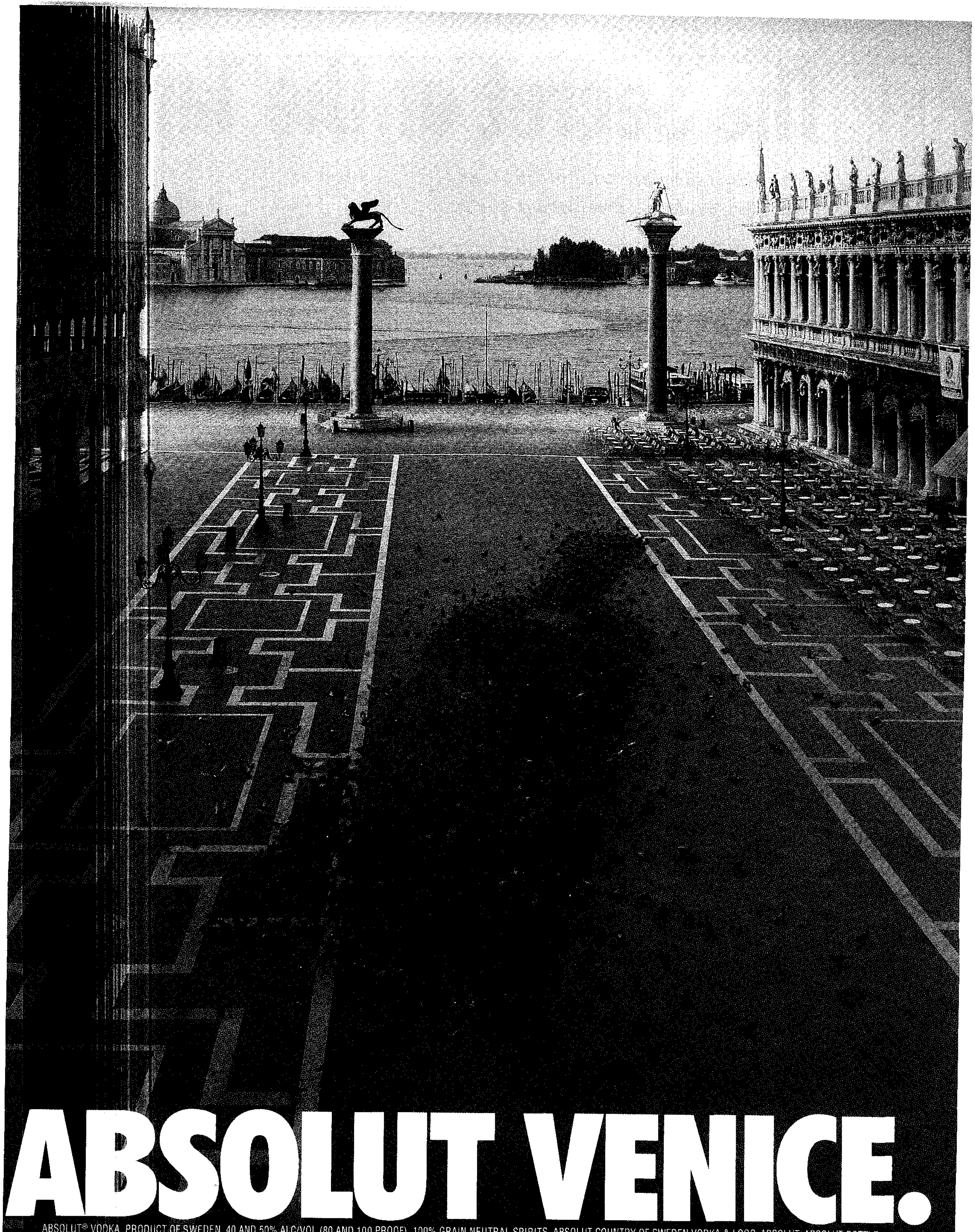
On eight courts, sixteen teams of three players thwonk metal boules against wooden dividers, then bend over and make minuscule measurements, with lots of gestures and exclamations of "Eh, bah." More interesting, they've got a garden hose out over in front of Le Gamin, and they're wetting down culinarily gifted, scantily clad Europeans, provoking shoot-outs with Evian bottles and other Euro–high jinks. A fat Scotty dog wanders through and gets the hose. A woman chatting on her cell phone gets sprayed; her Gauloise is nearly extinguished. She is dismayed. A nun walks by carrying a small cup of Orangina and goes unbaptised.

"This is four hours I've been playing," says the accordionist, mopping his brow. "It's so hot, my fingers are sticking to the keys." Momentarily out of French standards, he plays "New York, New York."

A table in front of Provence bears sandwiches—pâté, pain bagnat, tapenade—and a sign that reads *Combien pése le jambon?* The prize, a large dried ham, sweats on the table. The waitress says, "Guess how much it weighs in kilograms, without to touch it."

The pétanque—which is like lawn bowling—continues, and Olivier Guini, of the Upper East Side florist L'Olivier, is losing. "We are doing fine until now," he says. "The Italians, they don't play it well, but they are playing very hard."

Champagne Veuve Clicquot chairman Philippe Pascal, in town from Reims for the event (which benefits SoHo's Children's Museum of the Arts), doesn't mind missing Bastille Day in Paris. "Oh, I am not missing it," he says, opening his arms wide. He is wearing a mint-green blazer and looking impossibly cool. "I am not playing because I am not a very good pétanque player," he confides. "I am probably the exception, a modest Frenchman." MARIA RICAPITO



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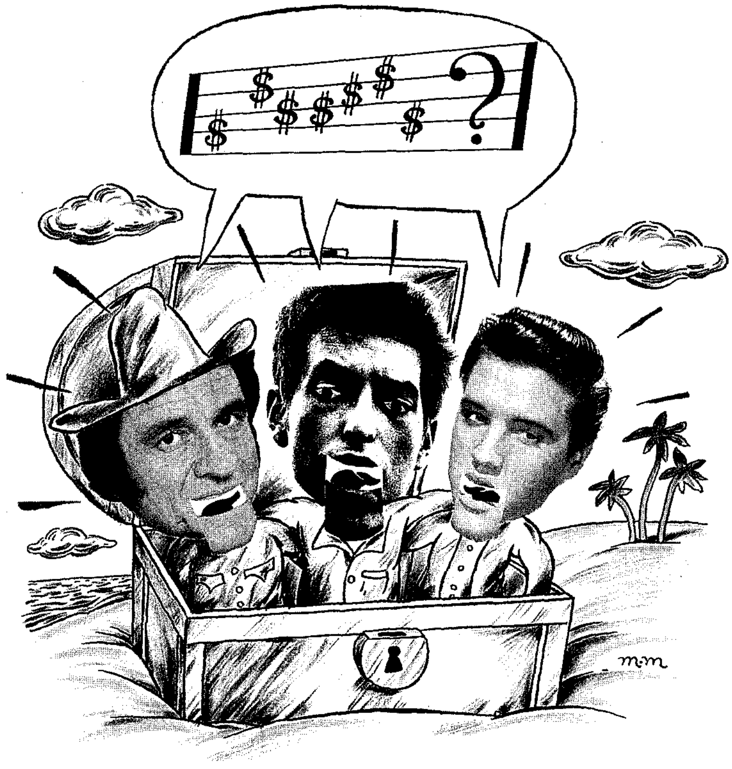
THOSE WHO APPRECIATE QUALITY ENJOY IT RESPONSIBLY.

MEDIA RICHARD TURNER

The Secret of the Tapes

Are tapes of Elvis, Dylan, and others found in a storage locker worth millions? The answer speaks volumes about the entertainment business's current obsessions.



THEY DON'T LOOK like much, mostly thin white boxes holding old-fashioned reel-to-reels, with pencil scrawlings on the outside. But Clark Enslin and Martin Burke think they're going to get rich from what they call the "lost warehouse tapes," a cache of long-hidden recordings from the likes of Bob Dylan and Elvis Presley.

In a way, it's hard not to root for them—regular guys who figure they've stumbled onto the nineties version of buried Spanish doubloons. And according to the state religion of the media and entertainment industries these days, they have indeed tapped into the mother lode. *Content! Copyrights! Intellectual property! Elvis! We'll put it on the Internet! Start a cable channel! Sell it to the Japanese!* Enslin, whose company is currently digging out from bankruptcy, values the trove at "in excess of $200 million." Burke's estimate is more conservative—in the tens of millions. But turning the tapes into cash is not going to be so simple.

For one thing, the two are hardly insiders. Enslin, a fringe player in the music business, and Burke, who works with troubled companies (past projects include Herman's Sporting Goods and Conran's Habitat), are the new owners of more than 2,000 original studio tapes that Enslin bought for $6,000. The previous owners had picked them up for fifty bucks from a man who'd missed a payment on a self-storage locker.

In what they try to portray as a David-vs.-Goliath story, they've just survived a four-year legal fight with Sony Music and won ownership—physical ownership, anyway—of what they say are outtakes recorded at Columbia Records's recording studio in Nashville in the fifties and sixties: unreleased songs by Presley, Dylan, Hank Williams, Frank Sinatra, Louis Armstrong, Tammy Wynette, Johnny Cash, Buddy Holly, Roy Orbison, and on and on. This puts them in a unique position, since nearly all the recorded music in the world is controlled by just six massive conglomerates.

The glib, incessant, simplistic refrain in the media and entertainment worlds is that "content is king." Distribution systems like TV sets and movie theaters and videocassettes and wires of all kinds are deemed a rat hole of a business. They're expensive to build, and those that aren't stillborn are soon obsolete.

Content, goes the conventional wisdom, just keeps getting more valuable however it's delivered. There is said to be an insatiable demand for more "product"—wallpaper to plaster over the bare walls of 24-hour cable channels, the ravenous Internet, telephone companies that want to feed us video, billions of Chinese people dying to watch *Baywatch.* And Bill Gates is buying rights to all those paintings.

By this reckoning, Time Warner chairman Gerald Levin is a clueless, world-class dope, loudly derided for spending billions on cable and interactive-TV "hardware" rather than single-mindedly focusing on content. Ted Turner is thought to be a Gump-like genius for having bought the dusty old MGM film library and built cable networks out of it. Disney found bliss by awakening its sleeping beauties of feature animation. Movie studios such as Paramount and MCA are all of a sudden immensely valuable, largely on the strength of their stockpiles of copyrights. *Content!*

But Clark Enslin and Martin Burke may well have unearthed fool's gold. The voguish obsession with content is overblown, and their goofy story illustrates some of the reasons why.

The tapes themselves were supposed to have been erased. The traditional practice was that outtakes were wiped clean and sold at a nominal price as raw stock to the engineers, who could reuse them. One such engineer began hoarding what has become the Enslin-Burke tapes, thinking they were blank. He stashed them in a storage facility, where they sat for years. Normally, they would have deteriorated, but the procedure for preserving these tapes is to "bake" them at high temperatures, and this is exactly what happened serendipitously in the Tennessee heat. Then the engineer missed a payment and a local couple paid $50 for the tapes at a warehouse auction. By that time, Sony had acquired Columbia. The couple tried to sell the tapes back to Sony without success, and Enslin bought them in 1991.

Enslin had previously been occupied with such projects as an Australian comeback album for the Village People, and his early efforts to profit from the tapes were ham-handed. He contacted, for example, Jeff Rosen, Dylan's representative, and played for him

Illustration by Matthew Martin.

eight or nine alternate takes from *Nashville Skyline.*

Not a good idea: Dylan's people wouldn't talk, but one individual familiar with their thinking said, "It's like someone stealing your Cadillac and trying to sell it back to you." One catalogue specialist for a major record company says he gets calls periodically from characters who say they "found some tapes in a garbage can." He'll generally horse-trade, taking back the tapes and in return offering a few free CDs, maybe a boxed set or two. If someone tries to hold him up, he tells him, "Have a nice life."

Sony filed a lawsuit against Enslin and his company in 1991, and at one point, a judge sent out the marshals to seize the tapes for Sony. (Enslin says he had secreted them in Argentina.) Then he sought bankruptcy protection for his company, and Sony had to contest the ownership of the tapes yet again. Then the judge brought in Burke to act as Enslin's agent. For 40 percent of the take, Burke has to find value in the tapes and exploit them.

On its face, this looks easy. Lately, record-company archivists have scurried to compile fancy boxed sets of reissues and unreleased material to sell at Christmas. But older material needs to be jazzed up with value-added packaging: RCA's upcoming seventies Elvis package will contain a 94-page booklet, an "extensive essay" by Dave Marsh, 120 tracks, and a set of "collectible stamps." And this is for the biggest cultural icon in American history.

"There's a lot of content that isn't worth much. You need to be able to build businesses around it, and you need to have branding," says Scott Sassa, president of Turner Entertainment. Not only do you need the right distribution, but then you need snazzy marketing. The reruns on Nick at Nite and the oldies on Rhino Records were ignored for years before these companies figured out how to make kitsch cool. But they're the exceptions.

There's another way to sell these things—at gunpoint—and that's the dirty little secret of Hollywood's film libraries. "Buy these 99 pictures," a salesman will urge at one of the many acronymed conventions in the south of France for selling film packages to overseas TV, "and we'll throw in our new jillion-dollar box-office blockbuster." The trouble with Universal's vaunted $2 billion film library is that *Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein* wouldn't sell without *Apollo 13* as the booster rocket. That's why Turner bought New Line and Castle Rock: to make new movies to bundle with and thus spiff up the old stuff.

So Enslin and Burke will have to do business with the big guys. They also need the majors for legal reasons: Earlier this month, the judge awarded *physical* ownership of the tapes to Enslin and Burke, but copyright ownership is still held by the record companies that commissioned the recording sessions in the first place. (Sony holds an estimated 30 percent.)

The two can't release any of the tapes without the record companies' permission. Burke hopes the companies will be his partners in releasing the material, sharing the profits. If they won't, he says, he'll sell the tapes to collectors. This could be an unappealing option for the companies, because at some point the tapes will surely fall into the hands of bootleggers in Italy or someplace with slack copyright laws. That's his leverage, and Burke says he's talked with several auction houses about putting the tapes up for sale.

The collectors' market, however, is iffy at best. "Unless there are some truly amazing performances, the tapes themselves are probably worthless unless they're sold to bootleggers," says Jeff Tamarkin, editor of *Goldmine,* a magazine for music collectors. Are there amazing performances? Burke played several things for me, all high in clarity: a Roger Miller song (Roger Miller?); Roy Orbison singing "I Love You Most of All Because," which Burke says is unreleased; and alternate takes of Dylan's "One More Night" and "I Threw It All Away" from *Nashville Skyline,* with different tempos and styles, which sounded pretty great. But people close to Dylan say they already have alternate takes of much of Dylan's material. The Elvis people at RCA seem similarly unimpressed.

Enslin and Burke say that even if Elvis, Inc., and Dylan are dismissive and standoffish, other artists and their estates will be only too happy for the opportunity to earn extra royalties in return for rights to use their names and likenesses. And they claim the record companies have been all over them. But many record executives think Enslin and Burke will only make a few thousand here, a few thousand there from collectors and maybe, in some cases, from record companies. Some of these songs could be "bonus tracks" on compilations. Much of this depends on what's actually on the tapes. Enslin and Burke have listened to only a small part of it, and Sony grouses that the lack of a complete list signals that there's less there than meets the eye.

Whatever happens, Enslin and Burke should probably heed the advice of Larry Cohn, a music producer at Legacy Recordings. "These guys," he says, "should go out and get themselves a really good lawyer." Last week, they did just that—and now all they need to peddle their content is one of those unglamorous, expensive distribution systems. ▬

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HOFFA

Jimmy Hoffa testifying before a Senate committee in 1959.

Two men, Jimmy Hoffa junior and Ron Carey, are fighting over America's biggest, baddest blue-collar union. But twenty years after Hoffa senior's disappearance, the Teamsters are still mired in that old mob muck. An investigation by Jeffrey Goldberg

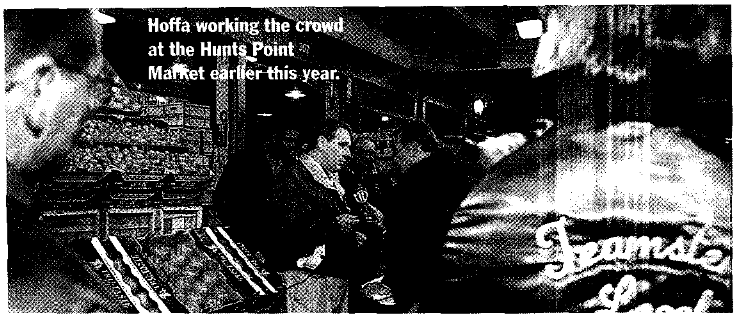
LIVES!

Jimmy Hoffa (fourth from right) campaigning in Las Vegas earlier this year. With him are members of his brain trust, including California Teamster boss Jimmy Santangelo (third from right), Chicago boss Bill Hogan (second from right), and Texas boss T. C. Stone (third from left).

JAMES PHILLIP HOFFA, A SOFT AND SATISFIED MAN OF BLAND DEMEANOR, IS CHOKING DOWN FIG NEWtons in the house his father built. "Where's the rest of the Fig Newtons?" he asks, pawing the empty packet. One of his handlers, a side of beef named Robert Kirkpatrick, shrugs. "We ate all the Fig Newtons?" Hoffa says. He seems startled. It is my belief that Hoffa—"Junior" to both his friends and his enemies—would rather talk about Fig Newtons than the subject at hand.

We're sitting in Junior's pink-leather-and-smoked-mirrors suite in Las Vegas's Riviera Hotel, which was built with Teamster money. Many of the hotels along the strip exist thanks to money Hoffa senior lent to organized crime. Hoffa junior sees no irony in his presence here today.

I've asked him why he's qualified to run for president of the Teamsters, which he is doing in earnest



Hoffa working the crowd at the Hunts Point Market earlier this year.

twenty years after his father disappeared and a year and a half before the next Teamster election in December 1996. His critics say that Junior, a labor lawyer, has never worked a blue-collar job. He mentions a summer spent driving a front-end loader. I note that Ron Carey, the reformist president of the union and the bogeyman of Old Guardists like the younger Hoffa, was a UPS driver.

“Ron Carey hasn’t driven a truck since 1962!” he explodes, particles of fig paste flying from his mouth (Carey actually drove a truck until 1967). This is the nicest thing anybody will say about Carey this weekend.

Junior has come to the Riviera to campaign at a meeting of the Hoffa-friendly Teamsters Women’s Caucus. He has also come to play blackjack, which he does well, up $200 last time I checked.

Here with him are the men who make up his brain trust, as it were. They include a onetime operative for Lyndon LaRouche named Richard Leebove, now Hoffa’s media handler, and a collection of ornery galumphs who represent the Jurassic wing of the 1.4 million–member union. The galumphs have rallied around Hoffa junior, hoping his name is the magic carpet they’ll ride back to power in the “Marble Palace,” the massive Teamster headquarters on Capitol Hill. They lost the palace to Carey in 1991, and a civil war between the lefty reformers and the right-wing Old Guard is raging. This weekend, Vegas is the capital of the Old Guard Confederacy.

At a reception in a Riviera ballroom, I fall into conversation with Billy Hogan, the leader of 105,000 Chicago-area Teamsters and an important Hoffa ally. I mention in passing the name of Diana Kilmury, a firebrand Carey supporter who has ventured into enemy territory this weekend.

“She’s a cunt,” he says. “Off the record”—he starts giggling—“she’s a fucking cunt. On the record, she’s a cunt.” Hogan, the immediate past president of the Chicago Convention and Tourism Bureau, is under FBI scrutiny, sources say, for possible involvement in a mobbed-up movie-production company. Like many other men here, Hogan is the son of a Teamster leader. “I’m living proof that nepotism works!” he announced at a meeting in 1991.

Also here is Larry Brennan, leader of Michigan’s 65,000 Teamsters. He is the son of a crony of Hoffa senior—the two fathers were once indicted together—and is responsible for Hoffa junior’s candidacy. Since Hoffa junior never worked a “craft,” Brennan had to hire him as his administrative assistant to make him eligible to run. I ask Brennan whether Hoffa junior is a diligent aide.

“You know what administrative assistants and dykes have in common?” he asks, by way of an answer. “They don’t do dick.” He arches his thumb toward a group of female Teamsters. “You’ve got a lot of your bull dykes here, you know.” Brennan’s joint council includes about 6,500 dues-paying women.

T. C. Stone, another Hoffa supporter who is the boss of all Texas Teamsters, happens by. He is as big as a dump truck and leans in close to me. “I say take these welfare mothers,” he says, “take them and sterilize them.” It’s not clear why he is saying this.

Conversation turns to the man they hate. They say they oppose Ron Carey because he’s a longtime associate of the Lucchese crime family, and an FBI informer to boot. But last year, Carey was cleared of mob charges by a federally supervised panel that included a former FBI director. When I press them to describe the root of their loathing, the whine of self-interest fills the room. Carey is taking away their perks; he burned down the candy store, and the children are angry. “I always took multiple salaries,” Hogan says, “but what the fuck, I’m in the black.” Drawing salaries from local and regional Teamster groups simultaneously is a religion among old-line Teamster leaders, as are Lincolns and Cadillacs and fat expense accounts.

Jimmy Santangelo, leader of a powerful California local, wanders over. His pinkie ring shines in the light of the ballroom. “You know something?” he says. “I’ve always driven a Lincoln and my members never complained about it, so who really gives a fuck?”

RON CAREY’S INSTRUCTIONS TO ME ARE PRECISE. GET IN the fourth-to-last car of the F train, take it to the Van Wyck Boulevard station, exit up the closest staircase, and, at 7:45 A.M., look for a white Chrysler minivan. Carey, a slight, gray man who greases his hair and wears ill-cut suits, is in the driver’s seat, drinking coffee out of a Styrofoam cup. Carey is traveling without muscle—without anyone, in fact. He claims never to have owned a Lincoln, and he is personally acquainted with the New York City subway system. His clothing and demeanor mark him as a man of no importance. This is on purpose, presumably. He appears to be the living repudiation of all the name Hoffa represents.

In the Teamster drama, he has played the Jimmy Stewart role since 1978, when Steven Brill’s book *The Teamsters* portrayed him as one of the few clean men in a union of gangsters. The Justice Department and editorial writers have been rooting for his success. Carey is considered by many to be the last best chance for the union. “Mr. Carey’s triumph is labor’s triumph,” read a New York *Times* editorial hailing Carey’s 1991 victory. “Mr. Carey represents a decisive break with [the Teamsters’] sordid record.” Since then, however, membership has continued to fall—it’s down half a million in twenty years—and the union’s strike fund has gone broke.

For all the new-generation talk about Carey, the Hoffa-Carey fight seems almost of another century, something out of the American brutalist school of fiction: two irredeemably old-school guys brawling over a prize that may no longer be worth winning. (That the Teamsters in their shrunken state are still the biggest union in the AFL-CIO says more about the crisis of labor than it does about Teamster organizing.) NAFTA, deregulation, the well-rotted industrial base, and the Teamsters’ own avarice have combined to push the union to the edge of irrelevance through much of the country. Not in New York, though. There are 150,000 Teamsters in the New York area, from Metro-North track workers to gravediggers, and many of them look to Carey for leadership.

Carey’s influence extends beyond the halls of the Marble Palace. He took the Teamsters, the favorite union of Nixon and Reagan, over to the Democrats, helping to cement his iconic image on the left (the Teamster PAC contributed roughly $1 million to the Democratic National Committee and to state Democratic committees in 1992). And he is a key leader of an insurgency within the AFL-CIO that hopes to overthrow the faction of cold warrior Lane Kirkland and install another self-described reformer, John Sweeney of the Service Employees International Union, at the top of the 13.3 million–member labor coalition.

But Carey still remembers his people. After four years leading the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, he continues to serve as president of his home local, Local 804, which he has run since 1968. The local represents 6,000 UPS employees in the New York area, and Carey comes up from Washington once a week to check on them. We drive to the UPS plant in Laurelton, Queens, which is, like all UPS plants, huge, brown, and forbidding.

Carey moves onto the floor of the giant barn. Workers stop to lodge complaints, which Carey notes on scrap paper. One woman, a bellowing package loader, sees Carey and confronts him. “What about those Great Adventure tickets, Ron?” Carey writes down “Great Adventure.” Other workers are agitated; they hear UPS is shutting down the facility. Carey snags a middle manager, who denies the rumor. Carey doesn’t believe him.

Hoffa supporter T. C. Stone leans in close. “I say take thes

CITY
STRIKE
UNION
FRONTIER
STRIKE

Not sweating the ironies: Hoffa on a picket line in Vegas, a neon testament to his father's mob ties.

“Let's make sure we don't have a Pearl Harbor in here, okay?” Carey says. (UPS later announced that the facility would indeed be closed. The workers were transferred elsewhere.)

As he leaves, Carey, like everyone else, is searched to make sure he didn't steal any packages. On the drive to the local's offices, Carey talks earnestly about his responsibilities: “I'm going to go to the local and get those Great Adventure tickets. My credibility is based on that. If I'm not servicing the members of my union, what's the use?”

An obvious truth, but revolutionary in a union whose leaders are famous for servicing only themselves. Carey the Populist promised to attack the bloat, and he did. He shut down the union's four regional “conferences,” patronage dumps that provided extra salaries to connected Teamsters. He even sold the union's two jets for $11 million (John Travolta bought one).

To be sure, Carey is under outside pressure to keep cleaning. In 1989, two years before he was elected president, the Justice Department, which had brought civil RICO charges against the union, angled the Teamsters into a consent decree that eventually led to the creation of a federally supervised (but Teamster-funded) board to ferret out corruption. The Independent Review Board, a three-man panel that includes William Webster, the former FBI director, quickly began tossing dirty Teamsters out of the union, cutting a path for the Carey reform campaign.

It was the IRB that last year cleared Carey of a series of charges that he was connected to the mob. The mob allegations, Carey maintains, are the concoctions of his enemies, and Carey says he's sick of it. “I've walked around with an olive branch in my hand, and I'm tired of having it shoved up my ass,” he tells me. When I ask him about the mob, he waves his hand dismissively. “I was cleared. There's nothing more to say about it.”

THE DESERT SUN IS WHITE AND BLINDING OUTSIDE Teamsters Local 631 in Las Vegas. The local's headquarters, done in red tile and stucco, looks more like a Taco Bell than a union hall. Hoffa junior is here to speak at a rally for a jailed Teamster named Jesse Acuna, who beat a scab upside the head with an iron pipe during a strike in California in April 1994. HOFFA '96 buttons are in profusion, as are Hoffa T-shirts—quick sellers everywhere, the Hoffa team says. Like most Teamsters, the shirts come in two sizes—big and bigger. The parking lot fills up with truck drivers and retirees who ask Hoffa for his autograph. They remember his father, and they want to touch a reminder of the glorious past, when the union was 2 million strong and Jimmy Hoffa could shut down the economy with a wink and drive the Kennedys mad just by drawing breath.

Hoffa's son lifts himself onto the back of a flatbed and approaches the microphone. He possesses none of his father's hot charisma—his privileged upbringing may have bled him of the legendary Hoffa anger—but he can still whip up a crowd. “How many of us have been on a picket line when the scab bus comes in and they give us the finger?” Hoffa asks. “I've stood in the rain by the fire barrel. It rips your guts out seeing someone else drive your freight, so I understand Jesse Acuna.”

Under a shade tree, Hoffa's sponsor, Larry Brennan, sucks on a toothpick. “Leebove”—he points to Hoffa's media guy, darting in and out of the crowd—“told me to take off my sunglasses so I don't look like a mobster.”

Leebove is obsessed with mobsters. And sunglasses. At a photo session in the hotel, Leebove jokingly tells Hoffa to put on sunglasses “so you'll look like Tony Pro.” Tony Pro is Tony Provenzano, the Genovese-controlled Teamster believed to have masterminded the killing of Junior's father. Junior is not amused.

Hoffa takes the mob very seriously, he says. In the days following his father's disappearance, he became his family's point man to the FBI. He worked his father's old friends for information and kept a vigil by the phone, listening to the prank ransom demands,

elfare mothers,” he says, “Take them and sterilize them.”

hoping for a sliver of real information about his father's fate.

Hoffa says he would purge the Teamsters of mob influence because "the mob killed my father, and I'm not going to let the mob into my union." Hoffa, a loyal son, does not—or will not—see that his father wasn't an implacable foe of the mob. What he was was an implacable foe of mobsters who didn't like him.

THOUGH NO ONE HAS EVER BEEN ARRESTED IN THE case, the disappearance of Jimmy Hoffa from the parking lot of the Machus Red Fox Restaurant in a Detroit suburb on the afternoon of July 30, 1975, is no JFK-style mystery (Hoffa, of course, has often been mentioned as an anti-Kennedy plotter). From the moment he vanished, the FBI focused on a tight group of men connected to a mob-controlled New Jersey local. This group included Tony Pro as well as Thomas Andretta and the Briguglio brothers, Salvatore "Sally Bugs" and Gabriel. The reigning theory on Hoffa's disappearance, contained in the FBI's "Hoffex" memo, runs like this: Hoffa, who got out of jail in 1971, was trying to work his way back to the presidency of the union but ran into a wall of opposition from the mob, which had grown comfortable with Hoffa's replacement, Frank Fitzsimmons. Hoffa and Tony Pro actually served in jail together, and they fought constantly. Out of jail, Hoffa represented a problem for the mob, so a sit-down was called at the Red Fox. Hoffa believed he was going to meet Tony Pro and Anthony "Tony Jack" Giacalone, a Detroit mobster with Teamster ties. The suspected assassins met Hoffa instead.

His son says today that he believes his father was killed in Detroit and that his body was disposed of in a slaughterhouse (not under Giants Stadium, as one legend has it).

Most of the men named in the Hoffex memo are dead or missing—Salvatore Briguglio was assassinated in 1978 on a street in Little Italy—but some of the suspects are alive. A man some investigators believe sanctioned the assassination is scheduled to be released from prison in September. He is Matty "the Horse" Ianiello, a Genovese-family captain. Veteran investigators told me that Ianiello is suspected of giving Provenzano, his underling in the family, the go-ahead to move on Hoffa. Ianiello has been imprisoned on federal racketeering charges.

Another person who may know what happened to Hoffa is a former Philadelphia hit man named Charlie Allen. Allen has disappeared into the fog of the witness-protection program. But he has claimed, government sources say, that he was hired by the then-imprisoned Hoffa to murder Fitzsimmons, Hoffa's replacement. According to one federal law-enforcement source, Allen was called to a meeting with Provenzano shortly after Hoffa disappeared. Provenzano, the source said, wanted to know whether Hoffa had put a contract out on him too.

And then there's Chuckie O'Brien, a man raised by Hoffa as his virtual foster son. The FBI believes that O'Brien is the man who drove Hoffa to his appointment at the restaurant that day in 1975. O'Brien, after all, would be trusted by Hoffa not to set him up. O'Brien has always denied wrongdoing, but his testimony to the FBI was so inconsistent, according to Brill's *The Teamsters,* that the Hoffex memo called him a "pathological liar who borders on being totally incompetent."

When O'Brien's name is mentioned, Junior's normally affable face closes and darkens. "I haven't spoken to Chuckie since the day Dad disappeared," he says.

Among investigators, opinion is split: Was O'Brien in the know? Or was he a dupe of Giacalone? Hoffa's son believes O'Brien was in on it: "Chuckie knew all along. I'm sure of that."

After Hoffa disappeared, O'Brien, a Teamster official, was promoted by Fitzsimmons. But O'Brien was forced out in 1991, after investigators concluded that he knowingly associated with organized-crime figures, including Giacalone, whom he called "Uncle Tony." In fact, the FBI found that three days after Hoffa disappeared, O'Brien called Giacalone to make a manicure appointment together.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW BOARD'S REPORT ON CAREY IS 85 PAGES long, and it dismisses, in dry language, nearly every serious allegation leveled against him. The best-known charge, first reported in 1993 by *Time*—virtually the only publication to investigate Carey—came from Alphonse D'Arco, the most important Mafia turncoat in the history of turncoats. In 1992, D'Arco named Carey as an associate of the Lucchese family. The other allegations included charges that Carey testified as a character witness on behalf of an organized-crime associate; that he associated with a Mafia bagman named Louis Sunshine; that he took money from organized crime and employers to buy real estate for himself; that he was a close associate of Joseph Trerotola, the mob-connected longtime leader of New York's Joint Council of Teamsters; and that his brother was affiliated with mobbed-up Long Island garbage carters. Each charge is disposed of in quick-march fashion by the IRB.

But there's a problem with the board's report. It would not be unreasonable to suspect that the Justice Department's appointee to the IRB, a former federal judge named Frederick Lacey, set out to clear Carey from the start. In a letter to Thomas Puccio, the government-appointed trustee of air-freight Local 295, Lacey warned Puccio and his then-deputy, Michael Moroney, to stop dogging Carey with questions about mob ties.

"During our conversation," the letter reads, "I told you that I thought you and Mr. Moroney ought to have in mind what would happen if you brought Carey down in that there were 'old guard' Teamsters throughout the country that were hoping that Carey would be eliminated as a candidate in 1996 so that the clock could be turned back to what it was when I first came on the scene as Independent Administrator."

Lacey wrote to Puccio on April 13, 1994. The IRB report clearing Carey was released three months later. So at precisely the time Lacey's investigators were finishing their probe, Lacey was warning other government-appointed monitors to back off because Carey was, simply put, Lacey's man. (Lacey, by the way, was also appointed to investigate the alleged "Iraqgate" coverup, where he also found no wrongdoing. William Safire in the *Times* termed Lacey a "patsy prosecutor.") Lacey declined to comment on his letter to Puccio, and the IRB's chief investigator, Charles Carberry, would say only that "the report speaks for itself."

Mary Jo White, the U.S. Attorney for the Southern District whose office brought the original RICO suit, says she believes the board did a "professional job": "I have several assistants who've reviewed it. I've found the IRB's work to be thorough. . . . This is a blue-ribbon panel, whatever other people say. I think they've done an excellent job." Though she wouldn't comment on Carey's performance—"We're obviously not supporting any candidate"—she did say that she is "very pleased about how things are going."

In contrast with its credulousness toward Carey, the Independent Review Board has shown little willingness to believe the alibis of the nearly 300 Teamsters it has banished. In most cases, the IRB's standards are admirably tough—any association with the mob is cause for banishment. But by this standard, a serious investigation of the charges against Carey might find him unqualified to serve as a UPS shop steward, much less as president of the nation's biggest blue-collar union.

LOUIS SUNSHINE WAS A *shtarker* IN THE CLASSICAL MODE, a protégé of Louis "Lepke" Buchalter, the infamous labor racketeer of Lucky Luciano's day. Sunshine's girlfriend was the widow of "Pittsburgh Phil" Strauss, the

"I can't fathom any scenario in which Carey [didn't most notorious of the Murder, Inc., hit men. People who knew him say Sunshine, who died in 1987, was a short-tempered hood who, even in old age, threatened people with his "gat," his gun, and bragged that the "Combination" backed him. "You couldn't go nowhere with him," says John Long, the former secretary-treasurer at Carey's local. "He was an arrogant guy. He'd go to a restaurant and make a scene." Says another ex–Teamster official, John Mahoney, "You wouldn't want to throw knuckles with this guy." Former Teamster president Jackie Presser—a longtime federal informant—identified Sunshine to the FBI in 1982 as an "82-year-old Jewish individual who is closely associated with the New York LCN [La Cosa Nostra] families and is used by these families to travel around the United States delivering messages to various union officials."

The IRB found that Sunshine never did business with Carey. But Mahoney, a former official in a local closely connected to Carey's, says that on at least six occasions in the seventies and eighties, he drove Sunshine to meet with Carey at three locations—Carey's Local 804 headquarters, the old Commodore Hotel near Grand Central Terminal, and at the Brooks Restaurant in Long Island City. "I would take [Sunshine] to the meetings, and I saw him and Carey shake hands, and then they'd go off for an hour or so," Mahoney says. "I'd go do whatever it is I had to do, then I'd pick Louie up."

Mahoney, an ex-cop whose conviction in a mob-tinged loan-shark case was overturned, says Sunshine didn't tell him what he and Carey discussed but, in 1987, gave him a tantalizing clue: "When Louie was dying," Mahoney says, "I used to go see him at Beth Israel hospital, and we would talk a lot. One day we were talking, and I said, 'You always hated this guy Carey, right?' and he said, 'Yeah.' So I asked, 'Why would you always be meeting with him?' And Louie said, 'To tell him what to do.' "

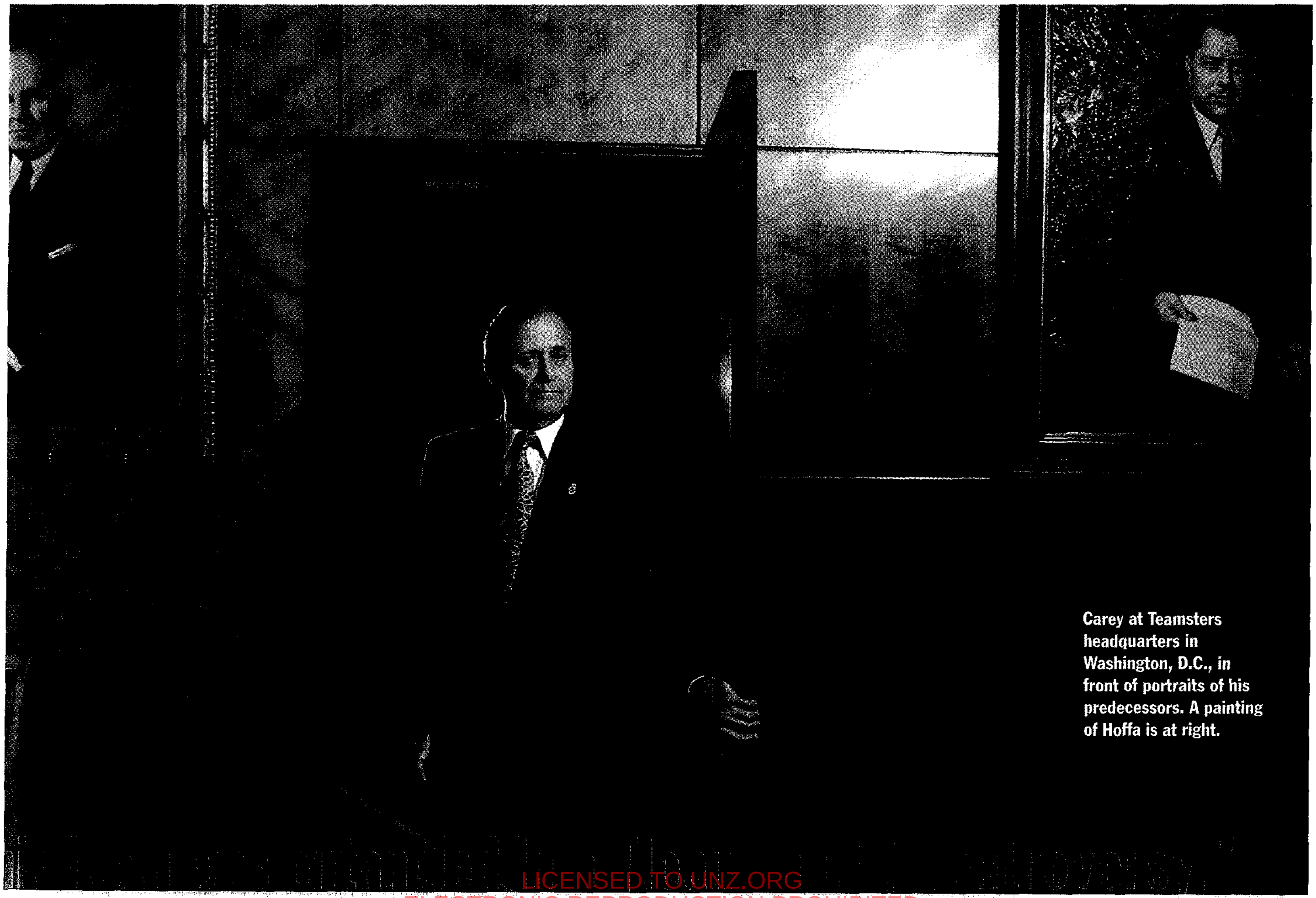
"Absolute bullshit," Carey says. Sunshine came around the local every so often, but Carey says he threw him out. "All you had to do was look at him to know what he was, the big cigar hanging out of his goddamn mouth."

Mahoney isn't the only person to place Sunshine close to Carey. A dentist and convicted loan shark named Jesse "Doc" Hyman told the FBI that he believed Sunshine was involved in the affairs of Local 804 into the eighties, deep into Carey's tenure as the local's president. Significantly, Lacey has called Hyman a "credible" witness in another matter. The IRB report on Carey makes no mention of Hyman's statement concerning Sunshine's possible involvement in Carey's local, but, curiously, includes Hyman's testimony in its packet of supporting documents.

CONTRARY TO THE MYTH SURROUNDING CAREY, HIS LOCAL wasn't clean at all. For much of the eighties, prosecutors said, the secretary-treasurer of the local, John Long—Carey's No. 2 man—funded Jesse Hyman's loan-shark ring with the local's money. Carey says he didn't learn about it until shortly before Long was indicted in 1988. But as early as 1983, a federal subpoena from then–U.S. Attorney Rudy Giuliani's office had demanded nearly every piece of paper generated by the local over the previous two years, including all correspondence between the local and Hyman.

Hyman was the linchpin in what the FBI termed a "super-Shylock operation" that put hundreds of thousands of dollars on the street. Around 1980, Hyman, an associate of New Jersey's DeCavalcante crime family (police once found a dead Teamster in his trunk), persuaded Long to invest his local's money in a front company for the ring. Though Carey co-signed the checks, including one for $100,000, Long says that until the 1983 subpoena came, Carey had no reason to question the investment or to investigate the matter.

Soon after the subpoena arrived, fifteen men, including Hyman, were indicted on loan-sharking charges. They went on trial, and seven, including Hyman, were convicted. "I can't fathom any



Carey at Teamsters headquarters in Washington, D.C., in front of portraits of his predecessors. A painting of Hoffa is at right.

scenario in which Carey could not have known by the time of the trial that his local was entangled in a controversy over a loanshark operation," says Gene Giacumbo, a vice-president of the Teamsters International who ran on Carey's slate in 1991. Giacumbo, who was later vilified when he exposed Carey's extensive real-estate holdings—holdings Giacumbo and others say Carey couldn't have bought on his salary alone—has been charged with minor violations of Teamster rules by the IRB. He calls the IRB investigation a vendetta. "I have a low opinion of Ron Carey, but it doesn't go so low that I think he's so inept and out of touch that he wouldn't know what was going on in his own local."

When I asked Carey about the 1983 subpoena, he said at first: "I don't recall receiving this subpoena. Something like that would have been handled through the secretary-treasurer's office." Then he switched course. "It could have been brought to my attention," he conceded. "Obviously, it was brought to my attention, and I was told it was being taken care of. It would not have led me to consider that this had anything to do with John Long."

But according to Susan Davis, one of Carey's lawyers, Carey was concerned enough to dispatch another lawyer to ask the prosecutor, Bruce Baird, whether Carey, Long, and the local were targets of an investigation. Baird said no, Davis says, but Long would soon be indicted himself, along with John Mahoney, the man who says he drove Carey to see Louis Sunshine. Baird did not return telephone calls seeking comment.

After receiving a grant of immunity from prosecutors, Carey testified against Long at his trial. Carey says he accepted the grant not because he had committed any crime but because his lawyer threatened to quit the case if he didn't.

Long and Mahoney were found guilty, but their convictions were overturned on technical grounds. Lacey, keen on banning Long from the union, relied on the "credible" testimony of Jesse Hyman—the other man who links Sunshine to Carey—to make his own case against Long. Carey says the implication that he did wrong during the Long-Hyman affair is part of a smear campaign led by his enemies in Detroit and especially by Michael Moroney, an ex–Labor Department investigator and the former deputy trustee of the Kennedy airport air-freight local.

"You've got to get to Moroney's motivation," Carey says. "Moroney wanted to be the union's appointee to the IRB, and I turned him down. That's the core of it." Moroney, says Carey, is "unstable. He's off the wall."

THE DEER COME RIGHT UP TO MORONEY'S WOOD-FRAME HOUSE, SET by a marsh in the Pennsylvania woods. We stand in his doorway, watching a doe and her fawn eat blueberries not 25 feet away. The deer seem unbothered by the close report of hunting rifles.

Moroney doesn't appear unstable, or hallucinatory. (He calls Carey's charge that he sought work from him "garbage. I didn't apply for anything. I met with his assistant to give him ideas about how to continue the cleanup of the Teamsters.") Some Mafia investigators have called him rash and judgmental; others call him a genius. And like many mob investigators, Moroney believes in the near-impossibility of coincidence.

Until he became Carey's worst enemy, Moroney was intimately involved in the government's Teamster investigation. After long stints at the Labor and Justice Departments, he joined Charles Carberry's IRB staff, helping make cases against many of the most notorious Teamsters (including Chuckie O'Brien). In 1992, he jumped from the IRB to assist Puccio in his cleanup of the air-freight local.

That local, 295, represents freight-company drivers at Newark and Kennedy; its sister local, 851, represents the companies' dispatchers. Both were controlled by the Lucchese family, according to the government. Before Puccio and Moroney stepped in to run 295, Carey had appointed his own trustee to run the local. Moroney is convinced that Carey, in making the appointment, was trying to protect Lucchese interests at the airport. Why? Because the trustee Carey tried to

Legendary mobster and Teamster Johnny Dio punches a photographer.

Hoffa says he'll pur[illegible]msters of mob influence: "The

install, William Genoese, turns out to be an associate of the Lucchese family.

The roots of the Genoese appointment might lie in the 1991 race that saw Carey elected president. Three slates of candidates ran in 1991—Carey's slate; a group led by R. V. Durham, an Old Guard Southerner; and a third group, led by Walter Shea, a former top-ranking Teamster. Genoese was on Shea's slate. According to D'Arco, the Shea slate was secretly backed by the Lucchese family.

The leader of Pennsylvania's Teamsters, John Morris, told IRB investigators that Shea, the leader of Genoese's slate, was "always subservient to these International guys. And they were always guys that had mob influence."

The Luccheses were eager to maintain their foothold in the union, and desperate to keep Kennedy airport under their control. D'Arco told the FBI that the Lucchese family's main goal was to get Genoese elected to a position on the Teamster International board, but "moving Genoese into power in Teamsters Local 295 was also viewed as vital to the Lucchese family."

The Shea slate never caught fire. When it saw it couldn't win the election, it decided to back Carey, even though Carey and Shea were, publicly, enemies. The Shea slate "preferred Mr. Carey to Mr. Durham and so the Shea support was thrown over to Mr. Carey," Judge Lacey stated in court testimony. Now that Genoese, who ran on Shea's slate, had no chance to win high Teamster office, plan two—to get Genoese installed at the Kennedy-airport local—allegedly went into effect.

According to Lacey, Carey was asked by Shea and Barry Feinstein, then the head of New York's Teamster joint council, "to appoint Genoese to this job." "Feinstein and Shea generated this appointment," Lacey said in court.

What is left, then, is evidence that Carey, in exchange for political support from Lucchese-backed Teamster officials, handed the Kennedy local back to the Lucchese family. Carey says he made the Genoese appointment on the recommendation of a staffer. Moroney says differently. But then, Moroney believes Carey to be a Lucchese-family asset himself.

As the sun drops down below the marsh, I ask Moroney why he believes this. "Because," he says, "D'Arco told me so."

NOT ONLY IS ALPHONSE D'ARCO ONE OF THE HIGHEST-RANKING MOBsters ever to walk through the FBI's door—he was acting boss of the Luccheses when he joined the other side—he also may be the smartest. A senior FBI official, Donald North, told me last year that "in thousands of hours of conversation, we have never caught him in a contradiction." D'Arco's memory, in fact, is so highly respected that it may come to plague John Sweeney, the president of the Service Employees International Union and one of two candidates running for the top spot in the AFL-CIO's October election. Sources say that in a secret 1991 FBI interview report, D'Arco identified the union's Manhattan local—Local 32B-32J—as "Genovese-controlled." Sweeney is a former president of the local who is still on its board, earning $10,000 a year as the "executive adviser" to the local's current president, Gus Bevona. (Interestingly, Sweeney's opponent, Thomas Donahue, began *his* career in the same local, though he left it in 1957.) Sweeney's local is also the target of a high-level corruption investigation being conducted by the Manhattan D.A.'s office, according to two law-enforcement officials. The chief of investigations for the D.A.'s office, Daniel Castleman, would not confirm or deny that an investigation is taking place. A spokesman for Sweeney denies that the local is being investigated. "This is one of the best-run locals I've come across in my life," the spokesman says.

JOSEPH TREROTOLA, THE LONGTIME HEAD OF NEW YORK'S joint council, was the handpicked replacement of John Dioguardi, the legendary Lucchese racketeer better known as Johnny Dio. Dioguardi, a close ally of Hoffa senior, ran the joint council as an adjunct of the Mafia, mob historians say. Dioguardi was the alleged mastermind behind the acid blinding of the labor columnist Victor Riesel. According to the government, Trerotola, who resigned from the Teamsters in 1991 under pressure from Lacey's investigators, protected Mafia interests on the joint council. And D'Arco said that Trerotola told him that Carey was his close associate.

IRB's investigators never spoke to D'Arco, but Moroney did. He interviewed D'Arco over two days, for a total of seventeen hours. "D'Arco was clear to me," Moroney says. "Carey and Trerotola were partners, they made money together, and Carey *is* an asset of the Lucchese family."

Trerotola is, like Sunshine, a key—if Carey was close to Trerotola, he would have been close to the mob. Carey says he is one of the few New York Teamsters who kept their distance from Trerotola, and the IRB report backs him up. It quotes members of Carey's local board who describe a chilly, arm's-length relationship between Carey and Trerotola.

But John Long says different. Long, speaking publicly for the first time about Carey, says he remembers a telephone call he received in the early seventies from Trerotola, who asked him to come down to the joint-council office.

Long and Carey had been fighting over which man would be made the "principal officer," the man with final fiduciary responsibility in the local. Long took the role even though Carey was president. "Joe T. called me in," Long says of Trerotola, "and asked me why it was so important for me to be principal officer. I said it's not, so he said, 'Then let Carey be principal officer.' I said okay. I didn't care. But it made me think—why would he want Carey as principal officer if they were enemies? Since when do you reward your enemies?"

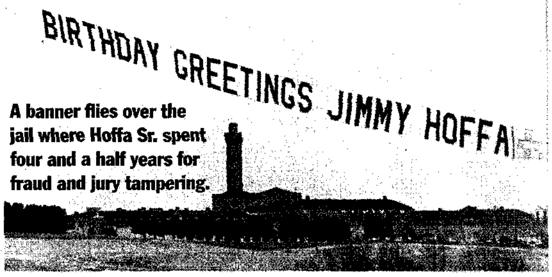
Carey says Long is rewriting history: "He's an absolute liar. He set up a conspiracy on the executive board to become principal officer. A physical fight took place at a shop stewards' meeting between Long and myself over this. The shop stewards were enraged by what Long did. He backed down after that."

Carey says he doesn't recall Trerotola sticking up for him, much less getting involved in the internal affairs of the local. Carey remembers Trerotola only as an enemy: "I was an obstacle to them [Trerotola's council]." But if Trerotola, the mob's protector on the joint council, thought of Carey as an enemy, this wasn't evident in

Hoffa testifying before a Senate committee in 1957.

killed my father; I'm not going to let the mob into my union."

“Shake hands with Jimmy Hoffa!” someone yells. Those who



A banner flies over the jail where Hoffa Sr. spent four and a half years for fraud and jury tampering.

1988, when he told federal investigators that Carey “runs a decent and wonderful union.” (Trerotola died in 1991, and it remains unclear why he apparently tried to protect Carey from investigators.)

Carey has answers for other allegations too. In 1975, he testified as a character witness for a man named John Conti, a Lucchese associate who was accused of involvement in a garment-center shakedown ring. Conti was a member of Carey’s local, and Carey said it was customary for him to testify on behalf of his members. “I have 6,500 members. I don’t know what they’re all doing all the time,” Carey told me. Of course, by the time he entered the courtroom, Carey must have known that he was testifying on behalf of a suspected mobster. The IRB excused Carey’s testimony, saying that Conti was not a member of an organized-crime family in 1975, when the trial took place. It is a weak excuse—the NYPD stated that Conti was “made” a member of the Lucchese family in 1977, and most gangsters spend years as associates of crime families before they are formally admitted. D’Arco, the IRB notes in the same report, was an associate of the Lucchese family for sixteen years before he was made a member in 1982.

MATT WITT POSES AN INTERESTING QUESTION: “WHAT HAS RON Carey done as general president of the Teamsters to advance the interests of organized crime?” Witt, a Carey spokesman, is making a simple point—if Carey is a deep-cover asset of mobsters, how has his presidency helped the Mafia?

Carey has taken some bold steps to reform the union, certainly—dumping the conferences, selling off the extravagant assets, cutting his base salary from $225,000 to $150,000, democratizing elections, and placing corrupt locals in trusteeship.

But Carey the Corruption Fighter has had notable failures. In New York, the capital of Teamster corruption, Carey placed into trusteeship one Manhattan-based local, Local 810, because of charges that the leadership was corrupt. Now, after the local’s first “free” elections, a convicted felon is president. At a cement drivers’ local closely tied to John Gotti, the trustee in place, Carey loyalist Johnnie Brown, was sued by the U.S. Attorney for the Eastern District for allowing corruption to continue unabated. Brown has now received a promotion of sorts, serving as trustee of the infamous Javits Center local. And a key Carey ally, Mario Perrucci, a vice-president of the International, has just been brought up on charges by the IRB that he had improper dealings with an employer.

IT’S 10 P.M. AT THE HUNTS POINT TERMINAL MARKET IN THE BRONX, and the Teamsters who unload the crates of produce seem annoyed at the clot of men stomping their way down the platform.

“Shake hands with Jimmy Hoffa!” someone inside the clot yells. Those who remember Hoffa—the original, not the sequel—seem to think it’s a joke. Most of the men, black, Latino, and young, look bored. Junior comes bounding through, accompanied by the officers of Local 202, one of the many New York City locals unfriendly to their homegrown president.

“Hey man, slap me five,” Junior says to one black worker. Junior is very, very white. The black worker shakes Hoffa’s hand. The announcement of Hoffa’s arrival has not sparked a riot of interest. Hoffa’s popularity among the rank and file is uncertain; his popularity among the leaders of many locals is more enthusiastic.

He came to New York this spring to attend a closed-door conference run by New York’s joint council, whose leadership appears to be anti-Carey. The conference, sources say, focused on an issue of paramount concern to many Teamster officials: how to keep their highly remunerative posts. More than 20 of New York’s 60 or so locals are under trusteeship.

The president of the joint council, Anthony Rumore, did not return telephone calls to his office. Rumore is the son of a reputed Genovese-family soldier, Louis Rumore, who in 1990 was forced to resign from the board of his Scarsdale-based local.

When I asked Hoffa whether he is comfortable taking support from men with controversial reputations, he seemed not to care: “I want the support of all Teamsters who want to better the union.” Hoffa is less blithe when it comes to the charges against Carey. “I believe the IRB should immediately reopen the investigation and conduct an independent investigation,” he says. Hoffa’s confident his own record is clean. But there are questions here too.

As early as the fifties, Allen Dorfman was one of Jimmy Hoffa’s closest associates. Dorfman’s stepfather, Paul “Red” Dorfman, was a Capone-era gangster who took a liking to the Teamster boss. In exchange for Red Dorfman’s assistance in consolidating control of the union, Hoffa helped Dorfman’s stepson build an insurance business by throwing Teamster business his way. The relationship flowered, and Dorfman gained access to the Central States Pension Fund, a deep lake of Teamster money controlled by Hoffa. It was money from this fund that financed the building of much of Las Vegas. As Steven Brill writes, “Since the middle 1960s, most of the accusations about the Teamsters union actually involved Dorfman and the Central States Pension Fund, not the union itself.”

Apparently none of these accusations bothered Hoffa’s son, because in 1970, he entered into an investment scheme with Dorfman. “It was a limited-partnership investment,” Hoffa junior explains, “and [Dorfman] was one of the limited partners. There were several other people, I think. At that time, you have to remember, Dorfman was still an adviser to the pension fund, and I didn’t know his reputation. I was in this limited partnership for one or two years, and then I left, taking a loss of $5,000.”

Hoffa, who only grudgingly admits that Dorfman was “an associate” of his father’s, says he knew nothing of Dorfman’s underworld connections: “I’m a young kid at the time. I just got out of law school. I got out of law school in ’66, worked in the legislature, took the bar in ’68. I was a young kid.”

CHUCKIE O’BRIEN’S NOT TALKING. THE MAN WHO ALlegedly chauffeured Hoffa senior to the last meeting of his life has washed up at the Kansas City house of his daughter, Josephine. “She’s named after Mrs. Hoffa,” he says. Earlier, O’Brien seemed eager to speak. We were going to meet in Kansas City, and he was going to take me to one of his favorite restaurants (Hoffa investigators joke that it’s dangerous to get into a car with O’Brien). Over the telephone, we started to discuss the man he calls Mr. Hoffa. Chuckie has adamantly maintained through the years that he was nowhere near the restaurant the day Hoffa disappeared, though witnesses have placed him there. “I loved him,” Chuckie says.

He says he *does* know the real story behind Hoffa’s disappearance, and he’s ready to share it with the world just as soon as a publisher buys his book. Apparently, it has become his life’s project—writing the true, untold tale of Hoffa. But according to a government source who has seen his manuscript, it contains no new, true information.

O’Brien is now working with a Kansas City literary agent named Bob Snodgrass, who publishes commemorative books for athletic teams. O’Brien says he is negotiating with Penguin USA to publish his tell-all book. He must wait, then, to reveal mber Hoffa—the original, not the sequel—think it's a joke.

the ripping new details of Hoffa's disappearance. A spokesman for Penguin says he has never heard of Chuckie O'Brien.

It infuriates Hoffa to hear that O'Brien is trying to make money off his father. "I wish he would just come forward and tell what he knows about the disappearance," Hoffa says. "It disturbs me that people are trying to make money off the name Hoffa."

ONE OF THE PEOPLE TRYING TO MAKE MONEY OFF THE NAME HOFFA is Jimmy Hoffa himself. The only reason this otherwise obscure labor lawyer from Detroit could run for president of the Teamsters is the name. "Hoffa lives! Hoffa's here!" he told the workers at Hunt's Point, as if it were his father heading the ticket.

It is one of the ironies of the Teamster saga that a candidate named Jimmy Hoffa is the one screaming about the corruption of his opponent. Even Carey's harshest critic, the investigator Michael Moroney, sees trouble in Hoffa. "Electing someone with that name sends all the wrong signals," he says. "It would imply a return to the discredited past."

On the ground floor of the Marble Palace is, quite literally, a rogues' gallery of the discredited past. It is a conference room that features portraits of Carey's eight predecessors. There's Roy Williams, who went to jail on bribery charges. And there's Jackie Presser, the informer, who is posed in a red jacket and pinkie ring. Jimmy Hoffa stands in a dark suit, holding a copy of a labor contract, but he still looks a bit like a mad terrier.

It is odd that the portraits of men Ron Carey professes to despise still hang in the Palace. Part of the reason is practical, presumably—Carey admits that many of the officials in the Palace are loyal to the Old Guard, not to him, and tampering with tradition would just cause trouble.

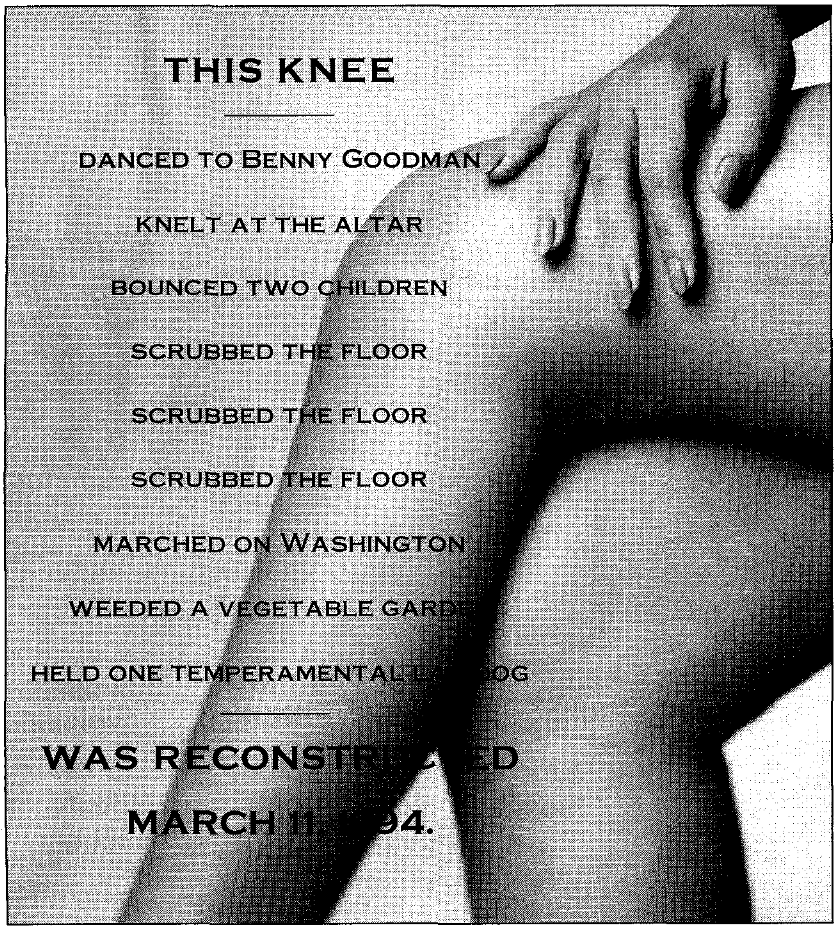
But the Teamsters have for the longest time lived in a strange parallel universe where morality is irrelevant, not simply relative. Imagine George Wallace's son running for governor by denying the truth of his father's life. It's a world where bad is truly bad, and where truly bad is common. Assume the worst about Carey, that he is one of the mob's fellow travelers, and that he's an informer too. He's still something of an angel in this crowd.

It has always seemed odd that a self-styled reformer like Ron Carey came to lead a big New York City local in the sixties, when a meeting of the joint council was almost indistinguishable from a meeting of the Five Families (only the Bonannos were absent). It would be surprising—not impossible but surprising—that a man in his position would have had to make no compromises at all. After all, there's nothing in the mob rule book that says a fellow traveler can't also call himself a reformer. Such a person could call himself an anarcho-syndicalist, as long as the mob gets paid.

Only a full-blown investigation—by the Clinton Justice Department, which has so far been unwilling to ask hard questions about Carey, or by Congress—will uncover who Ron Carey is: reformer, heir to the corrupt legacy of Jimmy Hoffa, or both. Such an investigation would have the salutary effect of helping the 1.4 million working people represented by the Teamsters. The union will be strong when it cleans up its image, and it will flourish only through effective organizing, which is difficult when the two leading candidates to run the union appear so compromised.

Upstairs from the portrait gallery is the president's office, with its glorious view of the Capitol. So many men have found trouble in this office. Carey, whose portrait will one day hang in the gallery no matter what happens, points to his chair, big, brown, and presidential. We both eye it as if it were Old Sparky.

"Sit in it," he says, smiling slightly. ■



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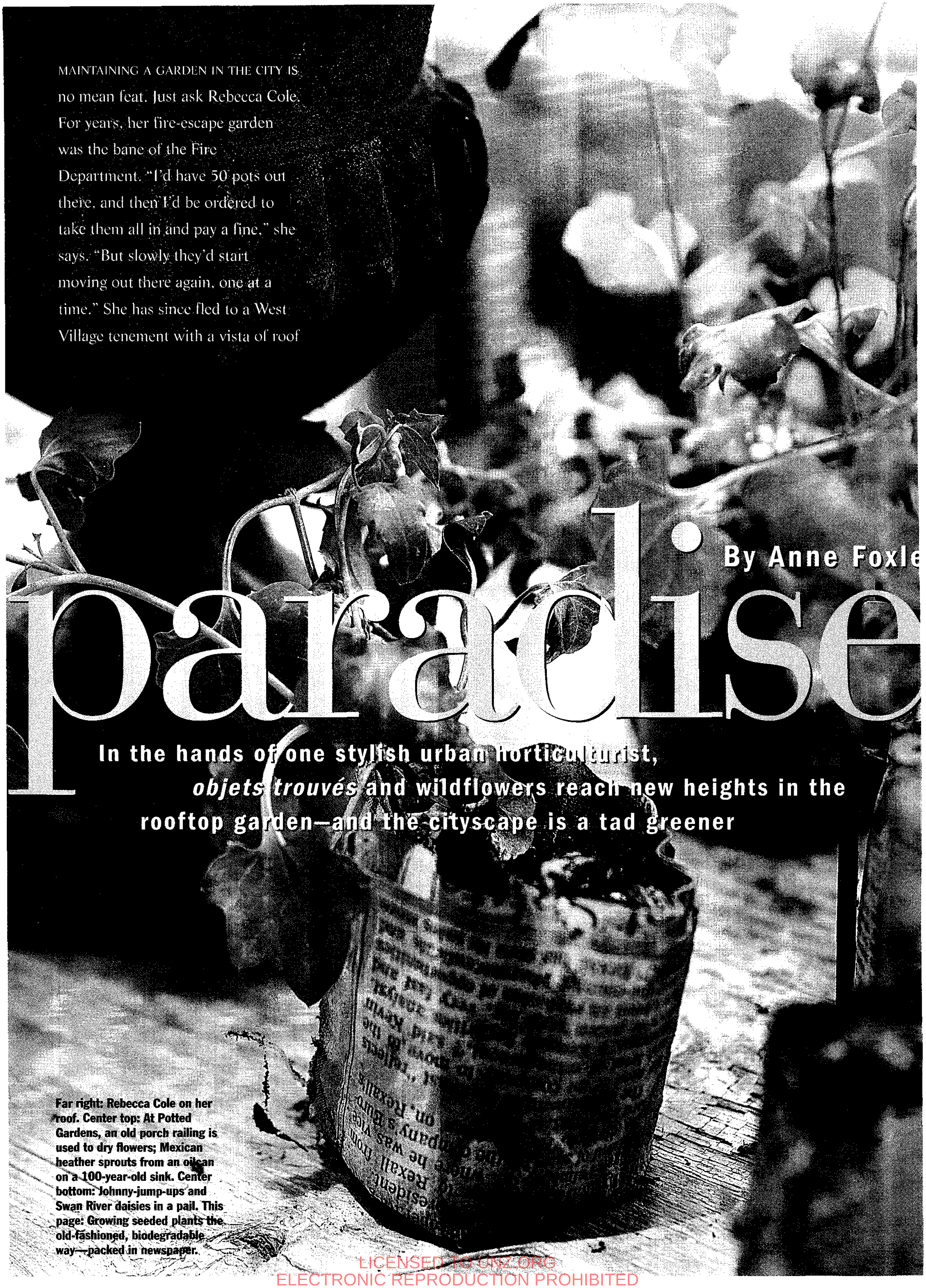


paradise

By Anne Foxle

In the hands of one stylish urban horticulturist, *objets trouvés* and wildflowers reach new heights in the rooftop garden—and the cityscape is a tad greener

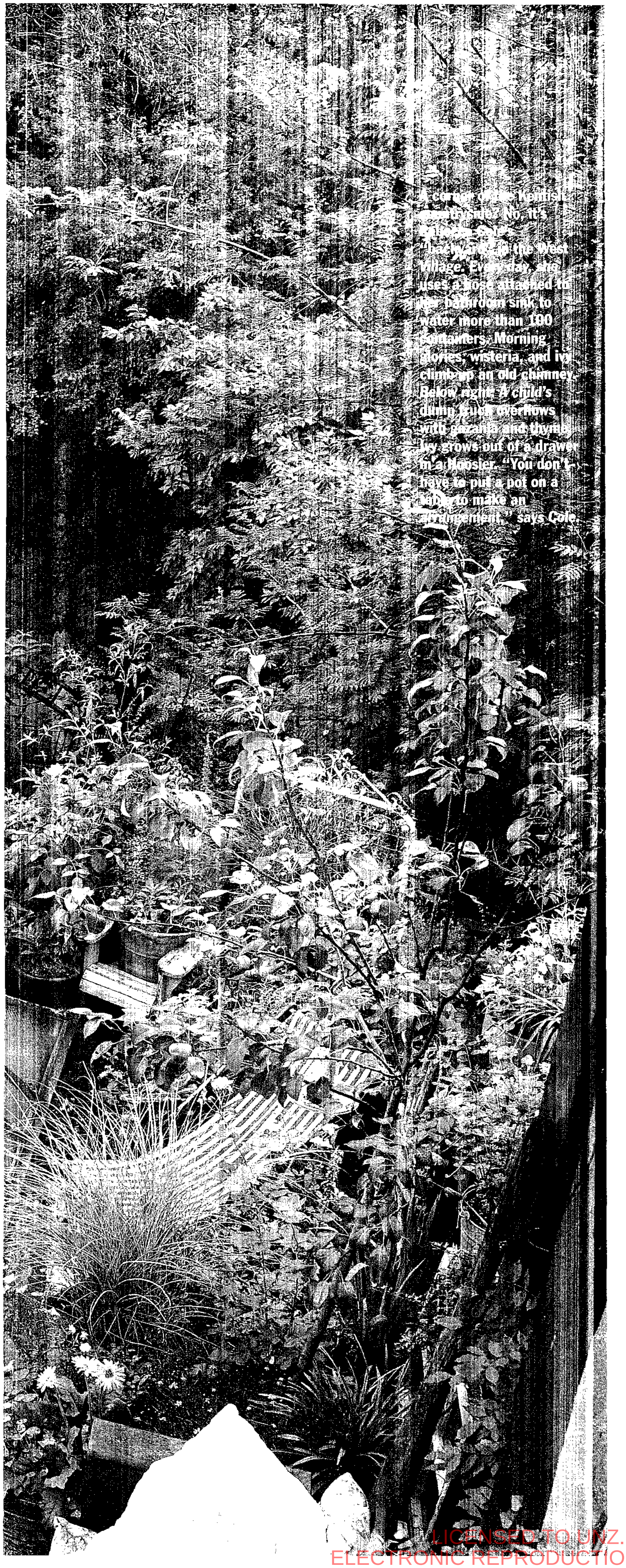
MAINTAINING A GARDEN IN THE CITY IS no mean feat. Just ask Rebecca Cole. For years, her fire-escape garden was the bane of the Fire Department. "I'd have 50 pots out there, and then I'd be ordered to take them all in and pay a fine," she says. "But slowly they'd start moving out there again, one at a time." She has since fled to a West Village tenement with a vista of roof

Far right: Rebecca Cole on her roof. Center top: At Potted Gardens, an old porch railing is used to dry flowers; Mexican heather sprouts from an oilcan on a 100-year-old sink. Center bottom: Johnny-jump-ups and Swan River daisies in a pail. This page: Growing seeded plants the old-fashioned, biodegradable way—packed in newspaper.

recycled

Text by **Phoebe Eaton**

Photographed by **Richard Felber**



A corner of the Kentish countryside? No, it's Rebecca Cole's "backyard" in the West Village. Every day, she uses a hose attached to her bathroom sink to water more than 100 containers. Morning glories, wisteria, and ivy climb up an old chimney. Below right: A child's dump truck overflows with gazania and thyme. Ivy grows out of a drawer in a Hoosier. "You don't have to put a pot on a table to make an arrangement," says Cole.

that has artfully been converted into her own private Sissinghurst.

In the space-deprived years, Cole figured out how to make things grow just about anywhere, parlaying her expertise into a full-time job as a garden designer. Her MacGyver-ish improvisations include chicken feeders as window boxes. Old bed frames doubling as trellises. And ship pulleys that make attractive hooks for hanging baskets. In her new digs, she discovered that there's a definite science behind landscaping a proper rooftop garden. "Some people look at a big stretch of roof and assume that they need a big container," she says. "The trick is actually getting a bunch of small pots to distribute the weight." She likes to take what she calls "an old piece of junk" (why mince words?) and plant it like a little garden, a fetching miniature landscape. She then staggers her makeshift "pots," giving the sunflowers and climbing hydrangeas maximum play.

Wine crates, porcelain sinks, and old shoes are just a few of her favorite planters. Her best sources include "friends from the street," homeless connections with a sense of her quirky aesthetic who bring her things like dented pails and oilcans of a certain age. But Cole is careful to point out that to make it onto the shelf at her shop, Potted Gardens (27 Bedford Street; 255-4797), all this stuff must possess charm. "Even if it's an old garbage can," says Cole. Though she stocks some antiques as planters, the casual rooftop gardener doesn't necessarily want a pricey design statement that will only disintegrate in the face of the elements.

Because most installations require so many containers, a formidable jumble of "fabulous junk and gorgeous antiques" lives in the shop's basement. The landlord can't relate. "He sends me notes asking me to clean up every so often," says Cole. "He wants to make sure the meter can still be read." ▬

Q&A

He Said/He Said

Isaac Mizrahi and director Douglas Keeve hold forth on film, fashion, fighting, and—uh—Hugh Grant

UNTIL THE INEVITABLE ARRIVAL OF THE GAULTIER documentary *Unhinged,* Douglas Keeve's *Unzipped*—a portrait of that flamboyant merchant of functional chic Isaac Mizrahi—will be the quintessential fashion documentary, thank you. The movie, which opens in New York August 4, won the Audience Award at the Sundance Film Festival. Relentlessly following Mizrahi as he recovers from a devastating review and gets back on his prancing feet with his '94 line, *Unzipped* is an inside view of the garmenting business that works as voyeurism, education, exposé, camp, comedy, and horror. As Isaac consults everything from his reference points ("Mary Tyler Moore and Jackie Kennedy shaped this country") to his Ouija board (it spells out "Marnie" and "Mick Jagger," then says it's gay) for inspiration, we giggle at the silliness, gag at the brilliance, and die to try on the clothes. Cleverly directed by fashion photographer Keeve (Mizrahi's lover at the time, but no longer), this movie, to paraphrase one of the fashion editors shown gushing over a Mizrahi design, says hello to me very distinctly.

Michael Musto: I loved *Unzipped.* It was a real *movie* movie. What kind of movies are you guys into?

Isaac Mizrahi: *He* loved *Pulp Fiction.* I thought it was lousy—all style and no substance. And it's scary that it glorifies drug addicts, which is what our culture is doing right now.

Douglas Keeve: What an intellectual thing to say, Isaac. What about whether you just enjoyed the movie?

Mizrahi: I didn't! Someone said to me, "Oh, the dialogue was supreme," and I thought, "Since when is going to a Burger King and tape-recording the dumbest people you can find, and then making actors read it as though they weren't acting—since when is that *dialogue*? Tell that to Joseph Mankiewicz.

By Michael Musto

Keeve: *Pocahontas*?

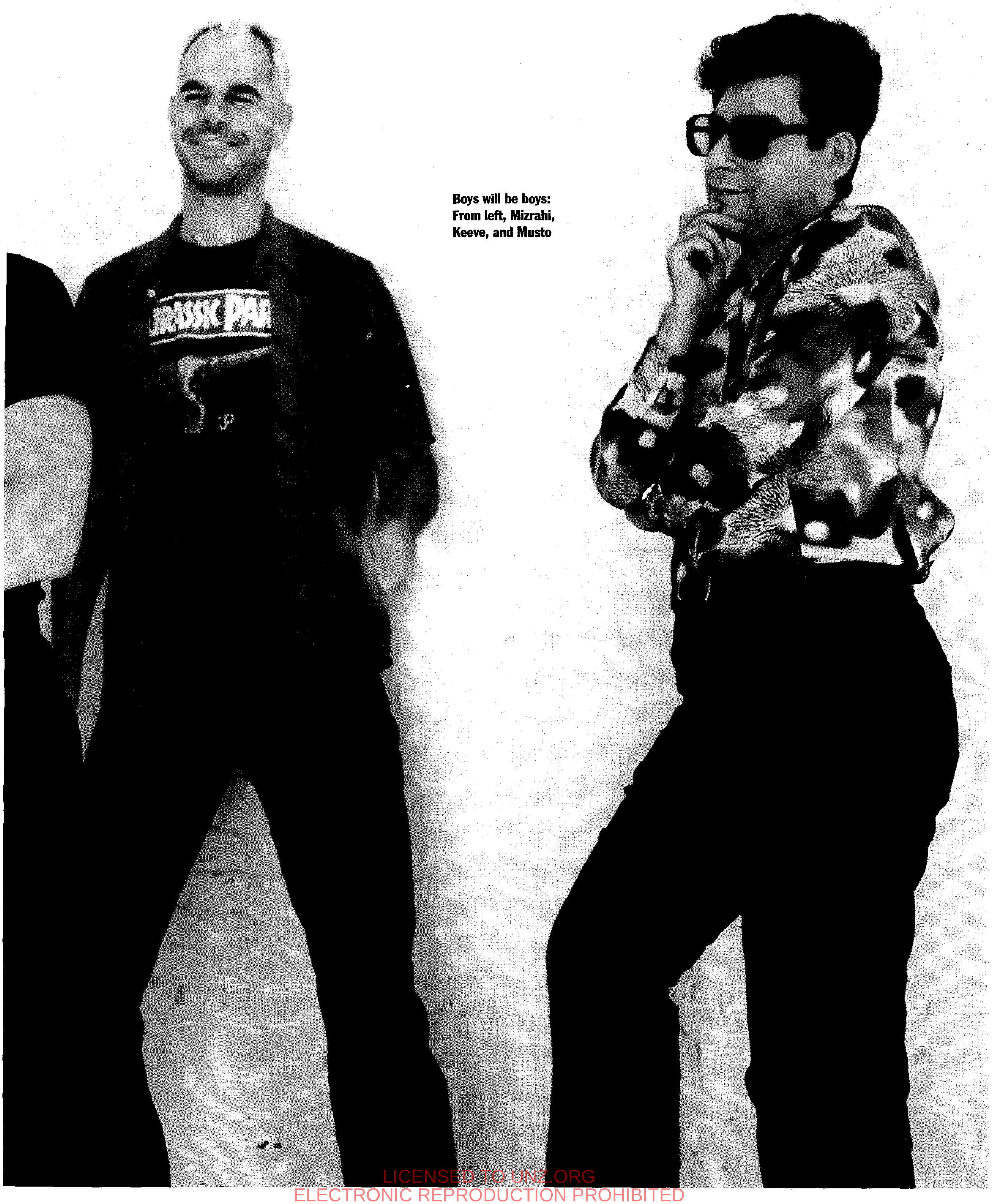
Musto: There was way too much of the tree giving advice and the raccoon being cute, and then they went and imposed this politically correct *West Side Story* thing onto it.

Keeve: I can't even watch the commercial. I was on a plane reading the script for *Brady Bunch 2*—they were looking for a director—and what should pop on the screen but *The Brady Bunch Movie.* I read the script. I was grossed out.

Mizrahi: Is it an action movie? I loved *Batman Forever* because I love Jim Carrey to death. That's *my* next relationship.

Keeve: I was disgusted. At least in *Die Hard* they have

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK VERONSKY
FOR NEW YORK


URASSIC PAR

Boys will be boys: From left, Mizrahi, Keeve, and Musto a sense of humor.

Mizrahi: *Batman Forever* is so completely terrible, it's visionary.

Musto: Enough silly stuff. Let's talk about important issues. Hugh Grant, anyone?

Mizrahi: For a minute, I thought it was all a setup so people wouldn't think he was gay. Maybe they took a poll and realized it was hurting his box office because Middle America thinks anytime a guy has a British accent he must be a queen. But isn't being dirty human? Isn't it healthy?

Musto: Yes! Yes!

Keeve: Guess who called today? Raquel Welch! She saw *Unzipped* and loved it. She's written a screenplay. A mother-daughter picture.

Musto: She can play the daughter. I met Raquel once in Atlantic City. She opened her show singing "We Are the World" in a jewel-encrusted gown. *I* loved it, even if the critics didn't.

Mizrahi: She was *Myra Breckenridge,* right? *Gotta* love her.

Musto: But on to *Unzipped* already. Did all that stuff happen for real? Like when your VP showed you the *Women's Wear Daily* announcing that Gaultier beat you to Eskimo chic, and you got so furious you flung it across the room?

Mizrahi: I thought it happened naturally, but it turned out Douglas set me up. Afterward, he said, "I'm so sorry I did that. I felt so cruel." And I was like, "Why, sweetie? I didn't know you set me up. I was just living my life." I think invasion of privacy is relative, anyway. What really felt invasive to me was when they filmed me playing the piano, and all the scenes with my mother. I mean, honestly, she's not from central casting; she's my *mother,* you know? If someone knows I'm gay, or if they know I'm fat—I don't know what else they could possibly know—that wouldn't embarrass me. But those two particular things made me feel vulnerable and invaded.

Musto: I don't even remember a piano in the movie.

Mizrahi: I look like a cow. No, I was playing like some kind of cow. And to top it off, I'm playing "Claire de Lune"—duh. Couldn't it have been Mozart or Bach?

Musto: But the mother thing . . .

Mizrahi: I'll get over it. I mean, I'm not a eunuch. I have a mother. If this is supposed to be a portrait of me, I guess she's gotta be in it.

Keeve: Isaac has the most supportive mom in the world. Mine is completely unsupportive. She saw *Unzipped* and said, "Okay. Here's everything that's wrong with the movie." Isaac's mother said, "Douglas, it's wonderful." Every time I see her in the film, it makes me want to die. It's a tragedy. She'd always remind me of *my* mom.

Musto: What were the origins of the film?

Mizrahi: It started out as a short video for an AIDS benefit. I never expected it to turn into this kind of big thing. The whole time Douglas was shooting, I thought, "This is never going to be made into a movie. It's never even going to be released."

Keeve: You never told me that!

Mizrahi: I couldn't tell anybody.

Keeve: Such little faith!

Mizrahi: No, it's not that I didn't have faith in you. But I wasn't looking, at the ripe age of 33, for a brilliant portrayal of my life. I wasn't looking for a retrospective. I don't care about that.

Musto: Did you break up because of the strain the movie put on you?

Mizrahi: I don't think we broke up because of the movie, but we would have stayed together longer if it wasn't for the movie. It just escalated our incompatibilities. The breaking point came way after the filming. Douglas felt neglected because I never came to watch him edit.

Keeve: Not true. It had *nothing* to do with that. I was under a lot of pressure to finish this film. I disowned my entire life to finish this film.

Mizrahi: The film is about me, so how could I go in and say, "Edit it this way!" I'm a subject, not a whore, you know. I mean, in many ways I *am* a whore, but not in that way.

Musto: Tell me more tensions and misunderstandings!

Mizrahi: You know what? Douglas can't understand that having a movie made about you is difficult. He won't admit that being a subject is as consuming as being on the other side. [*To Keeve*] I don't think you know how it feels.

Musto: Did you have insidious little battles or huge blowouts?

Mizrahi: We didn't fight well. We don't have a good fighting dynamic. I'd usually end up fighting with myself.

Musto: Have you ever lived together?

Keeve: No. We would have been like Oscar and Felix. Because I'm the biggest slob in the world and Isaac's the most fastidious person in the world.

Musto: Were you able to be friends right after the breakup or did it take a while?

Mizrahi: We *still* can't be friends. No, I don't know. We're kind of friends now. But there was a time we couldn't be.

Musto: Has either of you gone on to other relationships?

Mizrahi: No. [*To Keeve*] Have you?

Keeve: [*Pause*] No.

Musto: Too bad there's none of your relationship in the movie, though it does seem to provide a distinct subtext.

Keeve: I'm a little bit shy. I'm not *Spike Lee,* you know. I didn't design the movie that way.

Musto: You also didn't have any outside perspective. There wasn't anyone walking in saying, "Who gives a shit?"

Keeve: But I wasn't making a journalistic statement about fashion. I wanted to chronicle the things I love about fashion, the people I love who work in fashion. Everybody and their mother came in to see Isaac—Anna [Wintour] and Liz [Tilberis] and anybody who's anybody in this business—but for the movie, I picked only the people who were inspiring and interesting to me. I didn't care if it was a literal movie. It's a true-to-life movie.

Musto: I love it when Isaac gets really stressed out and he starts screaming, "I'm *not* stressed out!"

Keeve: A lot of times, Isaac will deny things that are really very apparent. I admit things that aren't true, but he denies things that are.

Musto: But why did Linda Evangelista throw so many fake tantrums?

Keeve: She was playing up to the camera. Her sentiments were real, but her delivery was exaggerated because she was having fun with it. People think she's a bitch, but in fact she's quite the opposite. She's on the money.

Musto: There's also that odd scene when Naomi Campbell refused to take off her navel ring for your show.

Mizrahi: She finally agreed to take off the *chain* from the navel ring. Later on, we auctioned the ring off at Cannes for like $30,000 [for charity]. The guy who bought it just wanted to touch it.

Musto: Actually, Cindy Crawford comes off as the most sensible of the bunch.

Mizrahi: She's what every little girl wants to grow up to become today. She's what every little *boy* wants to grow up to become today.

Musto: Why did you get so upset in the movie when you're compared to Ralph Lauren?

Mizrahi: I *love* Ralph Lauren. I really do. It's just being compared to anyone else. . . . I mean, imagine if someone said "Ralph does Isaac!"

Keeve: He'd fire them on the spot. Actually, the funniest clip never made it into the movie. It was when Faye Dunaway came up here for a fitting. Isaac did an imitation of her from *Mommie Dearest,* and we wanted to put in a clip from the actual movie.

Mizrahi: "Barbara, please! Please!" But Faye wouldn't release it. I don't think she likes *Mommie Dearest.* She doesn't want it referred to ever again. I love her! Did you ever see that Bette Davis interview where she talks about "*Miss* Faye Dunaway"?

Musto: Yes! James Woods once told me Faye needed a step-

continued on page 60

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BY CORKY POLLAN

One Word: Plastics

Fuji's hopelessly retro melamine cups and saucers recapture an era when just about everything seemed made of plastic. Streamlined design, intensity of color, and indestructibility accounted for plastic's popularity on the dining table. In the nineties, these factors—plus a compact metal rack—make them perfection for a summerhouse ($47.50 for six cups and saucers on a metal rack; in yellow, red, and blue too).

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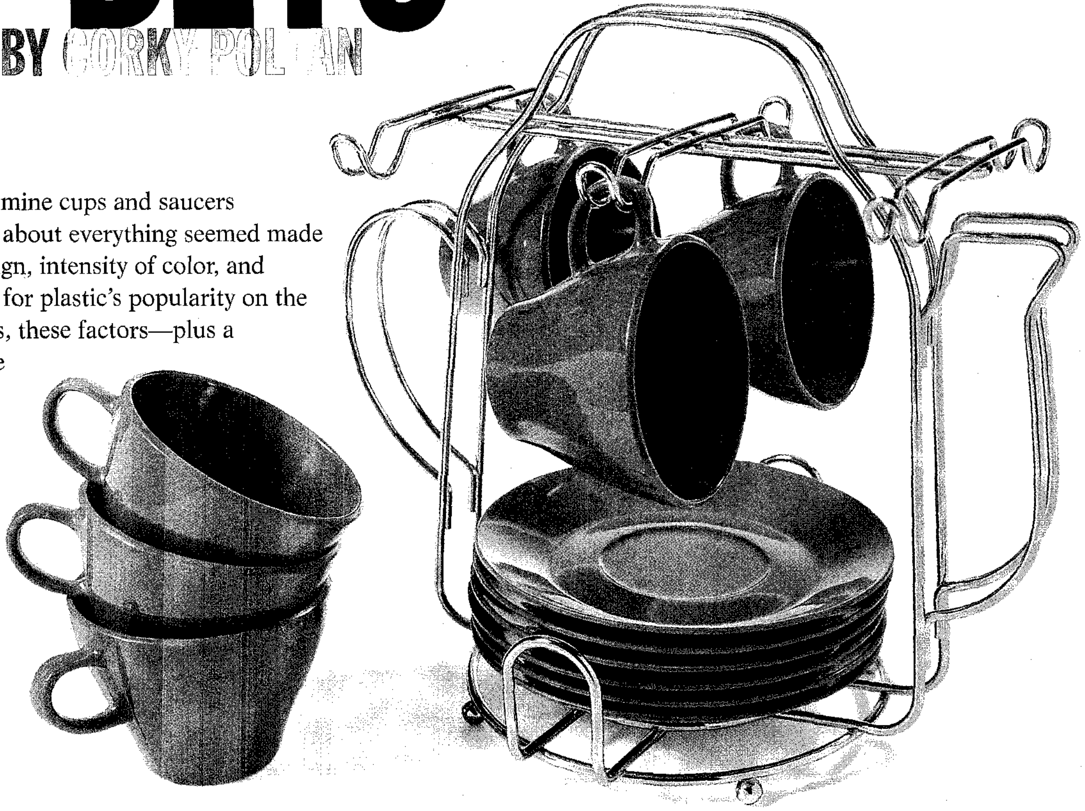

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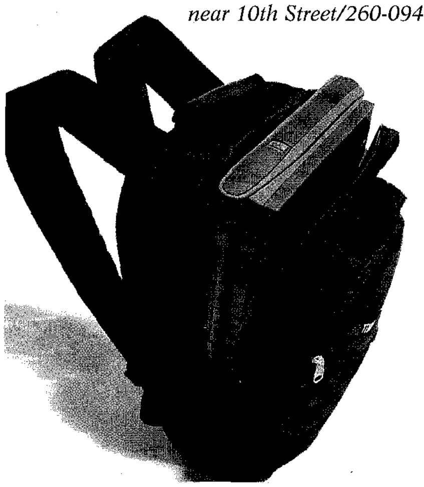


Saving Bond Street

Before Il Buco opened just over a year ago, Bond Street was a retailer's Siberia. But overnight—or so it seems—antiques stores have begun flourishing on this historic street, once the site of mansions and the inspiration for an Edgar Allen Poe story. Buying the Farm, at 26 Bond, stocks country pieces with a well-worn rural look. Nearby, 30 Bond Street offers a mix of turn-of-the-century "brown" furniture and playful forties and fifties stuff. Newest to the street is Avery on Bond. Rick Avery and Joe Ujobai have filled their loft-size shop with antique, vintage, and reproduction Americana. Drop-leaf tables, chairs, dressers, and trunks are everywhere here; so are Roseville and McCoy pottery (from $20 for a McCoy pitcher to $300 for a pine table to $2,900 for an antique maple dresser).

AVERY ON BOND/*2 Bond Street/614-1492*

MOVIES DAVID DENBY

School's Out Forever

Larry Clark's 'Kids' casts its teenagers adrift in a landscape that's staggeringly bleak—but not necessarily any more "real" than that of standard teen flicks.

No hopes, no interests, no models: Some of the adolescent nonactors in *Kids*.

TELLY (LEO FITZPATRICK), THE SKANKY 17-YEAR-old "hero" of **Kids,** sleeps with a frightened but willing young girl and then runs down the steps of the girl's brownstone and shares the details with his best friend, Casper (Justin Pierce), who is waiting for him on the front stoop. Telly is coarse and mean, and he lives only to get laid. Yet he's at the center of *Kids,* the first movie to be directed by photographer Larry Clark, the self-mythicizing "outlaw" whose life is said to have inspired Gus Van Sant's *Drugstore Cowboy* ["What's the Matter With *Kids* Today?," *New York,* June 5]. A sort of low-life Modigliani, Larry Clark is possessed by an erotic ideal. In both *Kids* and his book of photographs, *Teenage Lust,* Clark, 52, feasts on teenagers thickheaded and dreamy with sex, the girls very young, with ripening breasts, the boys slender, unmuscled, naked. Clark turns the youth of his subjects into aesthetic shock. His teens have arrived at decadence without passing through maturity. They seem to have no dimensions—intellectual, spiritual, even physical—apart from carnality. They're all tongues.

Is Larry Clark an artist or a creep? Both, I think. *Kids* is the work of an artist who is also a voyeuristic hanger-on. Clark made *Kids* from a script by a screenwriter who was then 19 years old, Harmony Korine, and cast the movie with nonactors, most of them skateboarding friends of Korine's who were scouted in Washington Square Park. Clark gives himself utterly to losers and predators, leaving out moralizing or tears. His absorption is so complete that it dissolves perspective and finally sense. Despite the atmosphere of casual viciousness, the picture is anything but casual; it's rigorously structured, and the structure has the finality of death. As Telly discourses nonstop on the pleasures of deflowering 14-year-olds, he and Casper skateboard around the East Side, steal from Korean grocers, and smoke dope in Washington Square with friends; later, they invade a school swimming pool and finish the day at an all-night party that turns into a teen near-orgy (many hands reaching into many crotches), at the end of which Telly bags another virgin and Casper gives up his humanity altogether. All this takes place in a single hot summer day in Manhattan. But there's a countermovement to the boys' pleasure. As Telly and Casper rampage through town, one of Telly's past victims, Jennie (Chloe Sevigny), now HIV-positive, forlornly tries to find her lover. What seems like a celebration of unruly life turns into a celebration of inexorable death. Telly is a loose cannon.

Is this a tragic vision? It is not. *Kids* is fascinating but stunted. Telly comes on with a sweet line of rubbish ("I care for you, I just want to make you happy," etc.), and he's very successful with 14-year-olds, but he's more limited in consciousness than a drunk who won't leave his barstool. Cunning yet low-minded, with a grinding sameness to his talk, he's not even handsome, just avid, with pimples and a long neck that makes him look rather like a penis. And his friend Casper is a buffoon, albeit sneakily likable. By taking us low, Larry Clark gives the appearance of presenting New York adolescence without hypocrisy or cant. He doesn't bother with the kind of square sociological "understanding" that made fifties juvenile-delinquent movies so lugubrious; nor does he offer the glamorous romance of doomed youth. The scenes of older, crippled people in the city getting by—surviving—seem to represent the only possible future for these kids. For some people in the audience, the lack of moral feeling will come as a jolt. They will find the movie disturbing and hip—or at least "real." But in its own way, *Kids* is as constructed, as unreal, as a Hollywood youth picture with clean-scrubbed actors and a dog.

Kids is Clark's first film, but his technique is remarkably fluent. Eric Alan Edwards, Van Sant's cinematographer for *My Own Private Idaho,* uses a handheld camera much of the time, and Clark and Edwards sweep along with the kids on the streets and move in close as they sit in the park cursing and smoking. When the camera catches things on the fly, the trash talk seems newly sprung, almost "overheard," much like the exchanges in a cinéma-vérité documentary. In a memorable sequence, Clark cuts back and forth between separate groups of boys and girls, the boys boasting about sex, the girls laughing and complaining about the taste of sperm, and the editing (by Chris Tellefson) sustains the lewdly exuberant mood. The entire sequence seems like a single dirty outburst with both sexes getting in their licks. Clark, I think, is offering not a faithful portrait of teenagers but an exposure of his own erotomania, a fantasy of perpetual arousal. But he's good at it: Whatever resistance or revulsion we may feel, we're caught up in Larry Clark's teen-sex dreamworld. *Kids* isn't pornographic, but it has an itchy erotic surface, and it's saturated in physical intimacy. When two girls start kissing each other at a swimming pool, and the boys stand around and jeer, one knows that Clark has done things never seen before in teen movies.

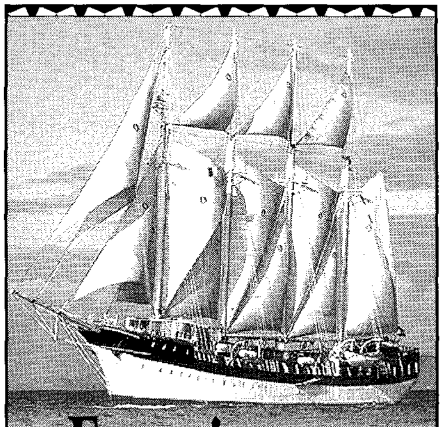
At times, the boorishness feels right. Most kids don't need or want beauty; they trust it less than squalor. Clark and Korine capture the way white kids have picked up African-American street talk, echoing the sound of the dispossessed because it feels cool to them. *Bitch. Nigger. Fuck.* For Telly and his friends, everything besides those words sounds prissy. But there isn't much they can do with the words—they don't have the subtlety of emphasis and nuance that some black kids have, and the talk becomes boring. In other ways, the movie is unconvincing and devious. Who are these kids? They appear to live on the East Side, but what part of the East Side? They certainly aren't rich, but they have endless access to apartments that are always empty, as if waiting to be wrecked in a party. This, of course, is fake—those apartments have been emptied so a movie can be shot in them. Apart from Telly's mom, who appears in a single ambiguous scene, parents don't exist. Nor do teachers, cops, or older friends. The kids are caught in a vacuum. They have no hopes, no interests, no models. In brief, Clark has drained them of qualities so we can be shocked by how empty they are. They're even vile to one another, without the group loyalty that adolescents usually turn against adults.

I'm not asking for paragons who act honorably and speak in grammatical sentences, like the white-gloved teenagers in a Whit Stillman movie. I'm asking for a richer range of motivation and feeling in Clark's chosen turf of mangy teens. But Clark's fantasies, and the methods he has used to realize them, may make that impossible. My guess is that the characters seem unreal because neither the teenage screenwriter nor the teenage nonactors have the experience or the technique to create a rounded human being. (Only an actor can act a real person; a real person doesn't know how.) With the camera rolling, the "actors" probably fall back on what Clark wants from them—the raunchy "truth," which may actually be a form of showing off. Trying for authenticity, they wind up misrepresenting themselves.

Kids is ultimately more depressing and naïve than illuminating. Apart from the skateboarding, the kids do not show any grace in their antics. But you don't have to be a sentimentalist to expect that even street trash will occasionally shine with human glory. The girls in particular come off as zombies. Teenage girls may not always want gentleness, but do they really want contempt? None of them has a thought; not one gets up and walks away from this pack of losers. The equality of that scene of boys and girls talking separately of sex is only an illusion. *Kids* is a boy-centered vision. Though Larry Clark's boys may be dogs, at least they can bark.

But there's a real oddity: If the kids are so free, why is the picture such a downer? The answer is that fantasy is instrumental; it has a particular use, and then it ends. If the characters drift meaninglessly and unconsciously toward death, that may be because they don't, outside their creator's erotic dreams, have much hold on life. Horribly—and unforgivably—death completes the fantasy and makes it perfect.

In brief: IN THE FUNNIEST SEQUENCE OF ***Living in Oblivion***—a neat independent film about the making of an independent film—a nervous young actress (Catherine Keener), playing a big scene with her "mother," goes through take after take of the same emotions, each take destroyed by some tiny error of the crew's. Gradually, the actress's concentration shreds. Watching this, we may become so impressed by this dis-illusioning of the film medium that we forget that Keener and director Tom DiCillo are creating a new illusion right before our eyes. *Living in Oblivion* might be called an on-the-cheap *Day for Night.* We're in downtown Manhattan, not the south of France, and the grunge and desperation levels are rather high. Among the movie's satirical pleasures, one must count the appearance of James LeGros doing a sensational send-up of Brad Pitt, and the performance of Peter Dinklage as a huffy dwarf actor who doesn't like being essentialized ("Do *you* dream of dwarves? Even *I* don't dream of dwarves").



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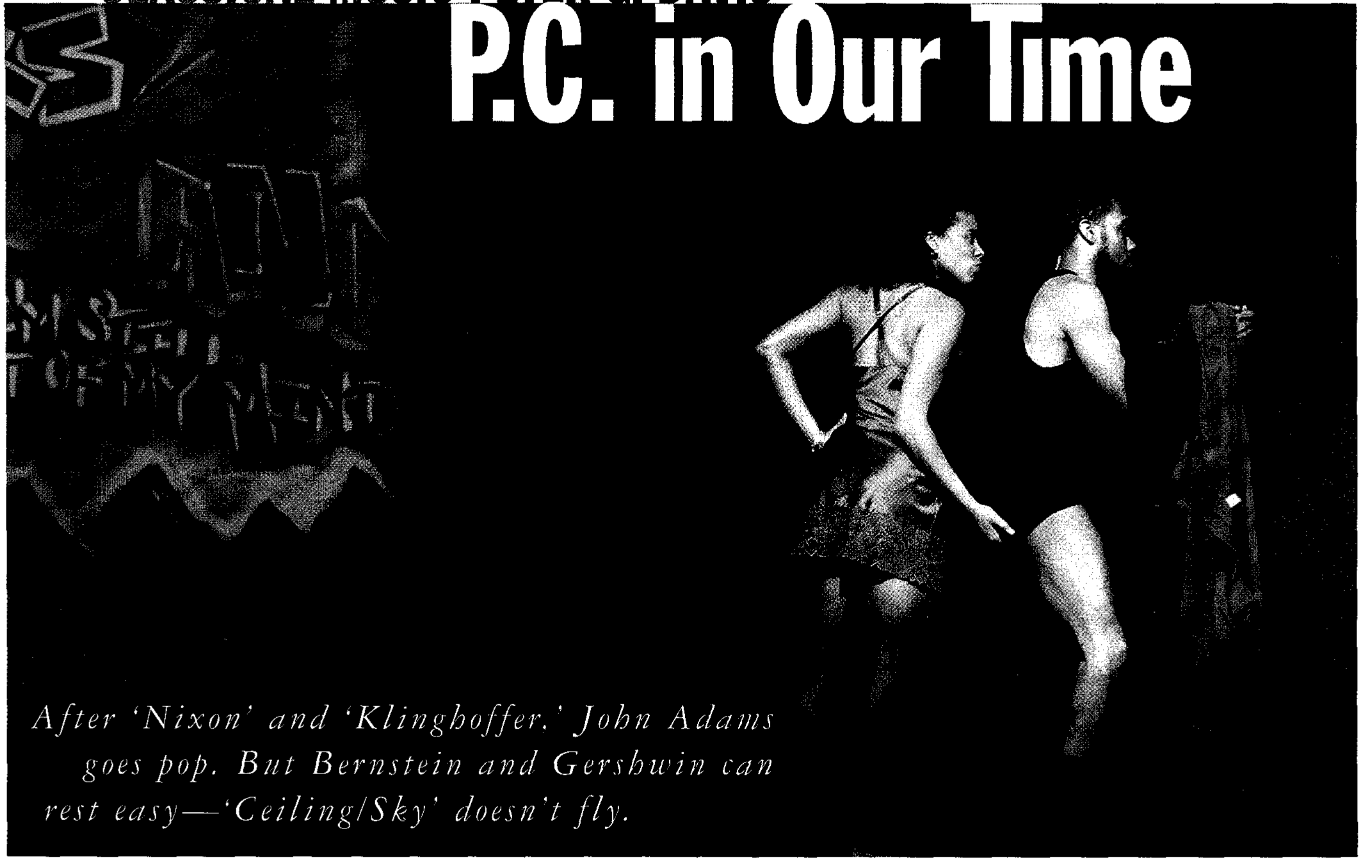
CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

P.C. in Our Time

After 'Nixon' and 'Klinghoffer,' John Adams goes pop. But Bernstein and Gershwin can rest easy—'Ceiling/Sky' doesn't fly.



Above: Kennya J. Ramsey and Darius De Haas in *I Was Looking at the Ceiling and Then I Saw the Sky.* Across: Harold Perrineau Jr. in *Ceiling/Sky.*

Despite the media hoopla and prepackaged international tours that were supposed to launch John Adams's *Nixon in China* (1987) and *The Death of Klinghoffer* (1991) into the world operatic repertory, interest in both works has waned and no one is doing them. Adams is understandably irritated about that, so he and his music-theater guru, director Peter Sellars, are trying something completely different: **I Was Looking at the Ceiling and Then I Saw the Sky,** a new show now on the road. The tour began last May in Berkeley, continued on to Montreal, and made a stop at Lincoln Center as part of this summer's Serious Fun! entertainments before heading off to festivals in Edinburgh, Helsinki, Paris, and Hamburg.

Ceiling/Sky is both livelier and more intimate than the grandly scaled *Nixon* and *Klinghoffer,* solemn works that meditate on the ironies of recent historical events. The text of the new piece consists of 22 song lyrics by the African-American poet, essayist, and activist June Jordan, who calls her libretto a "contemporary romance" and "a valentine to young people." The seven characters, all under 25 and correctly mixed (white, black, Asian, Hispanic—one might even be gay), are residents of inner-city Los Angeles, where they deal with daily problems of racism, poverty, media manipulation, illegal immigration, gang warfare, unwed motherhood, sexual confusion, a tangled legal system, and a host of other urban blights including natural disaster—the title refers to what one eyewitness saw when the earthquake struck her home one morning in January 1994. The L.A. environment may be grim, but these spirited young folk meet every crisis with astonishing nonstop energy and resiliency.

Adams has responded to Jordan's loosely told story-in-song by writing a cabaret-style score rooted in popular musical idioms—rap, gospel, Motown, blues, bebop, funk, torch ballad—and propelled by an eight-piece rock band. His models, he says, are Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess* and Bernstein's *West Side Story,* serious music-theater pieces that also drew on the pop music of their times. Actually, the staged song-collection format more closely resembles the Weill-Brecht *Mahagonny Songspiel* of 1927, although that work is a more scathing metaphor for what Brecht called "the inexorable decline of existing social structures" than Jordan's essentially upbeat vision. *Ceiling/Sky* may deal heavily in urban pain, but the Adams-Jordan-Sellars team wants its work to convey an optimistic message that will talk directly to young audiences. When the present high-profile tour to important places is over, Sellars would like to see the piece produced "in high schools all around the country, as a replacement for the spring musical comedy."

Unlikely. This project, however well meant, has little hope of going anywhere after its artificial life is over, mainly because Adams's anemic music simply can't do the job. Too complex to be available to amateurs but lacking sufficient musical interest or emotional substance to engage more sophisticated listeners, the score just rattles on, an anonymous sequence of songs that never grab the ear or get under the skin. For all of the composer's skill at pop pastiche, not one number has a memorable musical hook to bring the characters to life or present them as anything more than slick contemporary clichés. It was unwise of Adams to remind us of Bernstein and Gershwin, who both drew from the musical vernacular to write songs that invariably make the right theatrical gestures, go straight to the heart of the people onstage, and reach out to the audience. I doubt that Adams has the foggiest understanding of how or why the compositional techniques of his so-called models accomplish this

Photographs by Beatriz Schiller.

so brilliantly, since he admits that he has never even seen *Porgy and Bess.*

In fact, considering Adams's well-known distaste for opera in general (most recently expressed in the 1995 spring newsletter of the Institute for Studies in American Music), it's strange that he bothers to write them at all—except, of course, that new operas, properly placed and promoted, can get a composer the sort of international attention that instrumental pieces cannot. What's even stranger is that Adams's best concert scores have all the theatrical assurance and expressive vitality that his operas lack. For high drama and powerful musical imagery, nothing in his stageworks to date remotely compares with the spectacular opening of his three-movement orchestral piece *Harmonielehre:* a vision of a huge tanker rising out of San Francisco Bay and taking off like a rocket.

What keeps *Ceiling/Sky* going right now is the cast's energetic performances, Sellars's typically fluid and poetically choreographed staging, eight exuberant instrumentalists under Grant Gershon's direction, and the flamboyant graffiti posters by West Coast muralists that descend to introduce each song (another Brechtian touch). The young singers are all experienced musical-comedy entertainers with untrained voices. Apparently, at the premiere, they performed with hand mikes, a ghastly idea that has been dropped. It could only have underscored the artificiality of the piece and the sense that these sorely beset young Los Angelenos are being ripped off rather than romanced.

LOOKING FOR SOMETHING TO DO BETWEEN its recently completed European tour and next week's free concerts in the city's parks, the New York Philharmonic briefly joined in Lincoln Center's summer musical activities with a series of concerts in Avery Fisher Hall entitled "Mostly Vienna." It's pointless to argue whether or not the orchestra's programs delivered on the thematic idea suggested by that overused catchphrase, but the main attraction—a concert performance of Johann Strauss's operetta **Der Zigeunerbaron**—must have satisfied anyone's craving for authentic Viennese pastry. The composer's most popular stagework after *Die Fledermaus,* this mixture of two rich musical cultures—Austrian and Magyar-Hungarian—shows Strauss at his inventive peak. The score is so crammed with goodies and the musical elaboration so extensive, unusual for an operetta, that in Europe the piece has always been treated as a full-scale opera.

It's too bad that the Philharmonic played the standard version of the score rather than the one recently reconstructed from original sources by Nikolaus Harnoncourt, an edition that restores much valuable material and better shows the special care Strauss took with this work. Harnoncourt has just recorded it (Teldec 4509-94555), and now we can hear the real scale of the piece, how the composer was trying to blend German *Singspiel,* Viennese operetta, and European grand opera all in one package. The sheer opulence of his conception is dazzling, although the realization is compromised on the Teldec recording by mediocre singing and Harnoncourt's dour conducting.

The Philharmonic performance wasn't ideal either, but it made a strong case for the music. No doubt an added attraction was the presence of Beverly Sills reading Andrew Porter's helpful English narration in her cheeriest manner. The cast sang in German, which was a blessing—some of us still recall the ill-fated 1959 production at the Metropolitan in which Walter Slezak, as Zsupán the pig farmer, entered with a piglet named Nicole under his arm and sang something like, "The only thing I care about/ Is pork with lots of sauerkraut." The original may not be much better, but at least Jan Opalach made it seem funny. It was also imaginative casting to entrust the old Gypsy crone Czipra to Rosalind Elias—at 66, two months older than the long-retired Sills but with plenty of voice left when not forcing the issue. Julia Migenes, a stranger hereabouts lately, returned to sing a seductive and idiomatic Saffi, drawing on her experience as a popular television personality in Germany and Austria. As the Gypsy Baron himself, Stanford Olsen conveyed just the right blend of vocal swagger and sweetness with his attractive lyric tenor.

Kurt Masur clearly adores the piece, and the orchestra played gorgeously for him, shaping the big tunes affectionately and savoring all the wonderful instrumental bits. I suppose connoisseurs wouldn't call Masur's essentially symphonic approach to Strauss especially stylish. The knack of preparing those tricky little *Luftpausen* and insinuating phrase attacks that give the music its lilt and alluring sensual character eludes him—only conductors born and bred in the Viennese tradition, it seems, can master that art. But since that elite species has apparently died out, I'll gratefully settle for Masur's loving performance of this masterpiece of light music theater, still vital after 110 years. ■

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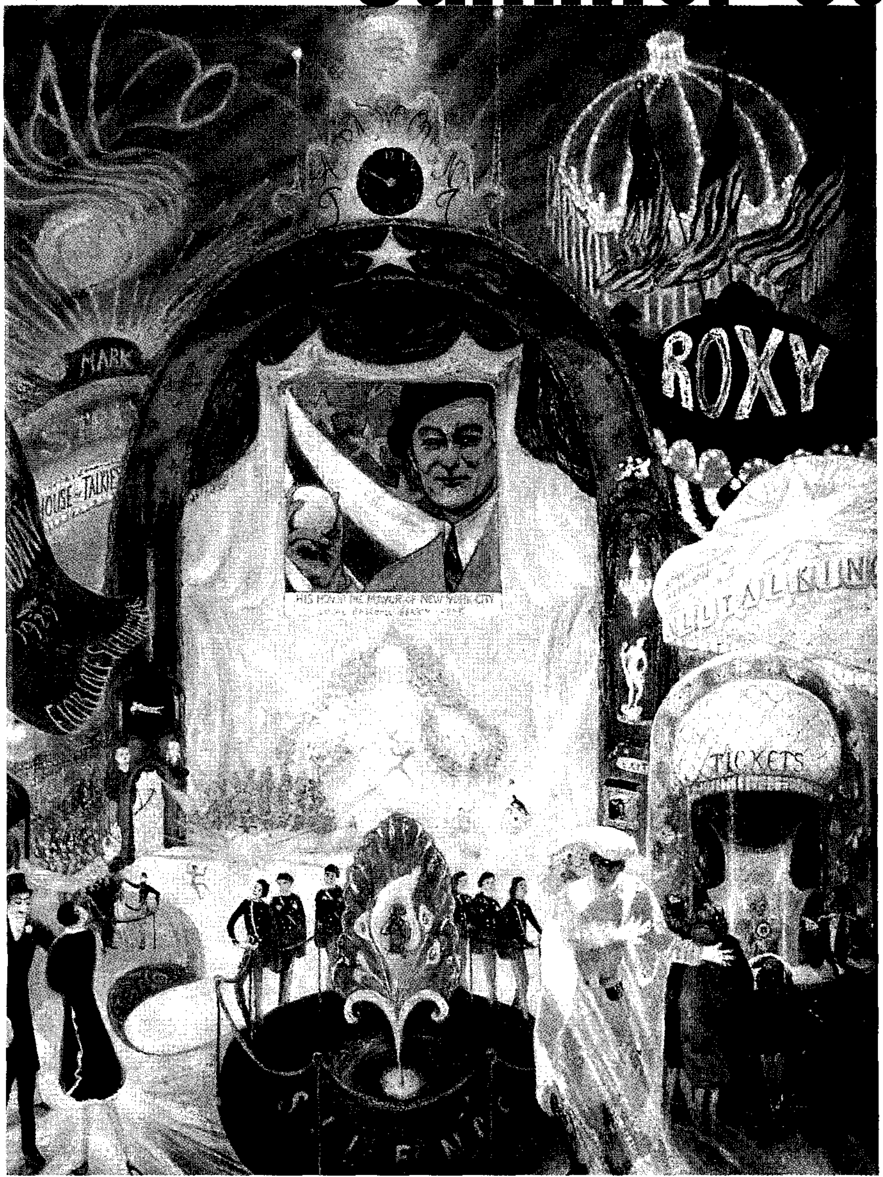
NY MAGAZINE, 4/17/95

ART **MARK STEVENS**

Summer Camp

Swooning figures, powder-puff peonies, and frothy satires make Stettheimer the eccentric maiden aunt of American painting.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Above: Stettheimer's *Cathedrals of Broadway,* 1929. Right: A self-portrait, 1923.

Florine Stettheimer (1871–1944) IS THE ECCENTRIC maiden aunt of American painting. An aunt of this sort is an acquired taste, in art as in life. Some people find Stettheimer's art repellent, as ditsy and mannered as a fussed-over poodle. Others adore—make that *adore*—her arch sensibility. The swooning figures, the powder-puff peonies, the frothy satires of New York City, appeal particularly to connoisseurs of camp. When he was a curator at the Metropolitan, Henry Geldzahler used to show his friends the museum's Stettheimers as if he were parting a private curtain to reveal an especially delicious bit of vamp-camp.

Unfortunately, an eccentric maiden aunt is typically treated with condescension, especially when safely dead. Although Stettheimer's close friend Marcel Duchamp mounted a posthumous show of her work at the Museum of Modern Art in 1946, Stettheimer was forgotten soon after, becoming the private enthusiasm of a fey few. "Florine Stettheimer: Manhattan Fantastica," at the Whitney Museum of American Art through November 5, is the first major public exhibition of her work in New York since that Duchamp show. Organized by Elisabeth Sussman and Barbara Bloemink (whose biography of Stettheimer will be published next month), it includes more than 50 paintings as well as photographs, theater designs, and costumed dolls. The exhibit is telling, both for what it brings to a little-known American artist and for what it says about contemporary culture.

Only rarely does the rediscovery of an artist depend upon a simple determination to right the wrongs of reputation. The motive is usually a culture's narcissistic need. The present must find its own reflection—and justification—in the past. As our faith in the living power of a central modernist canon erodes, for example, it becomes important to celebrate the authority of the margins. Stettheimer's flowery decorative excess, her sexually ambiguous figures, her "over the top" sensibility suit contemporary taste. Her interest in narrative, anecdote, and autobiography foreshadow the obsessions of postmodernism. And feminists, of course, are now on the prowl for role models.

The three essays in the catalogue—by Sussman, Bloemink, and the art historian Linda Nochlin—make a strongly contemporary case for Stettheimer. Her training and links to modernist art and philosophy in Europe and America are emphasized, lest one find her quaintly singular. Her role as a "social critic" is stressed, lest one consider her merely a member of the confectionery rich. And her wry view of men is noted, lest she seem too ladylike to serve as a feminist model. As many intellectuals now cultivate camp as a serious criticism of modern life, so her madcap playfulness is presented in a fairly sober light.

All of which is useful. But there's also some risk in failing to give the outrageous auntie in this artist her due. Does Stettheimer's vitality stem mainly from being a "social critic"? From being a philosopher of time and narrative? I doubt it. While calling her an eccentric maiden aunt arouses anxiety (for that is hardly the favored role model of feminists), it is nonetheless her astonishing modernist riff on the ladylike that captivates the imagination. The show is called "Manhattan Fantastica," suggesting the ways in which Stettheimer celebrated and satirized the different parts of New York in her "Cathedral" series, but its flavor is more that of a "Female Fantastica."

Stettheimer grew up in a world of women. Her mother had many sisters. (Florine knew about aunts

Photographs courtesy of the Whitney Museum of American Art.

the way the butterfly knows the flower.) Her father completed the household by abandoning the family. For most of her life, Stettheimer lived with two of her sisters and her mother. Her older sister Carrie spent her later years constructing one of the most elaborate dollhouses in the world, which is on display at the Museum of the City of New York, and her younger sister, Ettie, was a trained philosopher who composed two highly wrought novels.

The Stettheimers were rich and pampered. Much of the first half of Florine's life was spent in Europe, where wealthy American ladies once went to cultivate themselves and exasperate Henry James. Although recent critics have stressed Stettheimer's modernity, she is more like a hothouse cross of a nineteenth-century lady and a twentieth-century woman. Forced to return to the United States at the outbreak of World War I, Stettheimer observed her native country with a kind of bemused wonder that always remained somewhat European. She wrote a poem that goes:

Then back to New York
And skytowers had begun to grow
And front stoop houses started to go
And life became quite different
And it was as tho' someone had planted seeds
And people sprouted like common weeds
And seemed unaware of accepted things
And out of it grew an amusing thing
Which I think is America having its fling
And what I should like to paint this thing.

The early failure of a show of her paintings at the Knoedler gallery prompted Stettheimer to abandon any conventional academic reserve and to begin painting odd symbolist pictures of that American "fling" for herself and her friends. In Europe, she had been starstruck by Nijinsky and the Ballets Russes. (Any decent aunt loves the opera or ballet.) No doubt she loved the sets as much as the dancing. In America, her art became a kind of balletic reverie on the bright surfaces of the world. New York City appears as a series of glittery carnivals. Family life—and the salon that she and her sisters maintained for the fancier members of the avant-garde in New York—were equally a performance.

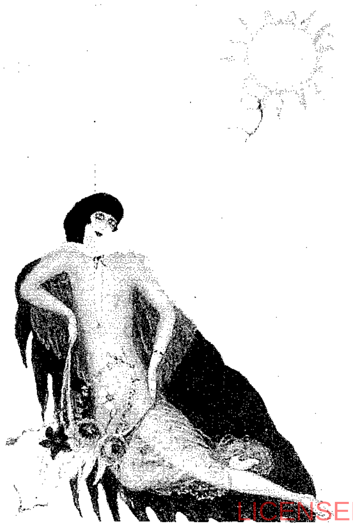
As interesting as her iconography can be, Stettheimer's actual surfaces, her way of painting and putting together the picture, provide her art with its greatest poetic power. (That part is always lost in reproduction.) She sometimes used encaustic, a wax-based medium, which gives the surface a thick, rubbed-on look. The heavy paint brilliantly sets off her lacy line, her bright sourball color, and her festive lighting. In the often crowded compositions, there is always something a little loose, like a dropped stitch, to give the work quickness and spontaneity.

Stettheimer had an intensely physical love of theatrical glitter—fringes, gold stars, baubles, bits of satin, tinsel. She delighted in crinkly cellophane and had curtains made out of it. The physical nature of her art is reminiscent of a woman's purse or bureau drawer. It seems filled with stuff: scarves, paper flowers, hat pins, bangles, bric-a-brac. No paintings in modern art come so close to having a perfume: They are at once musky and light as air.

Some people will assume Stettheimer was a lesbian. She wasn't. Nor does she seem to have been a practicing heterosexual. But her sensuality was so strong that it seems wrong to call her life, as many have, "cloistral." She liked to flirt, she was vain about her appearance, and she had no problem painting a siren on the half-shell or a nude self-portrait. She had the sort of sensual temper that is difficult for our time to understand—a temperament that considered seduction more interesting than sex, manners the only truly interesting morals, and the moment all we can know of eternity. No wonder Duchamp admired her.

Like many other women without children, Stettheimer made the larger world itself into a kind of heightened, or exaggerated, family. Her friends became an extended family circle. She painted their small doings and commented on their quirks in a diaristic and occasionally snapshot fashion. Here gossip seems the higher history. For all her sly and biting observations about her hometown, New York is less a city in her art than a kind of comic family melodrama, in which people invent themselves.

It is a wonderful coincidence that the Whitney is exhibiting Hopper and Stettheimer simultaneously. They worked in roughly the same period, but there could hardly be two more different New Yorkers—the one sober, masculine, and stony; the other giddy, feminine, and loose. Neither artist, I think, would approve of the installations: The Hopper is overdressed, the Stettheimer underdressed. Neither would find much to say to the other. But what a magnificent stretch exists between the two sensibilities. So revealingly awkward, as if the Whitney had arranged a blind date. ■



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DANCE **TOBI TOBIAS**

Marquee Mark

At last, a Mark Morris dance makes it to Lincoln Center, and brings down the house; in Boston, two new Morris pieces, one dazzling.

Morris's *L'Allegro, Il Penseroso ed Il Moderato* at the New York State Theater.

Mark Morris's MOST AMBITIOUS AND GLORIOUS work, *L'Allegro, Il Penseroso ed Il Moderato* (music by Handel, lyrics mostly by Milton) had already received the critical and public acclaim it deserves before its recent production at the New York State Theater. The evening-length dance, a paean to the checkered richness of life, was reviewed, enthusiastically, in this column October 29, 1990, on the occasion of its American premiere at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, nearly two years after its world premiere in Brussels. Its belated presentation at Lincoln Center hardly marks the discovery of the choreographer's outsize talent and the beauty of the dancers he has chosen and shaped to serve his aesthetic; rather, it's a recognition by the Establishment that Morris has arrived.

This confirmation is absurdly overdue; for years it's been clear that Morris is creating some of the most original, astute, and moving choreography of our era. Now his early devotees can only hope official recognition won't corrupt him. Morris, who doesn't dance in *L'Allegro,* acknowledged the standing ovation of the opening-night house not in the casual, mildly eccentric working clothes he commonly wears for curtain calls but in a suit, which looked suspiciously like a designer item. Otherwise, why should it have fit him so oddly?

I was seeing *L'Allegro* for something like the fourth time; in the course of the performance, I thought more than once of how much I wanted to see it again—immediately. On this go, I particularly noticed the repeated use upstage, behind gauzy scrims, of images that mirror or complement the downstage action. The device reinforces the fleeting sensations we have of a world beyond the one we're experiencing, of a dimension beyond the immediate and tangible. Simultaneously, I was aware of the converse (Morris relishes apparent contradictions)—the idea the dance encourages that, whatever one's condition or mood, just to be alive in this very moment and in the community of others is sufficient blessing.

As always, I was engaged by the sophistication of Morris's choreographic technique, noting here how he derives motifs from early modern dance that have become hackneyed through misplaced reverence and rote imitation and revitalizes them with a double-barreled treatment of love and irony. Last, though hardly least, I admired the dancers. Physically a motley crew—like any cluster of ordinary beings—they're united by their ability to be lushly weighty as well as phenomenally light, and also by their gift for drawing on some primal impulse that can make a gesture look unique and intensely important.

Earlier this season, the Mark Morris Dance Group made its annual appearance in Boston, at the Emerson Majestic Theater. As usual, the repertory included a world premiere; this year's was called *Somebody's Coming to See Me Tonight,* after one of the nine Stephen Foster songs to which it's set. Foster, with his lovely melodies and sentimental take on the American ethos, seems to be enjoying a new popularity—or at least sympathetic reconsideration. Like others who have recently taken Foster seriously—Twyla Tharp used some of the music this season for her *Americans We*—Morris has discovered that there's no denying the songs are beautiful, despite (or partly because of) their naïveté.

The title Morris chose for his dance led me to assume that he would treat the material with his familiar provocations about gender, that the audience would be forced to recognize, through a bombardment of strategies wildly different in tone—vulgar, funny, poignant—that the "somebody" need not be a lover of the opposite sex. (In Morris's gleeful *One Charming Night,* the demure virgin's Mr. Right is a vampire; in his take on *The Nutcracker,* the stripling prince conventionally gets his girl, but seems

Photograph by Beatriz Schiller.

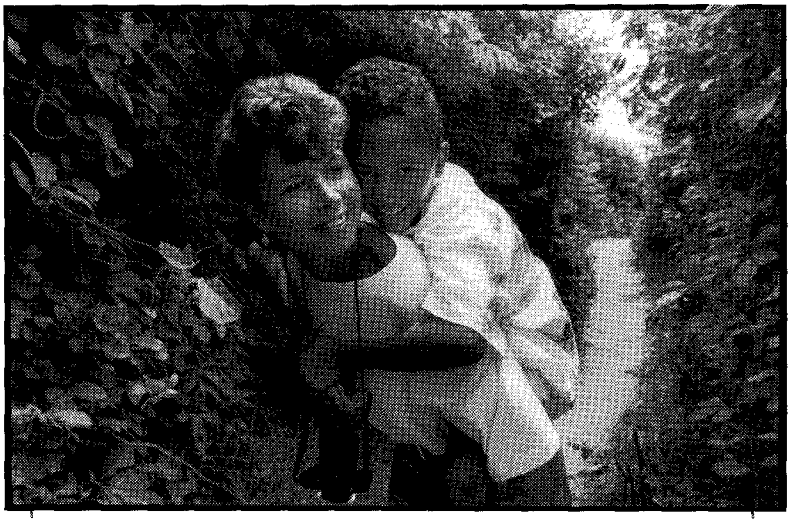
more personally involved in the lessons in love administered by his uncle.) As it turns out, there is very little of this in Morris's response to Foster; the dance is atypically mild. The American idyll it reflects is oddly in tune with the mind-set of Agnes de Mille, high priestess of the homespun.

In *Somebody's Coming,* Morris illustrates benign aspects of American life that are particularly attractive when glimpsed through the veil of nostalgia: the sweetness of social contact, with its occasions for goodwill and ebullience; the innocence of young romance. Sorrows, such as slavery and war, that belong to the same mythology and give it a requisite pathos are rendered so wanly here, it's hard to believe Morris's heart was in the undertaking. The concepts he's dealing with slip away from him like ghosts in whom he never fully believed. He does better with the equation of sleep and death, which he allows to dominate the work, as if to point out the fragility of Foster's world (so dependent upon the imagination)—and our own.

The individual numbers in the suite display a structural adroitness one simply takes for granted in Morris. The moment he puts a quintet onstage, for instance, he's reveling in the myriad ways in which three and two can add up. Characteristic, too, is his display of a particular move in many permutations, as with the sumptuous lexicon of falls in "Linger in Blissful Repose." Still, the piece lacks the appetite and conviction—and thus the power and edge—of Morris's best work.

Also new to northeastern eyes was *Rondo,* Morris's solo for himself to Mozart's Rondo in A minor, created last summer for the sixtieth anniversary of the American Dance Festival. If at a careless glance the piece looks like the most natural thing in the world, someone merely doodling to the music, it's quickly apparent that the someone is a lavishly talented dancer and a genius of a choreographer.

The dance starts out very small and quiet, barely impinging on the space; it expands and intensifies as the music does—as a kind of visual equivalent—and, in the end, subsides with the music. The vocabulary is restricted and simple, very much in the manner of Isadora Duncan, and is studded with Duncan motifs: the torso gently collapsing toward the lap, as if in grief, then opening up and out to greet life ecstatically; the arms making forceful tugging gestures or buoyantly lifting skyward; light, pattering runs; and finally, perhaps to confirm the Duncan connection, Isadora's glorious nature-spirit skip. Morris is one of the most sensuous dancers of our time and among the most rhythmically subtle; he's the Suzanne Farrell of his sex. Watching him execute this modest piece is a little bit of heaven. New York will, finally, get to see both pieces in repertory in December—at BAM. ■



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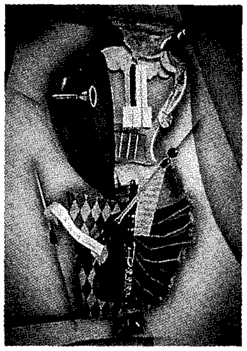

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SALES & BARGAINS

Pressing concerns: Going to the chapel? Sick of brown-bagging it? Need to spice up your life? Or are your trousers just too wrinkly?

Wedding Belles

THIS BRIDAL SHOWROOM NOW HAS about 60 one-of-a-kind try-on sample silk wedding gowns, in sizes from 4 to 20. Full silk skirt with contoured bodice and flowing detachable train, size 10, was $1,250, now $695; size 14 ivory silk gown with box-pleated skirt, full train, and pearl-and-lace trim on V-necked bodice, was $1,450, now $850; Alençon-lace gown with chiffon overlay and detachable chiffon train, size 6, was $1,275, now $699; embroidered silk dropwaist dress with shawl collar and full skirt, size 20, was $895, now $495; size 10 silk A-line gown with lace appliqué and chapel train, was $1,375, now $850. Flower-girl and bridesmaid dresses are also available. *Michelle of Australia Bridal, 1385 Broadway, near 37th St., Suite 1105 (730-3923); M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final; alterations additional; Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–5 p.m., Tues. till 6 p.m., Thurs. 10 a.m.–7 p.m., Sat. 9 a.m.–3 p.m.; 7/25–8/31.*

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DO NOT PHONE: *Send suggestions to Leonore Fleischer,* New York *Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017-5998, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.*

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MAX NASS NOW HAS OLD, ANTIQUE, AND new gold, gold-filled, sterling-silver, and marcasite jewelry from all around the world at 25 percent off its usual prices, including hundreds of bangles and bracelets, with and without gemstones, were $10–$200, now $7.50–$150; necklaces of semiprecious stones, were $30–$350, now $22.50–$262.50; silver-and-turquoise Native American jewelry, was $20–$500, now $15–$375. *Max Nass, Inc., 118 E. 28th St. (679-8154); A.E., Disc., M.C., V., checks accepted; exchanges possible; Mon.–Fri. 9:30 a.m.–6 p.m., Sat. till 4 p.m.; through 8/5.* ■

C

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York

That's the Way (Uh-huh, Uh-huh) I Like It

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Those who prefer their music well aged will find much to love about the [illegible] *(page 65).*

movies

Terminal Hipness...*WaterWorld*...

New Films

An Awfully Big Adventure—Set in fifties Liverpool, this is the story of a young girl who, eager to escape her dreary home life, gets involved with her local theater company. She falls for an older man, learns some life lessons, and teaches her elders a thing or two. With Hugh Grant as a smarmy, self-indulgent director and Georgina Cates as the young Stella. Directed by Mike Newell (*Four Weddings and a Funeral*). (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Eastside Playhouse.*

★**Apollo 13**—Three astronauts lie in a cramped command module, ready to take off for the moon. Later, somewhere between Florida and the lunar seas, the module's power and filtering systems break down, and the men, freezing, gaze at their steamy breath with disgust: They are poisoning themselves with the carbon dioxide they exhale from their own lungs. You have to love the weird details in *Apollo 13*. The film follows the three astronauts through preparation, launch, the amazing weightless hours on the way to the moon, and then the accidents and the terrifying ride home. Tom Hanks, in the great American heroic style of no sweat, makes space veteran Jim Lovell a man so sure of himself that he can afford to be relaxed. Stirring and satisfying. With Ed Harris and Gary Sinise. Directed by Ron Howard. (Denby; 7/10/95) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; PG) *Waverly; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Movieplex 42; Ziegfeld; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Regency.*

Bandit Queen—The true story of Phoolan Devi,an Indian outlaw who massacred 30 upper-caste men, evaded capture for five years, and then surrendered on her own terms in front of a crowd of thousands who cheered her on. Devi has recently been released and is considered a political force. Though it deals with the roles of women in India and the outdatedness of its caste system, *Bandit Queen* is primarily an action-adventure movie. Directed by Shekhar Kapur. In Hindi. (1 hr. 59 mins.; NR) *Village East.*

Batman Forever—With *Batman Forever*, the process of transforming moviemaking into merchandising reaches its apotheosis. The picture is kid stuff in the worst sense of the phrase—jangled and emotionally empty. Whatever one's misgivings about Tim Burton's work in *Batman* and *Batman Returns*, it had spirit and style, a mordant theatricality. The new director, Joel Schumacher (*Falling Down, The Client*), provides as many kicks as Burton, but without poetry or even continuity. (Denby; 7/10/95) (2 hrs. 1 min.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; Plaza .*

★**Belle de Jour**—Simply and beautifully shot by a director who clears out the muck and clutter of conventional filmmaking. Luis Buñuel never wastes a shot or chooses an unnecessary angle; he refuses to overstate or even underline an emotion; he avoids music altogether, except for the rapid, rhythmic ringing of bells, the maddening bells attached to that horse-drawn carriage that appears again and again in the erotic daydreams of the beautiful Séverine (Catherine Deneuve). Where is the carriage going? It is the vehicle of Séverine's desire. With absolute precision, and also much insolent mockery, Buñuel and his co-scenarist Jean-Claude Carrière tell the story of this Parisian *haute* bourgeoise who loves her handsome and thoughtful husband (Jean Sorel) but remains unresponsive to his rather tentative caresses. Her face a blank, Séverine lies in bed dreaming of violation at the hands of coachmen, and finally takes a job at a high-class bordello, where she makes herself available, after many hesitations, to a variety of extremely strange men. Séverine is there from only two to five in the afternoon; hence her name, Belle de Jour. Enacted onscreen, the content of Séverine's daydreams may verge on the pornographic, but Buñuel shoots them in a style that is anything but voluptuous. Indeed, the limpid beauty of the images is extraordinarily chaste, and that is the source of the movie's wit. It's less a psychological exploration or erotic turn-on than a triumph of Surrealist mischief-making. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *19th Street East; Paris Theater.*

Braveheart—Stirring in a workmanlike, square-jawed way. Mel Gibson—who also directed—is William Wallace (Gibson), who returns home to Scotland after long wanderings, intending to live in peace. But he's provoked: Scotland has no king, and the English nobility and their hirelings are sullying Scottish womanhood. In the large-scale battle scenes, Gibson the director does decent work. But the battles are heavy on the old H&H (hacking and hewing), with much gouging, slashing, and lopping as well. (Denby; 6/5/95) (2 hrs. 59 mins.; R) *Movieland 8th Street; 59th Street East; National Twin; Lincoln Square.*

★**The Bridges of Madison County**—Too solemn by half—but it's not bad. Clint Eastwood, who directed the movie and starred in it with Meryl Streep, has displayed considerable literary taste—he's jettisoned most of Robert James Waller's prose—as well as gallantry and sense. The part of Robert Kincaid is modestly written, and Eastwood plays him modestly, too, receding into the movie as far as he can while shifting the emotional weight decisively to Francesca, the Italian woman who married an American soldier and found herself stranded among good, dull people in the American Midwest. This is Streep's most sensually appealing role—the years and the extra pounds have given her an irresistible strength. Photographed by Jack N. Green. (Denby; 6/12/95) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 23rd Street West Triplex; Tower East; Lincoln Square.*

★**Burnt by the Sun**—If some directors have a talent for the obvious, Nikita Mikhalkov has a genius for it. This is an extremely powerful work set in 1936 at the beginning of the Great Terror. Somewhere

Revival

The Box

When first shown in Berlin, G. W. Pabst's 1929 silent film 'Pandora's Box,' in which Louise Brooks portrayed a remorseless prostitute, elicited strong reaction for overt sexuality and scenes depicting lesbianism. It has, amazingly, never before been shown in New York, and will be premiered July 27 and 28 at the Walter Reade Theater, with a new score by the Club Foot Orchestra. See Museums, Societies, Etc. for info.

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

"Cue" cover photographs: clockwise from top left, David Redfern/Retna; Michael Putland/Retna; Chris Walter/Retna; David Koppel/Retna.

outside Moscow, in the country near the wheat fields, Colonel Kotov (Mikhalkov), a true believer and bristling revolutionary patriot, lives with his young wife, Maroussia (Ingeborga Dapkounaite), in her dacha. Mitia (Oleg Menchikov), Maroussia's old lover, mysteriously away for ten years, enters with a flourish of laughter and music. He's a member of the secret police, and exactly what he is doing there is the first mystery; the greater mystery is why he is doing it. Mikhalkov's answer is convoluted and fascinating in a way only possible within the tormented history of the Soviet Union. In Russian. (Denby; 5/1/95) (2 hrs. 14 min.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Clueless—Writer-director Amy Heckerling brought the teen genre to its apex in the early eighties with *Fast Times at Ridgemont High.* Nearly fifteen years later, she returns to the world of loopy-but-well-intentioned kids who just want to be understood. MTV babe Alicia Silverstone is Cher, a popular gal who prefers to concentrate on her friends' lives rather than her own—much like the protagonist in Jane Austen's *Emma,* on which the film is loosely based. (97 min; PG-13) *Waverly; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Embassy 2–4; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum.*

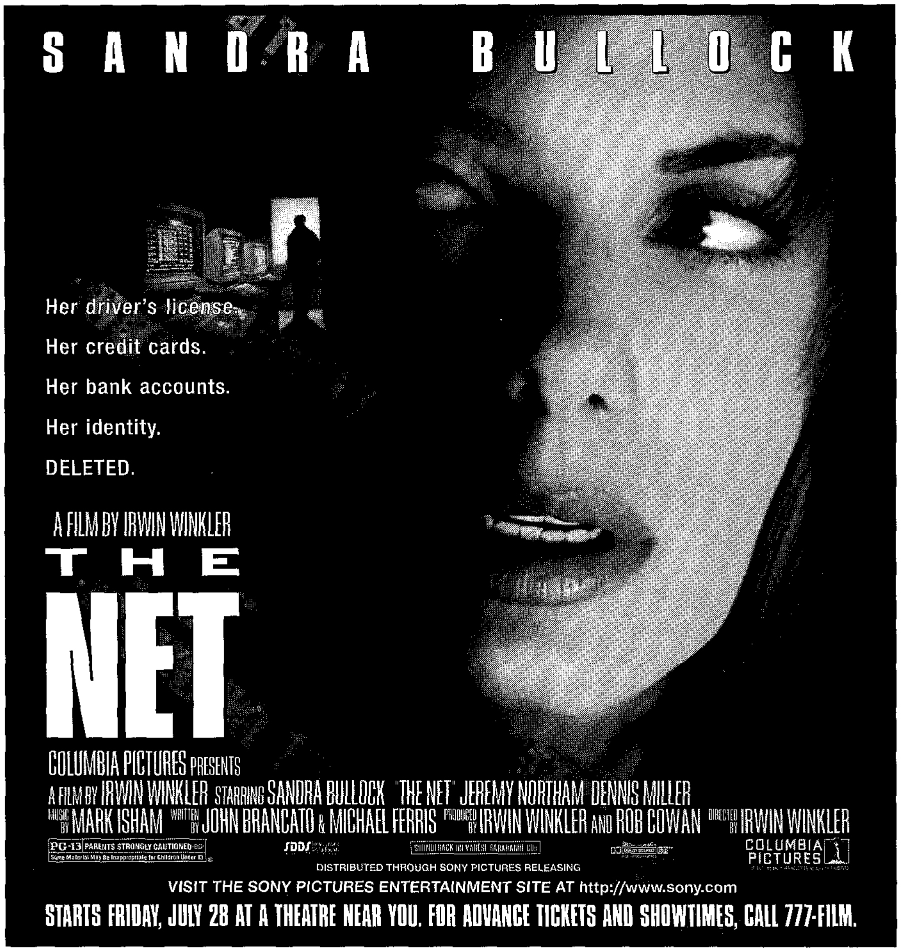
Congo—Angry gorillas quietly guard a lost city of unsurpassed wealth in the deepest part of Africa. Adapted from Michael Crichton's thriller. Directed by Frank Marshall. (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG-13) *Embassy 2–4; Manhattan Twin.*

Country Life—Michael Blakemore writes, directs, and stars in this film, "suggested" by Chekov's *Uncle Vanya* and set in post–World War I Australia. Blakemore plays Alexander, a drama critic who returns from cosmopolitan Europe with his beautiful young wife. While he manages to make his unsophisticated frontier family feel suitably inferior, his wife, Deborah (Greta Scacchi), throws the delicate balance of familial relations in turmoil as she haltingly courts the local doctor (Sam Neill). Blakemore gracefully uses the clash among family members as metaphor for Australia's mangled feelings toward Europe, and the script is, thankfully, without much sentiment. (1 hr. 43 mins.; PG-13) *68th Street Playhouse.*

★**Crimson Tide**—A largely serious action movie with two grown-up actors, Gene Hackman and Denzel Washington, going at full tilt. In Russia, a fascist dissident modeled has broken with the regime, taking a part of the army and some nuclear missiles with him. The U.S.S. Alabama is sent out for a possible preemptive strike. The heart of the movie is a series of remarkable struggles between the captain (Hackman), who wants to launch the strike without getting confirmation of his orders, and his executive officer (Washington), who refuses to give his formal assent. Director Tony Scott's best work to date. (Denby; 5/15/95) (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *Village East; Gemini Twin; Lincoln Square.*

The Crude Oasis—A Kansas housewife trapped in a stultifying marriage has a recurring dream about a malevolent stranger. When she sees him at a local gas station, she becomes obsessed and follows him to a bar called the Crude Oasis. Then things get really strange. Written and directed by Alex Graves. (1 hr. 20 mins.; R) *Cinema I, II, Third Ave..*

★**Crumb**—In Terry Zwigoff's extraordinary documentary, there is shockingly little separation between life and art. R. Crumb, the underground-cartoon artist who devised such "comix" as *Weird* and *Zap* complains that he was ignored by girls in high school, and he still exudes the resentment and fears of a cranky, put-upon kid. So does his art, and that's its glory, but it's disconcerting to discover that the successful artist, having transcended nothing, is as devoted to surly, other-annihilating rancor as a teen nerd burrowing in a basement. Crumb shares the same awful childhood with his wrecked older brother, Charles, who lives at home with their mother, and his kid brother, Max, who sits in a San Francisco SRO on a bed of nails, yet Crumb turned the semi-psychotic material of bent adolescence into art, while they were consumed and destroyed. It should turn into the midnight-movie sensation of the decade: Robert Crumb is a remorseless man, and the movie, in a coolly ambiguous way, revels in the grotesque appropriateness of his triumph. (Denby; 5/1/95) (1 hr. 59 min.; R) *Film Forum.*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Die Hard With a Vengeance—A mess, a shapeless, nonsensical exploding thing, with Bruce Willis trying to stop a fiendish bomber from terrorizing New York, and getting mangled and bloodied along the way. Directed by John McTiernan. (Denby; 5/29/95) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *23rd Street West Triplex; Criterion Center; Manhattan Twin.*

Double Happiness—A 22-year-old aspiring actress finds herself caught between Chinese tradition and Western freedoms when she falls in love with a white college student and, consequently, has second thoughts about going through with her arranged marriage. Directed by Mina Shum. (1 hr. 27 mins.; PG-13) *Quad Cinema.*

First Knight—There's nothing startling in First Knight, another clanging-sword epic, but the picture, directed by Jerry Zucker (Ghost) and shot in Wales, is handsome and satisfyingly romantic. Richard Gere is perhaps too self-conscious to play a devil-may-care Lancelot, but he's a lot less smarmy than he used to be, and his scenes with the Guinevere of Julia Ormond, a major actress in the making, actually generate some heat. (1 hr. 52 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; 34th Street East; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; Beekman; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Olympia Cinemas.*

Talent

How Did She Get Here?

Sandra Bullock, who stars in *The Net* (opening this Friday), has had what is perhaps the oddest career trajectory in recent memory. Just three years ago, she was slogging her way through regrettable fare like *Love Potion No. 9,* about socially inept scientists who discover a chemical that transforms the user into a sex magnet. Before that, she starred in straight-to-video bombs like *Who Shot Patakango?; Religion, Inc.*; and *Fire on the Amazon,* an ecological thriller made for Roger Corman. She also starred in the *very* short-lived TV series *Working Girl*—based on the movie—and seemed destined to languish in that netherworld of B-movies and failed pilots. So it seems fair to ask: How did this girl become a movie star? For starters, she quietly amassed credits with supporting roles in recent but long-forgotten films like *The Vanishing* and *The Thing Called Love* before snagging the female lead opposite Sylvester Stallone in 1993's *Demolition Man.* That, of course, was followed up by her career-transforming role in last year's *Speed.* But even this timeline, which shows a somewhat steady upward climb, cannot explain the more esoteric aspect of the question *why?* Bullock is neither a bad actress nor a particularly good one; loopy nor sharp, pretty nor ugly (though the men who find her attractive—and there are many—think she is *it.* And because she doesn't possess the icy-bombshell looks of a Sharon Stone, women find her appealing as well). She's like a less glam, low-maintenance Julia Roberts—a nineties Jean Arthur. In *The Net,* Bullock supplants Roberts with a very *Pelican Brief*-like role: She plays Angela Bennett, a woman who uncovers a massive conspiracy involving the highest levels of government and commerce. The plot seems to be almost a device to ensure that she gets to do three things Roberts does so well: look cute, scream, and run a lot.

MAUREEN CALLAHAN

Photograph by Joyce Rudolph/Columbia/TriStar.

Free Willy 2: The Adventure Home—Yes, Willy was freed in the first movie. But alas, the bungling whale has endangered himself again and his trusty young friend must save Willy. Here's hoping he gets it right this time. (1 hr. 38 mins.; PG). *Village Theater VII; 19th Street East; Criterion Center.*

Grosse Fatigue—French comic Michel Blanc (who was so good in *Monsuier Hire*) wrote, directed, and stars as himself in this clever black comedy about being a movie star. Peopled with other stars like Carole Bouquet, Phillipe Noiret, and Roman Polanski playing themselves (or, rather, our image of how they are), it shows Blanc's life spinning out of control as he seemingly behaves more and more crassly in public while denying such actions to his friends. The truth sends the story off into an absurdist romp that builds to a satisfyingly comic climax—only to continue on, making some rather dour and serious comments about the French film industry and celebrityhood. In French. (1 hr. 27 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; 68th Street Playhouse.*

The Indian in the Cupboard—The well-regarded children's book is given a faithful, clever adaptation in this movie about a boy who receives a seemingly nondescript cupboard and a plastic Indian for his birthday. When he stores the Indian in it overnight, the boy wakes up to find the toy has sprung to life. (The Indian was apparently plucked away from a normal life hundreds of years ago and thinks the boy is a Great Spirit.) Smart enough to keep adults engaged, the movie maintains a rather serious tone (the toys can suffer and die) as the boy learns about responsibility and respecting others. Like the old Disney films, the parents and other siblings are bland and forgettable. But the lead—Hal Scardino—is an enjoyably gawky kid instead of the usual tiresomely cute child actor. Based on the book by Lynne Reid Banks. Directed by Frank Oz. (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG) *Movieland 8th Street; Chelsea; Embassy 2–4; New York Twin; UA East; Lincoln Square.*

Judge Dredd—Stallone keeps action adventure on the front burner with this adaptation of the comic-book series about a world in decay where the Judges serve as policemen, jury, and executioner all rolled into one. Stallone battles corruption armed with a ton of explosives and one-liners. Directed by Danny Cannon. (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 23rd Street West Triplex; Embassy 1; Sutton; 86th Street East; 84th Street Six.*

Kids—Larry Clark's directorial debut is dramatically unsatisfying, with one-dimensional characters who don't reveal themselves to us or remain a mystery in any interesting ways. They're young, they have sex, they take drugs, and that's about it for plot or character development. Jennie, the only person who actually faces an emotional moment, is played awkwardly in the crucial scenes by Chloe Sevigny. Otherwise, when she's called to be blank-faced and inexpressive like everyone else, Sevigny is fine. The movie is worth seeing for some of it's elements: Screenwriter Harmony Korine has captured urban teen slang and its mix of words from every imaginable source—African-American and Latino languages, pop culture, and of course expletives—with convincing accuracy. And Clark creates a believable semi-documentary feel, letting the audience feel as if it's eavesdropping on unscripted conversations they would never hear otherwise. Unfortunately, all *Kids* has to offer is a milieu, the world of bad kids gone worse, and we've seen it before. (1 hr. 35 mins.; NC-17) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Lie Down With Dogs—A young man comes of age and into an acceptance of his sexuality. Starring Wally White, who also writes and directs.(85 mins.; R) *City Cinemas Village East*

Little Odessa—Writer-director James Gray makes his debut with this thoughtful, low-key look at Joshua, a hit man (Tim Roth) who reluctantly returns to the Russian-émigré milieu of his childhood, Brighton Beach. His little brother, played by Edward Furlong, worships Joshua—despite his career choice—but his aging father (Maximilian Schell) won't speak to him. Vanessa Redgrave, as the ailing mother, delivers another oddly affecting performance that's quite different from her turn in *Howards End* but just as memorable. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Plaza.*

Living in Oblivion—Tom DiCillo—who wrote and directed the genuinely offbeat *Johnny Suede*—covers much more familiar territory in this comedy about the travails of independent filmmaking. Big egos and little talent are rampant as a harried director (Steve Buscemi) juggles a vain male star, a moody female lead, and the million little crises that pop up during shooting. An early sequence in which the crew tries again and again to film one particular scene builds quite well to an effective climax. Winner of the screenwriting award at this year's Sundance Film Festival. (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Love and Human Remains—Denys Arcand's adaptation of the Off Broadway play about David (Thomas Gibson of *Barcelona*), a former child actor who insists he doesn't even *believe* in love, much less want some, and yet finds himself drawn to a ridiculously young busboy at the restaurant where he works. He lives with his former lover Candy (Ruth Marshall) and is best friends with the very good-looking but very unhappy Bernie (Cameron Bancroft), who spends every waking moment picking up and dumping women. All three are stalked in one form or another by a serial killer. And despite all of this, it's utterly without interest. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Midnight Dancers—A story of three brothers who work as dancers and prostitutes in the gay underworld of Manila. Replete with gangs, pimps, bad cops, and wronged lovers. Directed by Mel Chiolongo. (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Mighty Morphin Power Rangers—If you have a kid under 12 years old, you *will* be seeing this big-screen version of the smash children's TV show. Here they battle an all-new villain: Ivan Ooze. (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG) *23rd Street West Triplex; Metro Cinema.*

My Life and Times with Antonin Artaud—Tortured poet Antonin Artaud befriends a young artist in late forties Paris. The young poet does everything right—he has a mistress, he smokes incessantly, he speaks forlornly about the dreariness of life—but he can't write. Still, he's useful to Artaud as a drug supplier, occasionally teasing his young protégé with pleasing comments about the kid's work. Directed by Gérard Mordillat. In French. (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Nine Months—Yes, yes, we've heard all the Hugh Grant jokes. But this romantic comedy about a man whose perfectly balanced life is thrown into whack by a pregnancy serves as a significant step for many other people as well. Tom Arnold looks to repeat his probably freakish success in *True Lies,* Julianne Moore continues to solidify her rising bankability and writer-director Chris Columbus hopes to helm his very own blockbuster—without the help of John Hughes or Steven Spielberg or Robin Williams or anyone. (1 hr. 43 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Crown Gotham; 86th Street; 62nd and Broadway.*

Operation Dumbo Drop—Based on an actual event, this is the story of five Green Berets who agreed to transport an elephant through 200 miles of war-torn Vietnam to show their appreciation to a small village that welcomed an American presence. When all sea and land attempts at transport fail, they decide to drop the elephant from an airplane (don't worry; he's outfitted with a parachute). Starring Danny Glover and Ray Liotta, and brought to you by Disney. (1 hr. 48 mins.; PG) *19th Street East; Embassy 1; Sutton; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square.*

Party Girl—A Holly Golightly for the nineties is how they're presenting Parker Posey's character in this comedy from co-writer and director Daisy von Scherler Mayer. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *Angelika 57.*

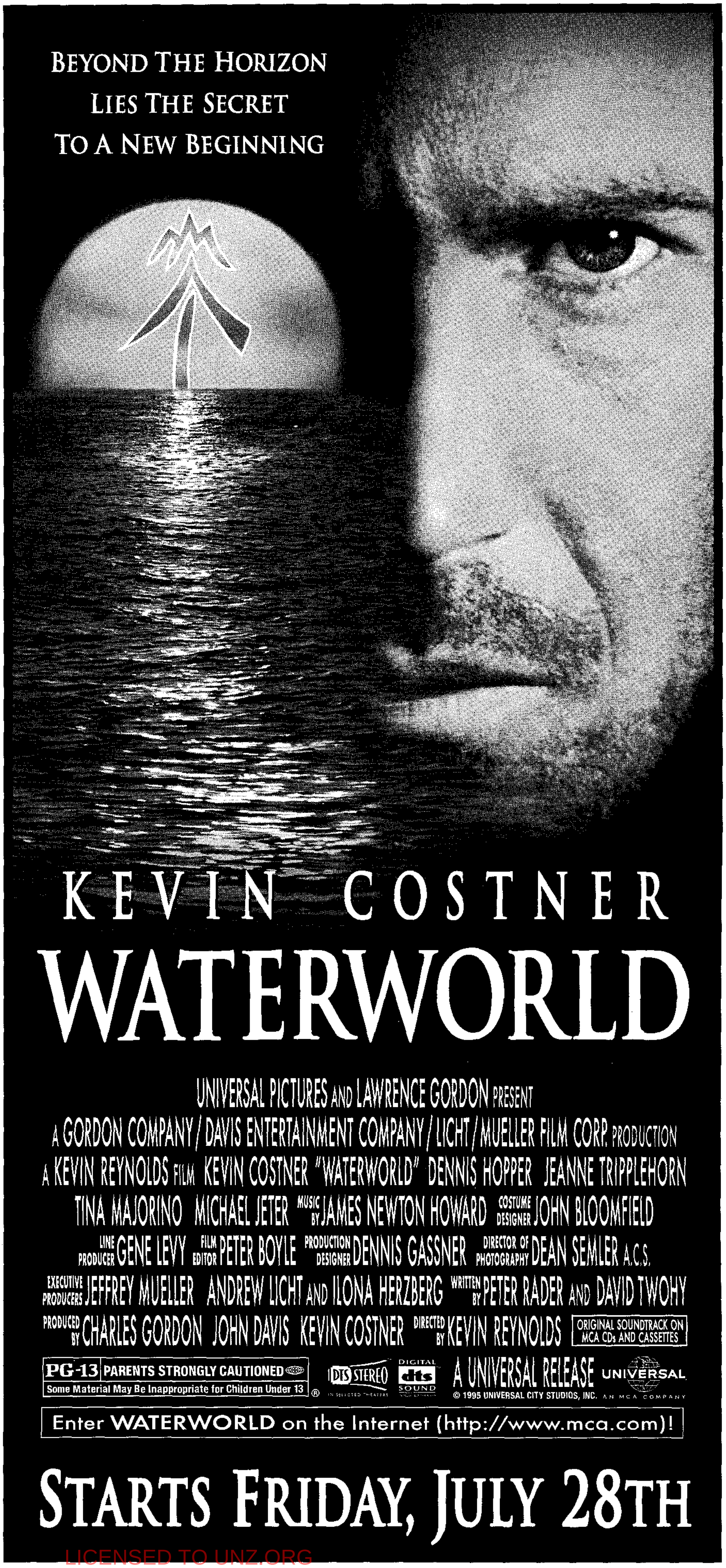
Pocahontas—As a movie for very small children, *Pocahontas* won't prove as useful to parents—it's slow going for little kids looking to be entertained with a slapstick moment or mind-blowing musical number every ten minutes. But that's exactly what makes it work for older kids and adults. The story is Disney's most sophisticated yet. Even the comic relief sidekicks (two animals that don't talk) are presented in a believable, low-key manner. A lot of bold chances were taken here and they all pay off—this is the most satisfying offering since *Beauty and the Beast.* (1 hr. 27 mins.; G) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th Street; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Olympia Cinemas.*

Postcards From America—A fractured screenplay offers the life of a young gay man in flashback. Written and directed by Steve McClean, it's loosely based on the writings of David Wojnarowicz, which are presumably the source of the movie's groaningly bad narration and clunky dialogue. (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

The Postman—A tale about an uneducated postman (Massimo Troisi) who befriends an internationally renowned Chilean poet sent into exile to his tiny island off the southern coast of Italy. When the postman falls in love with the most beautiful woman in town, the poet helps him win her heart. The movie somehow manages to avoid mawkishness, even as the postman asks the poet, "What is a metaphor?" This is due to the awkward and angular presence of Troisi, who died right after the last day of filming. His performance is poignant; he's all fluttering hands and mumbled words. Unfortunately, Troisi's work is marred by a sentimental, almost pathetic denouement that bludgeons the viewer with the emotions it was quietly building to all along. In Italian. (1 hr. 49 mins.; PG) *Village East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Safe—Writer-director Todd Haynes's follow-up to his ambitious but uneven *Poison* is a solid, low-key drama about a woman (Julianne Moore) suffering from an unexplained illness that her doctor attributes to "nerves." But her attacks grow worse and worse, leading her to seek help from a fringe group that tells her she suffers from "environmental illness." Haynes quietly shows his skepticism for the group's methods without belittling the needs of the people who seek it out—clearly a parallel to the AIDS crisis and the many snake-oil approaches to fighting it that have sprung up. (1 hr. 59 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

★**Smoke**—The gentleness of this movie is nearly revolutionary in American film at the moment. Directed by Wayne Wang and largely set in the Park Slope section of Brooklyn (writer Paul Auster's home turf), it's a celebration of gratuitous acts of kindness. Auggie (Harvey Keitel), who runs a cigar store, has a peculiar hobby: He takes pictures from the same street corner at precisely 8 A.M. every day. He shows the thousands of pictures to his friend Paul (William Hurt), a sad-sack novelist who hasn't written much since his wife died. Lost in thought, Paul wanders into the street and almost gets run



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Opening

In Too Deep

[illegible] rumors we've heard about *Waterworld* **(opening July 28), the [illegible] by far is that the gills on Kevin Costner's neck had to be computer-enhanced in postproduction so they wouldn't bear such a striking resemblance to labia.**

over, but he's saved by a black teenager who calls himself Rashid. Paul takes the boy in, and the two begin an unstable friendship. The garrulous fluency of Auster's writing, combined with the simplicity of Wayne Wang's direction, makes for an enchanting urban-picaresque movie. (Denby; 6/19/95) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Murray Hill Cinemas; Sutton; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Species—A sci-fi-horror movie with disgustingly damp, tentacled creatures, but it has its moments of amusement. When the replicant wants to mate, it takes the form of a tall blonde beauty (model Natasha Henstridge) and heads for Los Angeles, where its habit of suddenly removing its clothes does not strike the predatory local males as anything unusual. *Species* is sort of sleazy-sexy: Everyone in it, including most of a very strange team of scientists, is ready to rock. (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Astor Plaza; Movieplex 42; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; 84th Street Six.*

The Incredibly True Adventure of Two Girls in Love—A charming debut from writer-director Maria Maggenti that ventures into the world of teenagers brandishing humor, insight, and a copy of *Rubyfruit Jungle.* Randy (Laurel Hollomon) falls desperately in love with Evie (Nicole Parker), a beautiful, wealthy black girl at her school who seems to have everything. Happily, Evie falls desperately in love with Randy, and the two of them spend the rest of the movie dealing with confused friends, angry parents, and basically having a wonderful time. Though matters begin slowly, Maggenti builds to a wonderfully hilarious climax. (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

The Net—Sandra Bullock stars as Angela Bennett, an expert computer analyst who stumbles upon a massive conspiracy and winds up running for her life while simultaneously trying to prove her identity. The film ostensibly tackles modern man's alienation in an increasingly technological society and the issue of eroding privacy in an age of electronically encoded personal information. But mostly, these and other concerns provide the impetus for many a chase sequence. (1 hr. 58 mins.; PG-13) *19th Street East; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

Under Siege 2: Dark Territory—Steven Seagal. Action. That's basically it. (2 hrs. ; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza.*

WaterWorld—Kevin Costner stars as Mariner, who is the sole hope for humanity in a post-apocalyptic world without land. Though this is the second movie of Costner's to be dubbed Kevin's Gate, early reaction seems to indicate that it's a solid sci-fi film. Directed by Kevin Reynolds. (2 hrs. 14 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street East; Chelsea; Baronet/Coronet; National Twin; Orpheum; 84th Street Six.*

Wild Reeds—A well-done French drama about a teenager in boarding school who finds himself drawn both to a charming peasant boy and a militant right-winger Henri, who is worked up about the Algerian War. Unfortunately, both of them are attracted to the boy's beautiful best friend. Co-written and directed by André Téchiné. (1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *The Incredibly True Adventures; An Awfully Big Adventure; Kids; Living in Oblivion; Safe; Smoke.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (929-3350) *Nine Months.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Sister My Sister.* Opening 7/28: *Midnight Dancers.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Crumb; My Life and Times with Antonin Artaud.*(See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Joseph Papp Public Theater—425 Lafayette St. (598-7171) .(See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Movieland 8th Street—42 E.8th St. (477-6600) *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers: ; Braveheart; The Indian in the Cupboard; Pulp Fiction.*

Quad Cinema—34 W.13th St. (255-8800) *Grosse Fatigue; Little Odessa; Love and Human Remains; Postcards From America; Wild Reeds.* Opening 7/28: *Double Happiness.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *The Englishman; Bandit Queen; Crimson Tide; Pocahontas; The Postman; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Free Willy 2; Batman Forever; The Bridges of Madison County; First Knight; Judge Dredd; Species.* Opening 7/28: *Waterworld.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (929-8037) *Apollo 13; Clueless.*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Free Willy 2; Batman Forever; Belle de Jour; Clueless; First Knight; Pocahontas.* Opening 7/28: *Operation Dumbo Drop; The Net.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (989-0060) *The Bridges of Madison County; Die Hard With a Vengeance; Judge Dredd; Mighty Morphin Power Rangers.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (683-0255) *First Knight.* Opening 7/28: *Waterworld.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Apollo 13; Clueless; Species.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (513-5402) *Apollo 13; The Indian in the Cupboard; Nine Months; Species; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory.* Opening 7/28: *The Net; Waterworld.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Nine Months; Pocahontas; Smoke; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory.* Opening 7/28: *The Net.*

42nd–60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (759-4630) *Braveheart.*

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Party Girl.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Species.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (355-1663) *Under Seige 2: Dark Territory.* Opening 7/28: *Waterworld.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (265-2520) *The Incredibly True Adventures; Love and Human Remains.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (752-5959). *The Englishman* .

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *The Crude Oasis; Pocahontas; The Postman.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Free Willy 2; Batman Forever; Die Hard With a Vengeance; First Knight; Nine Months; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory.* Opening 7/28: *The Net.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Nine Months.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *An Awfully Big Adventure.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Judge Dredd.* Opening 7/28: *Operation Dumbo Drop.*

Embassy 2–4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Clueless; Congo; The Indian in the Cupboard.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Pocahontas.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (935-6420) *Congo; Die Hard With a Vengeance.*

Movieplex 42—244 W. 42nd St. (997-7522) *Apollo 13; Batman Forever; First Knight; Species; Under Siege 2:*

Photograph by Ben Glass/Universal Pictures.

Dark Territory. Opening 7/28: *The Net.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (869-0950) *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Braveheart.* Opening 7/28: *Waterworld.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Belle de Jour.*

Plaza—42 E. 58th St. (355-3320) *Little Odessa.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Judge Dredd; Smoke.* Opening 7/28: *Operation Dumbo Drop.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (246-1583) *Don Juan DeMarco; French Kiss; The Madness of King George; Muriel's Wedding; Once Were Warriors; Perez Family.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (765-7600) *Apollo 13.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Grosse Fatigue.* Opening 7/26: *Country Life.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (534-1880) *Apollo 13; Nine Months.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Judge Dredd; Pocahontas.* Opening 7/28: *Operation Dumbo Drop.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (737-2622) *First Knight.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (513-5408) *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Apollo 13; Clueless; Species.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Batman Forever; Crimson Tide.* Opening 7/28: *The Net.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Free Willy 2; The Indian in the Cupboard.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Free Willy 2; Batman Forever; Clueless; First Knight; Species; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory.* Opening 7/28: *The Net; Waterworld.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *The Bridges of Madison County.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *The Indian in the Cupboard.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (265-7466) *Nine Months.*

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Judge Dredd; Species; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory.* Opening 7/28: *Waterworld.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *The Big City; Burnt by the Sun; Kids; Living in Oblivion; The Postman; Smoke.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Free Willy 2; Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Batman Forever; Braveheart; The Bridges of Madison County; Clueless; Crimson Tide; First Knight; The Indian in the Cupboard; Pocahontas.* Opening 7/28: *Operation Dumbo Drop; The Net.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (222-1200) *Batman Forever; Clueless; Mighty Morphin Power Rangers.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Free Willy 2; Clueless; Pocahontas; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Free Willy 2; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory.*

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (865-8128) *Pocahontas; First Knight.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (724-3700) *Apollo 13.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Free Willy 2; Apollo 13; Batman Forever; Clueless; First Knight; The Indian in the Cupboard; Judge Dredd; Nine Months; Pocahontas; Species; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Free Willy 2; Batman Forever; Clueless; The Indian in the Cupboard; Nine Months; Pocahontas; Species; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory.*

Interboro—3462 E. Tremont Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Apollo 13; Batman Forever; Pocahontas; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory.*

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Nine Months; Free Willy 2*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Free Willy; Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Apollo 13; Batman Forever; Clueless; Congo; Die Hard With a Vengeance; The Indian in the Cupboard; Judge Dredd; Nine Months; Pocahontas; Species; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (748-4200) *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Apollo 13; The Bridges of Madison County; Clueless; First Knight; Nine Months; Pocahontas.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Apollo 13; Nine Months.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Free Willy 2; Pocahontas; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Free Willy 2: The Adventure Ho; Clueless; First Knight; Pocahontas; Smoke.*

Commodore—329 Broadway, at Rodney St. (384-7259) *Bad Boys; Friday; New Jersey Drive; Top Dog.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (238-4200) *Free Willy 2; Batman Forever; The Indian in the Cupboard; Judge Dredd; Species; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (284-5700) *Free Willy 2:; Pocahontas; Species; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Clueless; Nine Months; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (253-1111) *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Judge Dredd; Pocahontas; Species; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory.*

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (645-8588) *Free Willy ; Apollo 13; First Knight; The Indian in the Cupboard; Nine Months.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Free Willy 2; Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; First Knight; Judge Dredd; Nine Months.*

Metropolitan—392 Fulton St. (858-8580) *Free Willy 2; The Adventure Ho; Pocahontas; Species; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Species; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Free Willy 2; Clueless; Pocahontas; Species; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory.*

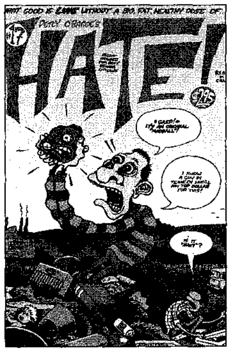
The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Apollo 13; Batman Forever; Clueless; First Knight; The Indian in the Cupboard; Nine Months; Pocahontas; Species; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Apollo 13; Batman Forever; Clueless; First Knight; Species; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory.*

Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Free Willy 2; Batman Forever; The Bridges of Madison County; Pocahontas; Species; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory.*


#17
HATE!
I KNOW A GUY IN TEANECK WHO'LL PAY TOP DOLLAR FOR THIS!

Data

Hipster Product Placement

Creators of movies for and about the youth of America all face the same challenge when courting this cynical, media-savvy market: How do you prove that you're still down with the kids? The quickest shortcut to maintaining a shred of credibility—whether you're a director, writer, or actor—is to reference something just obscure enough to let the audience know that you, too, are a member of the club. (For example, in *Kids,* one of the main characters, Casper, is seen sitting on a stoop reading *Hate!,* Seattle cartoonist Peter Bagge's revered underground comic about a disreputable, angry kid and his loser friends.) Like all movie trends involving kids, we can trace this one back to fallen auteur John Hughes.

MAUREEN CALLAHAN

Film	Signifier of Hipness
Sixteen Candles	*Obscure eighties band Rave-Ups prominently scrawled on Molly Ringwald's binder*
Heathers	*High school named after Replacements lead singer Paul Westerberg; Christian Slater quotes Replacements song "Color Me Impressed"*
Pump Up the Volume	*Slater reads Lenny Bruce's 'How to Talk Dirty & Influence People'*
Singles	*Campbell Scott wears a Sub Pop Records T-shirt (Sub Pop was Nirvana's first label)*
Benny & Joon	*Johnny Depp utters, "It's a shame about raisins," a reference to his role in the little-seen Lemonheads video "It's a Shame About Ray"*
True Romance	*Slater's character, with his love of comix, kung fu flicks, and tacky seventies resort gear, is a walking amalgam of all that hipsters hold dear*
Reality Bites	*Dave Pirner of Soul Asylum shown reading seventies kids' mag 'Dyn-o-mite'; Ethan Hawke's band covers a Violent Femmes tune*
My Life's in Turnaround	*Martha Plimpton reads Noam Chomsky*
The Incredibly True Adventures of 2 Girls in Love	*Teen lesbian heroine plays air guitar to "Cool Schmool" by legendary riot-grrrl band Bratmobile*
Clueless	*Alicia Silverstone avidly watches 'Ren & Stimpy,' malevolent, intelligent cartoon of choice*

continued from page 42

Q&A

ladder to sniff Bette Davis's ass.

Keeve: Ooh! When someone wants a clip from *Unzipped* in twenty years . . .

Mizrahi: [*Grandly*] Absolutely not!

Musto: Isaac, if Michael and Lisa had called and asked you to do their wedding gowns, would you have?

Mizrahi: Michael and Lisa? Oh, you mean Michael Jackson and Lisa Marie whatever her name is? I guess if I had the time. I'd be really scared.

Keeve: He's a fantastic artist.

Mizrahi: Artist? He's a fantastic phenomenon. That's not a *person* singing; it's a conglomerate.

Musto: A conglomerate with lupus. No, *vitiligo*!

Mizrahi: There's a discount designer store on Ocean Parkway called Lupus.

Musto: [*Thoughtful silence*] How do you feel about some of the fashion mistakes you've made?

Mizrahi: You need to make mistakes. But in the end, it's the spirit of the thing—the work, and the people you work with—that gives you pleasure. It's not the finished product.

Musto: What about the criticism?

Mizrahi: I said in the movie that I wish people would either say they love it or hate it or just shut up. Because you don't get in-depth criticism in fashion. It's all glib sound bites—what's in, what's out, in a sentence. I wish there *was* great criticism. I long for it. I get it from friends.

Musto: What drives you the most?

Mizrahi: Probably the fact that I was really fat as a child and I always wanted to rule over thin people. This is my way of achieving it. Also glamour and the idea of selling personality more than clothes. And, of course . . . *helping people*.

Musto: What drives you, Douglas?

Mizrahi: *Besides* an El Camino . . .

Musto: The money?

Mizrahi: Oh, yeah. He made *a lot* of money off this. As did I. We're just rolling in it, babe.

Musto: Do you ever pause from your fabulous life as a top designer and think, "This is all incredibly meaningless"?

Mizrahi: Any more than life itself? No. I mean, don't you look at your life sometimes and say, "God, it's completely pointless"? You fall into these horrible depressions, and then one day you wake up and somehow——

Musto: You're dead.

Mizrahi:——you realize everything's fine. ■

Center—42–17 Queens Blvd., at 43rd St., Sunnyside (784-3050) *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Batman Forever; Pocahontas.*

Cinema 5—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (357-9100) *Free Willy 2; Batman Forever; Judge Dredd; Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Species; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *The Indian in the Cupboard; Pocahontas.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Free Willy 2; Apollo 13; Smoke.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Batman Forever; Judge Dredd; Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Species; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Free Willy 2; Apollo 13; Clueless; First Knight; The Indian in the Cupboard; Nine Months; Pocahontas.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Clueless; The Indian in the Cupboard; Judge Dredd; Pocahontas.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *First Knight; Nine Months.*

Fresh Meadows—190–02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (454-6800) *Apollo 13; Clueless; First Knight; The Indian in the Cupboard; Nine Months; Pocahontas.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Free Willy 2; Batman Forever; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory.*

Main Street—72–66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *Free Willy 2; Apollo 13; Batman Forever; Nine Months.* Opening 7/28: *Waterworld.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Batman Forever; The Bridges of Madison County; Species; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Free Willy 2:; Apollo 13; Clueless; First Knight; The Indian in the Cupboard; Nine Months; Pocahontas.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Burnt by the Sun; Casper; Crimson Tide.*

Plaza —103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Batman Forever; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Braveheart; Clueless; Species; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory.*

Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *Free Willy 2; Batman Forever.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Apollo 13; First Knight; The Indian in the Cupboard; Nine Months.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *Braveheart.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Free Willy 2; Apollo 13; Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory.* Opening 7/28: *Operation Dumbo Drop; The Net; Waterworld; The Bridges of Madison County; Pocahontas; Species.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Free Willy 2; Apollo 13; First Knight; Nine Months; Pocahontas.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Free Willy 2; Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; Apollo 13; Batman Forever; Clueless; Congo; The Indian in the Cupboard; Judge Dredd; Nine Months; Pocahontas; Species; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of Natural History—Two new Imax films: *Destiny in Space,* narrated by Leonard Nimoy, and *Titanica,* about the exploration of the shipwreck. The films are shown daily, with both offered as a double feature on Fri. and Sat. nights. Central Park W. at 79th St. (769-5650); $10 singly; $13 double feature.

American Museum of the Moving Image—Through 7/30: "Orson Welles." 7/29: *F for Fake* (1973), about—what else?—hoaxes, and *The Trial* (1962). 7/30: *The Immortal Story* (1968) and *Chimes at Midnight* (1966). Through 8/4 "Laurel & Hardy." 7/25–7/28: Three shorts: *Hog Wild* (1930), *Their First Mistake* (1932), and *Brats* (1930). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $5.

Anthology Film Archives—7/28: *Marie Menken* and *Austrian Avantgarde Cinema: 1955-1993.* 7/29: *Marie Menken*, Andrew Noren's *The Adventures of the Exquisite Corpse* (1967), and Leni Riefenstahl's *Triumph des Willens* (1934-1935). 7/30: *Austrian Avantgarde Cinema: 1955-1993* and Leni Riefenstahl's *Olympia* (1938). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); $7.

Asian American Film Festival—7/28–7/30 Features and shorts from Hong Kong, Korea, Japan, Taiwan, and India. 7/28: *A Forgotten People* (1995), *301,302* (1994) and numerous shorts, including *I'm Sorry* (1991), described as "a humorous look at the male condition," and *Reticence* (1994), about an Asian thief who preys on a Chinese food delivery boy. 7/29: *Angry Cafe* (1994), *Fate and Fury* (1994), *The Women Outside* (1995), *Hollywood Hotel* (1994), *Saio Yu* (1994), *The Chinese Feast* (1994), and short films on "Innocence & the Pains of Coming of Age." 7/30:*Raha* (1990), *The Stone* (1994), *Sakay* (1993), *Red Rose White Rose* (1994), *In the Name of the Emperor* (1995), and various shorts. Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (925-8685). $40 for a festival pass or $7.50 per show.

Film Forum—Through 8/10: "Blaxploitation, Baby!" 7/25: *Cooley High* (1975) and *Cornbread, Earl and Me* (1975). 7/26 and 7/27: *Hit Man* (1972) and *Trouble Man* (1972). 7/28: *Wattstax* (1973) and *Three Tough Guys* (1974). 7/29 and 7/30: *Blackula* (1972) and *The Mack* (1973). 7/31: *Melinda* (1972) and *Cool Breeze* (1972). 8/1 and 8/2: *Mandingo* (1975). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $7.50.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—Through 8/10, French Comedies. 7/25 and 7/26: *The Shameless Old Lady* (1965) and *Voyage Surprise* (1946). 7/27 and 7/29: *Lola* (1961) and Louis Malle's *Murmur of the Heart* (1971). 7/27 and 7/28: *Pandora's Box* (1928), starring Louise Brooks and scored by the Club Foot Orchestra. 7/28: *The Aviator's Wife* (1980) and *Pauline at the Beach* (1983), both directed by Eric Rohmer. 7/31: *Cousin Cousine* (1975) and *La Cage Aux Folles* (1979). "Movies for Kids." 7/29 and 7/30: *Little Women* (1933). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600); $7.50.

Guggenheim Museum Soho—Urban Edge: New Urban Cinema from Melbourne, Australia. 7/28: *Rhino Christmas* (1991), *Nirvana Street Murder* (1991), and *The Heartbreak Kid* (1993). 7/29: *The Big Steal* (1990), *Death in Brunswick* (1991), *Proof* (1991), and *Romper Stomper* (1992). 7/30: *Ruthven* (1989), *Only the Brave* (1993), *Spotswood* (1992), and *Metal Skin* (1994). 575 Broadway (at Prince St.) (423-3638); free with museum admission.

Museum of Modern Art—Through 10/3: "Screen Plays: From Broadway to Hollywood, 1920–1966." 7/24: *Separate Tables* (1958) and *The Fugitive Kind* (1960). 7/24 and 7/27: *A Hatful of Rain* (1957). 7/25: *Tonight or Never* (1931). 7/25 and 7/28: *As You Desire Me* (1932). 7/25 and 7/30: *Street Scene* (1931). 7/27: *The Member of the Wedding* (1952). 7/27 and 7/29: *The Bat* (1926) and *The Bat Whispers* (1930). 7/28: *Dinner at Eight* (1933) and *The Man Who Came to Dinner* (1942), shown along with John Barrymore's screen test for that film. 7/29 and 7/31: *Success at Any Price* (1934). 7/30: *Way Down East* (1920). 7/30 and 7/31: *Kiki* (1931). 7/31: *Counsellor-at-Law* (1933). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

Museum of Television & Radio—Through 11/17: "The World of Hanna-Barbera." 7/25–8/6: Daily screenings of episodes from The *Banana Splits Adventure Hour.* 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800); $6.

Whitney Museum of American Art—Through 8/13: "Edward Hopper and the American Cinema." A look at Hopper's profound influence on movies. 7/29 and 7/30: *Written on the Wind* (1956) and *The Savage Eye* (1959). 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); $7.

theater

Busch...Big Bids...Brooklyn Bridge

Previews

Role Playing

Before taking off for summer vacation, *Swingtime Canteen's* Alison Fraser (wielding baton, in snood) gives replacement (bouffant hairdo, impish smile) a few pointers on assuming Fraser's role as an all-American girl in the (usually) all-female World War II musical revue at the Blue Angel.

Broadway

Now Playing

Arcadia—Tom Stoppard's Olivier Award–winning comedy of ideas, in which two contemporary scholars muse on the nature of time and truth while investigating a centuries-old scandal in an aristocratic household. With Blair Brown, Victor Garber, and Robert Sean Leonard; directed by Trevor Nunn. $37.50–$42.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Vivian Beaumont Theater at Lincoln Center, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).3 hrs.*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Sarah Uriarte plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Crazy for You—The 1992 winner of three Tony awards, including Best Musical, is currently in its fourth year on Broadway. James Brennan and Karen Ziemba star in this musical comedy, a loose adaptation of the Gershwins' *Girl Crazy,* about a banker's son who's sent to foreclose on a theater in a mining town. Light and frothy, with Gershwin and Susan Stroman's choreography as central pleasures. Book by Ken Ludwig; co-conceived and directed by Mike Ockrent. $15–$67.50. Dark Thurs. Opened: 2/19/92. *Shubert Theater, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-880-0740.

Damn Yankees—A fading boy of summer sells his soul to the Devil for a second chance at playing professional baseball in this revival of the 1955 musical based on Douglass Wallop's best-seller, starring Jerry Lewis as the Prince of Darkness, midlife-crisis division. $15–$67.50. Through 8/6. *Marquis Theater, 1555 Broadway (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $44.50. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8, Sun. at 3. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 5. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial CAVEMAN). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With teen heartthrob Jon Secada as bad boy Danny Zuko. $30–$67.50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Having Our Say—A two-character play about changes in the lives of black Americans over the past century. Emily Mann has adapted her text from the best-selling memoirs of the Delaney sisters, who, at 100 years of age and counting, have Seen It All. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Booth Theater, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

The Heiress—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1947 stage adaptation of the Henry James novella *Washington Square,* in which a domineering and oppressive father squelches his shy daughter's attempt at romance. Suitably Hollywoodized, William Wyler's film version starring Olivia de Havilland swept the 1949 Academy Awards; James, the master of moral irony who experienced the single most devastating failure of his career with a disastrous foray into dramatic writing—the play *Guy Domville*—would doubtless have appreciated the joke. With Cherry Jones (winner of both the Drama League's Distinguished Performance Award and the 1995 Tony for Best Actress in a Play for her work in the title role), Donald Moffat, Frances Sternhagen, and Michael Cumpsty; directed by Gerald Gutierrez. $20–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2,; Sun. at 3. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200).2 hrs. 30 mins.*

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—Armed only with charming dishonesty, Matthew Broderick, in the role created by Robert Morse, rises swiftly to the top of the corporate world in a new Broadway revival of the 1961 musical. Has much become dated in Shepherd Mead's classic farce about raging ambition? Well, the Man in the Gray Flannel Suit wears Armani these days, but the songs and lighthearted satire are as sharp as ever. $25–$67.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Indiscretions—Cocteau's *Les Parents Terribles,* a bittersweet farce about the tangle of complicated relationships within an eccentric, self-obsessed family, in a new English translation by Jeremy Sams. This production comes to Broadway from London's Royal National Theatre; among those getting unhealthily involved with each other are Kathleen Turner, Eileen Atkins, Roger Rees, Jude Law, and Cynthia Nixon. $45–$60. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed and Sat. at 2. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its ninth year on Broadway, is the fifth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$65.00. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Love! Valour! Compassion!—Terrence McNally's bittersweet drama (winner of the 1995 Tony Award for Best Play) about eight gay men who come together at a country home over the course of several holiday weekends. With Mario Cantone, John Glover, Stephen Bogardus, T. Scott Cunningham, Randy Becker, Richard Bekins, and Justin Kirk. Directed by Joe Mantello. $15–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs.*

Miss Saigon—A reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$67.50. Dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its eighth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

to pack them in, passing the 3,000-performance mark recently and edging into seventh place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Play's the Thing—Life, as every theatergoer knows, is a play—at least, that is, if you live in a castle on the Italian Riviera, the setting for the Hungarian playwright Ferenc Molnar's lighthearted 1926 comedy about a dramatist who contrives a theatrical performance to reconcile two estranged lovers. Translated by The Master, P. G. Wodehouse. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Roundabout Theatre, 1530 Broadway (869-8400). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvedly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. The cast here is a true constellation: John McMartin's rubber-legged Cap'n Andy; the starchy, beady-eyed Parthy of Elaine Stritch; Rebecca Luker; Mark Jacoby; Michel Bell; Gretha Boston; and Lonette McKee's penetratingly sung Julie, which is also shatteringly acted. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94) $30–$75. Opened: 10/2/94. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

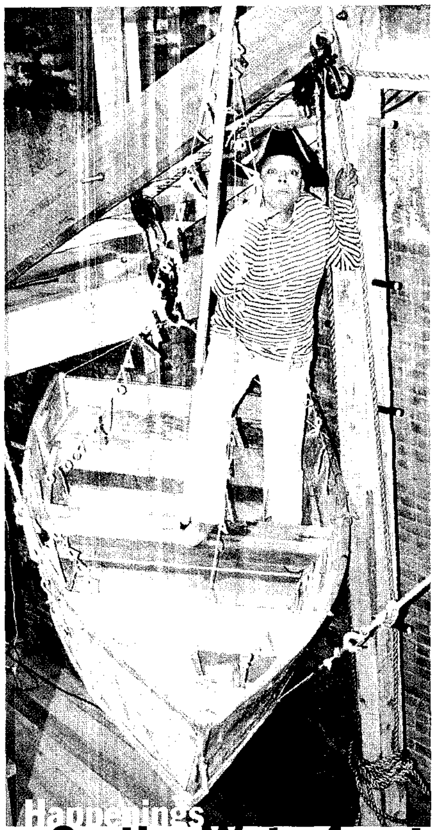
Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $49.50–$67.50. At the *Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)*? Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Sunset Boulevard—Neither as bad as the gossips may have wished nor as good as the gullible must have hoped. It has two or three nice songs amid the soupy orchestrations; a great deal of sameness—songs that echo one another or previous Andrew Lloyd Webber songs too closely; book and lyrics by Don Black and Christopher Hampton, to be remembered for the most ear-grating rhyme ever, "kosher-brochure"; remnants of an interesting plot from the Billy Wilder movie; John Napier's scenery, its inventiveness truly matching its lavishness; arresting costumes by Anthony Powell; Hollywood-worthy lighting by Andrew Bridge; and unsatisfactory performances almost across the board. (Simon; 11/28/94.) Betty Buckley stars as Norma Desmond. $25–$70. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Pets—"I think I could turn and live with animals," wrote Walt Whitman, "they are so placid and self-contain'd." That, more or less, is the premise of this new musical revue—assembled by Helen Butleroff from the songs of some seventeen lyricists and composers—about the bonds between people and their Significant Nonhuman Others. $35. Wed.–Sun. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Special performance 7/25; no evening performance 7/30. Opens 7/27 at 7. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (307-4100).*



On the Waterfront

The cavernous chambers inside the piers on the Brooklyn end of the Brooklyn Bridge provide the setting for *Deviant Craft*, a play in which prisoners at a women's penal colony explore their world through a Patrick Stewart–less performance of Shakespeare's *The Tempest*. It's running Wednesday through Sunday at 8 through August 6; call 969-8062 for (required) reservations.

Now Playing

After-Play—After a successful limited run at the Manhattan Theatre Club earlier this year, the actress Anne Meara's debut play about four old friends sharing a New York evening of dinner, theater, and memories has reopened a few blocks west, with Meara stepping into the role previously performed by Rue McClanahan. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. at 5., Sun. at 3. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $30-$40. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Wed. at 5, Fri, and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Bonhoeffer 1945—Executed by the Nazis in 1945 for his role in a plot to assassinate Hitler, German writer and theologian Dietrich Bonhoeffer became known after the war as the prototype of the modern Christian martyr. D. Paul Thomas and Nicholas Hormann reenact his ordeal in Mr. Thomas's new play. $25–$27.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sun. at 3. *McGinn/Cazale Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. above the Promenade (279-4200).*

Crumbs From the Table of Joy—The first of Second Stage's new series of plays for teenage audiences on multi-generational themes follows an African-American family moving from rural South to urban North in the fifties. $32.50–$35; students 18 and under, $7.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Second Stage Theatre, 2162 Broadway at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Death Defying Acts—An evening of three one-act plays by Woody Allen, David Mamet, and Elaine May. With Linda Lavin, Debra Monk, and Paul Guilfoyle; directed by Michael Blakemore. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Variety Arts Theatre, Third Ave. at 13th St. (239-6200).*

Deviant Craft—$15; reservations, which are required. may be made by calling *(212) 969-8062.* Wed.–Sun. at 8 at the *Brooklyn Bridge Anchorage;* the nearest subway stops are the A and C at High Street and the 2 and 3 at Clark St.

The Donahue Sisters—It's a combination of Chekhov and Strindberg in the west of Ireland as three sisters—genteel Rosie, cynical Dunya, and domestic-minded Annie—reunite at the family homestead and long-burning resentments begin to emerge. Geraldine Aron's play features Alma Cuervo, Terry Donnelly, and Carolyn McCormick; directed by Nye Heron. $25–$30. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. (757-3318).*

Ecstasy—The director Mike Leigh, whose international reputation is based on films (*Naked, Life Is Sweet*) about English working-class families and lost souls looking for a little cheerfulness in tough times, is equally well known at home as the writer of stage plays mining a similar sociopolitical vein. In the New Group's production of this 1979 script, a young woman fends off loneliness and an abusive boyfriend, less depressingly than you might expect. $25. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 4 and 8:30. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 3 and 7; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838)*

Fortune's Fools—The title of Frederick Stroppel's new play comes—you knew this—from *Romeo and Juliet;* everything else is relentlessly contemporary in this romantic comedy about four Generation-Xers looking for love. $40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (989-2020).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $35–$55, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Thurs. at 7:30; Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7; Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse (formerly Playhouse on Vandam), 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Incommunicado—A civilized and sophisticated play about Ezra Pound, written by Tom Dulack with economy, elegance, and no small eloquence. (Simon; 4/4/95.) With Tom Aldredge as Pound; directed by Richard Corley. $23; students/seniors $18. Tues.–Sat at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 3. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Jelly Roll!—Vernel Bagneris stars in this musical look at the life of Jelly Roll Morton. He adapted the book from the Library of Congress interviews Morton gave detailing his career. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 8/18/94. *Kaufman Theatre, 534 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

john & jen—A musical family story by Tom Greenwald and Andrew Lippa. $25. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Little Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (997-1780).*

The Lobster Reed—Eda LeShan, the *Newsday* columnist, makes her playwriting debut at the age of 73 with a one-woman play about a senior citizen's victory over cancer after being abandoned by the medical community. Marilyn Chris stars; directed by Max Daniels. $30. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Theatre Row Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

London Suite—If It Isn't Broken Don't Fix It Dept.: Neil Simon, author of *Plaza Suite* and *California Suite,* has crossed the Atlantic for the locus of this latest four-vignette *comédie sentimentale,* on view at the Off Broadway Union Square Theatre. (Meanwhile, up on West 52nd Street, the big Neil Simon Theater is dark.) Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

Photograph by Yancey Hughes.

Lonely Planet—Steven Dietz's drama about living with AIDS. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Circle Repertory Company, 159 Bleecker St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan (254-6330).*

Lust—You think New York City is sexually licentious? Maybe so, but it doesn't even come close to Restoration London. An English four-brother team known collectively as the Heathers (Neil, Lea, John, and Charles) has had the bright idea—not a bad one, at that—of adopting William Wycherley's 1673 play *The Country Wife,* the classic farce about rakes and miladys at erotic play, into a musical comedy. Denis Lawson stars as the Byronic (and appropriately named) Horner, who's mad, bad, and dangerous to know. $45. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Moose Mating—A new play by David Grae about heterosexual dating rituals, New York genus, in the Nineties. $10; $8 students. Thurs.–Sun. at 7:30. *HERE Performance Space, 145 Sixth Ave. at Dominick St. (647-0202).*

Off The Wall—$39, which includes your choice of a three-course dinner or a $15 beverage allowance. Thurs. at 7, Sun. at 6. *IBIS Supper Club, 327 W. 44th St. (307-4100).*

One Woman Shoe—After playing five sold-out weeks in January and February, this comedy by the brother-and-sister team of David and Amy Sedaris in which six women from various points on the social scale express their personal *tsuris* through song, dance, and monologue has returned for an open-ended run. $15/TDF. Mon. at 8, Thurs.–Sat. at 10. *The Club at La MaMa, 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

The Only Thing Worse You Could Have Told Me—Fourteen vignettes from contemporary gay culture, written and performed by Dan Butler, best known these days as the aggressively hetero Bulldog on NBC's *Frasier.* $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So., at Christopher St. (307-4100).*

Party—Truth-or-dare high jinks are at the center of Chicago playwright David Dillon's comedy about seven gay men. Scene to watch for: a nude group tribute to Karen Carpenter. $37.50–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $30. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3 and 7; Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Prisoner of Love—A theater piece adapted from Jean Genet's last novel by JoAnne Akalaitis (who also directs the production), Ruth Malaczech (who performs it), and Chiori Miyagawa, with an original score by Philip Glass. $22–$25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St., bet. Second and Third Aves. (302-6989).*

The School for Wives—In the National Asian-American Theatre Company's production of Molière's farce about a French aristocrat plotting to keep his wife-to-be faithful and education-free, actors from Asian cultures with a history of female oppression give the theme a special resonance. $10. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Vineyard 26th Street Theater, 309 E. 26th St. (683-9772).*

Schoolhouse Rock Live!—A stage adaptation of ABC's popular Saturday-morning cartoon series, which ran from 1973 to 1985 and introduced the work of composers and lyricists like Bob Dorough, Dave Frishberg, and Lynn Ahrens to the under-12 set. $20–30. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10, Sun. at 2. Through 8/5. *Atlantic Theatre, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

The Springhill Singing Disaster—Karen Trott's hilarious one-woman show about growing up female and guitar-infatuated. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dance, clap, and generally bang on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $22.50–$37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10:45; Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

Swingtime Canteen—A forties wartime revue in which an all-girl band and cast send the boys off to battle with songs by Frank Loesser, Johnny Mercer, Jimmy van Heusen, Harry Warren, et al. in their hearts. $37.50–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Blue Angel, 323 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Sylvia—A. R. Gurney's latest foray into the emotional terrain of northeastern Waspism focuses on a New York City couple whose plans for their kid-free golden years are altered by the unanticipated factor of a small dog. With Mariette Hartley, John Cunningham, Derek Smith, and Sarah Jessica Parker as, uh, the dog. Directed by John Tillinger. $45. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sat. at 5. *Manhattan Theatre Club Stage I, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Onstage

Going, Going

Since *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding* first blazed the trail in 1988, so-called "interactive" comedies (bring the whole family! Food included!) have proliferated like—well, like loud-mouthed relatives at a wedding reception. The latest entry in the genre is *Off the Wall,* which places audiences in the midst of an unscrupulous, high-stakes art auction. At IBIS Supper Club, 327 West 44th Street (307-4100).

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

Three Tall Women—Edward Albee's Pulitzer Prize–winning drama about a wealthy 92-year-old widow who reexamines the events of her life; directed by Lawrence Sacharow. $42.50–$45. Tues. at 7:30, Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/12/94. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.;* then a reception at *147 Waverly Pl.,* with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 (279-4200).

Travels With My Aunt—Brian Murray and Jim Dale (among others) play assorted men, women, children, and small domestic animals in a knockabout stage adaptation of Graham Greene's comic novel. $27.50–$45. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta La. (307-4100).*

Twelve Dreams—A Jungian fantasy about a widowed psychiatrist and his young daughter, from the playwright and librettist James Lapine. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 8/6. *Mitzi Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

2 Boys in a Bed on a Cold Winter's Night—Two contemporary men look for something more permanent than a passing sexual fling in James Edwin Parker's play about life beyond the oppressive confines of urban gay subculture. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl., bet. Perry and 11th St. (279-4200).*

Off-Off Broadway

The All-Nude College-Girl Revue—After graduating from Wellesley, Lisa Faith Phillips worked as a stripper at a Boston nightclub to pay for graduate study at the London School of Economics. That projected career in academia never materialized, but this play, in which an idealistic coed forces hard-bitten peelers to confront their illusions, did. As they say, Write What You Know. $12. 7/26-29, 8/2-5 at 8; 7/23, 30, 8/6 at 3. *Synchronicity Space, 55 Mercer St. (642-5908).*

Beyond Therapy—A revival of Christopher Durang's 1981 farce about a man and woman whose romance begins with a personals ad and (nearly) ends in the respective offices of their insane psychotherapists. $12 plus two-drink minimum. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 10. *Trocadero Cabaret, 368 Bleecker St., at Charles St. (330-7607).*

Fanny's First Play—$12. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 7/30. *Westside Repertory Theatre, 252 W. 81st St. (874-7290).*

King James and the Indian—$12. Mon.–Sat. at 8. Through 7/29. *Mint Theater Company, 311 W. 43rd St. (315-9434).*

The Last Magic Show—$12. Wed. at 8 and 10. *Playquest Theater Company, 4 E. 28th St., bet. Fifth and Madison Aves. (779-0170).*

A Man's World—$10. Wed. at 7:30, Thurs. and Fri. at 8. Through 8/18. *Looking Glass Theatre, 422 W. 57th St. (315-1737).*

Moliere Unplugged—Two one-act comedies by the French master. $12 at the door, $10 in advance; TDF accepted. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 6. Through 7/30. *Chapter 3 Theatrical Studio, 34 Third Ave., bet. 25th and 26th Sts. (684-6119).*

The Nightwatch—$12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. Through 8/5. *Camilla's Theatre Gallery, 44 Walker St., south of Canal bet. Church and Broadway (925-9456).*

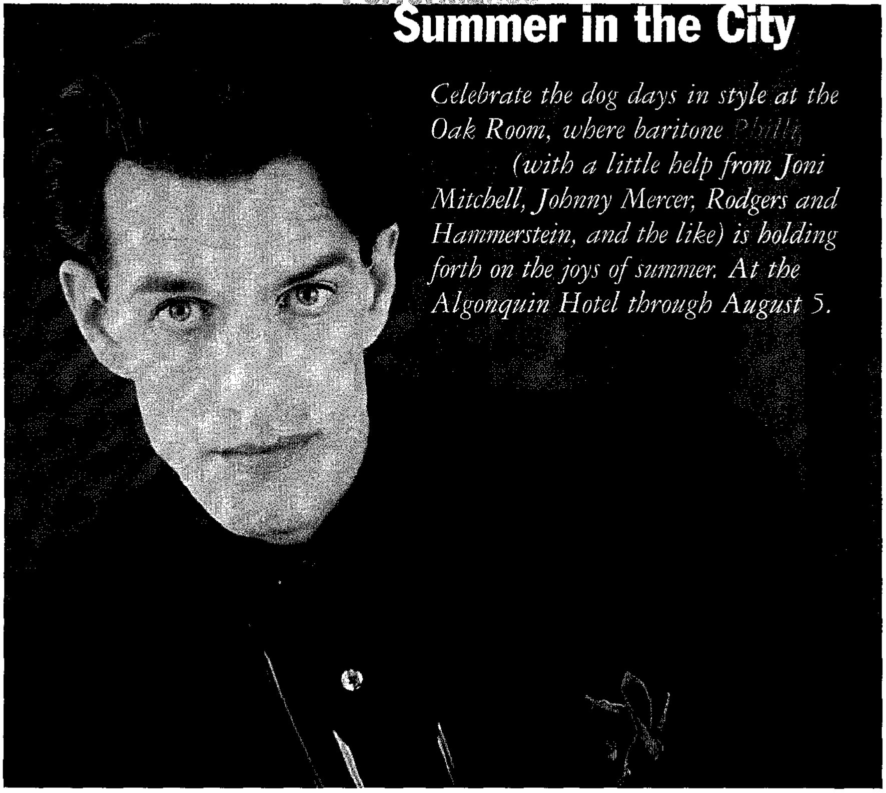
Somebody I Love—$15. Thurs.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3:30. Through 7/29. *Wings Theatre, 154 Christopher St. (627-2961).*

Timon of Athens—$10. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 7/29. *American Theatre of Actors, 314 W. 54th St. (581-3044).*

nightlife

Summer Jam...Speedwagon...Costell

Performance



Summer in the City

Celebrate the dog days in style at the Oak Room, where baritone Phillip (with a little help from Joni Mitchell, Johnny Mercer, Rodgers and Hammerstein, and the like) is holding forth on the joys of summer. At the Algonquin Hotel through August 5.

Concerts

Elvis Costello—Regrouped with the Attractions, Costello is free to visit any of his past incarnations: angry young man, post-punk Gershwin, roots-rocker, folk bard. But no matter the guise, he remains a mordant master of popular song, spinning lyrics that often curlicue into vicious barbs and singing them with a voice that could still cut flesh. Since his songbook also contains some of the most personal work of any artist since Bob Dylan, it's hard to understand why Costello's most recent record, *Kojak Variety,* was devoted entirely to obscure R&B covers (especially given the unfortunate "rootsy" growl they encourage in his singing). Still, with someone this prolific, we won't worry. Elvis is still king, even if he sometimes forgets it. 8/2–8/4 at 8 P.M. *Beacon Theater, 2124 Broadway, at 74th St. (307-7171). $30.*

Boyz II Men—What chart power. The squeaky-clean boys of Philly harmonize with the monstrously popular R&B trio TLC and Montell Jordan, author of the presently ubiquitous post-gangsta singalong "This Is How We Do It." If a bomb fell on this show, *Billboard's* charts might be empty. 7/29 at 8 P.M. *Madison Square Garden. (307-7171).*

Fleetwood Mac—The Mac holds forth with kings of of seventies wimp-rock REO Speedwagon, and rock diva Pat Benatar. 7/28 at 7:30 P.M. *Jones Beach. (516-221-1000) $28.50.*

American Cabaret—Purists may shun a smoke-, drink-, and upholstery-free cabaret, and the Merkin Hall—more high-school-auditorium than sultry bistro—must be one hell of a room to work. Still, these pros are surely up to it. Peter Ligeti's cavalcade presents some of the nation's most popular cabaret artists. 7/25: Steve Ross; Judy Carmichael; Chip Zien. 7/26: Carol Woods; Karen Saunders. 7/27: The Jenny Burton Experience; the Accidentals. 7/29: Baby Jane Dexter; Kim Criswell. 7/30: Angela LaGreca; Alex Korey; Craig Carnelia at 4 P.M. Marilyn Sokol; Tommy Femia; Tian Jiang. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (249-4200). $20–$25.*

Kenny Barron—The muscular, hard-swinging jazz pianist plays for the masses at Lincoln Center, leading his trio. 8/2 at 6:30 P.M. *North Plaza of Lincoln Center, 62nd St. and Broadway. (875-5700).*

Carly Simon—The confessional songstress has chronicled seventies excess and survived both a marriage with James Taylor *and* a duet with Mick Jagger. Doubtless, she'll be flaunting her longevity, life lessons, and decent new record, *Letters Never Sent,* largely taken from actual missives. While Simon holds down the seventies, Hall and Oates handle the eighties. 7/29 at 7:30 P.M. Jones Beach. (516-221-1000) $35.

Larry Coryell Quartet—The guitarist. 7/25 at 12:30 P.M. *Bryant Park, Sixth Avenue between 49th and 42nd Streets. (983-4142). Free.*

Djavan—The Brazilian superstar definitely tears it up live, mixing jazz, rock, and home-brewed Brazilian musics into a powerful blend that many have compared to Stevie Wonder, who, as it happens, is a big fan. 7/22 at 8 P.M. *Roseland. (592-4100)*

Brooklyn Tabernacle Choir—7/28 at 8 P.M. *Madison Square Garden, Pennsylvania Plaza at 34th St. (465-6000). $20–$30.*

Garth Fagan Dance/Afro-Brazilian Connection—Lincoln Center's "Out-of-Doors 25th Anniversary Season" presents Garth Fagan Dance and the late pianist Don Pullen's Afro-Brazilian Connections. 8/1 at 8:15 P.M. *Damrosch Park Band Shell, towards the back of Lincoln Center, 62nd St. and Broadway. (875-5700).*

Lollapalooza—Sonic Youth, Hole, Cypress Hill, Pavement, Sinéad O'Connor, Beck, the Jesus Lizard, and the Mighty Mighty Bosstones—probably the best line-up this festival has ever had—all on one stage. 7/28 (sold out) and 7/29 at noon. *Randall's Island, Downing Stadium. (249-8870). $33.*

Music of Frank Sinatra—7/25: "Come Fly with Me," with Betty Comden and Adolph Green, Vincent Falcone, Jack Jones, and others. 7/26: "That's Life," featuring Linda Ronstadt, Rosemary Clooney, and Ol' Blue Eyes's son, Frank Jr. Shows at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 57th St. at Seventh Ave. (247-7800).*

Steve Miller and the Doobie Brothers—7/25 at 8 P.M. Jones Beach. (516-221-1000) $28.50.

The Mighty Sparrow—The "Calypso King of the World." 7/28 at 3 P.M. *Prospect Park Bandshell, 9th St. and Prospect Park West, Park Slope (718-855-7882). $3 contribution.*

Gin Blossoms—7/26 at 8 P.M. *Roseland (307-7171). $20.*

Tom Jones—The one and only. 7/27 at 7:30 P.M. *Brooklyn's Asser Levy Park, between Ocean Parkway and Surf Ave., Coney Island, opp. the Aquarium (718-469-1912).*

Clubland

Academy—An odd pairing brings the gaunt, handsomely cadaverous former singer of goth-rockers Bauhaus, Peter Murphy, together with the fresh-faced young folkie Jewel, a 20-year-old Alaskan whose singing (and occasionally, yodeling) won her opening slots for Liz Phair and Bob Dylan. They both play on 8/2. *243 W. 43rd St., bet. Seventh and Eighth Aves. (249-8870).*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 7/28: "A No Risk Evening of Discovery" featuring the Floating Men, Those Darned Accordions, the Vidalis, and Don White. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownie's—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, low-rent bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. 7/28: Mt. Shasta; Japan's own ferocious avant-noise combo Space Streakings; the mysterious electrified cult figure Von Lmo. 7/30: Bob Evans; Kustomized. 7/31: The Geraldine Fibber. 8/1: Go to Blazes. Shows nightly at 9. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flier-strewn pit—in a good way. Swing by for a sordid bit of rock history. 7/25: Angel Corpus Christi. 7/29: Lunachicks. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A newish big-budged blueserie with comfortably down-home ambience and even more comfortable couches behind the

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Photograph by Hollis Officer.

stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. Shows nightly. 7/26-7/27: Larry Burton. 7/28-7/29: The Kinsey Report. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—St. Marks isn't Coney Island, but still, thrills and spills aplenty, with outer-borough ambiance and bands picked by Jesse Malin, the glammy lead singer of local punk-preservationists D Generation. *15 St. Marks Place. (475-9726).*

The Cooler—The meat-packing district's subterranean steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. 7/26: Fishtank; Night of the Living Dub. 7/27: Charles Gayle. 7/28: Groove Collective. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house. 7/26: Parlour James with Amy Allison & Ryan Hedgecock; Magnetic Fields. 7/29: Life in a Blender. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello ambience. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. On Tuesday nights, it's the steamy seventies-funk dance night "Soul Kitchen." "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 7/25: The Verve. 7/26: Dogstar, starring Keanu Reeves as a sometime indie-rocker (seriously). 7/27: John Lurie and the Lounge Lizards. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. 7/28-7/29: The charmingly naïf pre-punk legend Jonathan Richman. Shows at 8 and 11. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Limelight—A decidedly eighties nightclub housed in a church. On Wednesday's "Disco 2000," its halls ring with the pitter-patter of platform shoes. 7/25: The Nine Inch Nails–ish rock combo Filter, authors of the thunderously dark suicide song "Hey Man, Nice Shot," which, they take great pains to point out, was composed *before* the death of Kurt Cobain. *47 W. 20th St. (807-7850).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little more Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for Ladies' Night. 7/26: Little Buster and the Soul Brothers. 8/1: Luther Allison. 8/2: David Hole. *1558 Third Ave. (369-BLUES).*

Maxwell's—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB West, the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. 7/25: Chapel Hill's flagship of indie-rock purity and gleeful tunesmanship, Superchunk. 8/2: Ex-Minuteman and -fIREHOSE bassist Mike Watt; Laika. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-4064).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, frequently hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more *au courant* time slots of MTV. 7/26-7/27: The Swans. 7/28: U.K.'s latest sensations, the Smiths-esque Gene. 7/29: Laika; Rasputina. 8/1: Rake's Progress. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Paddy Reilly's—The home of the rollicking hip-hop-accented Irish band Black 47 on Fridays and the punkishly feisty Rogue's March on Sundays. *519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210).*

Sidewalk Cafe—The backroom Fort is the latest home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. 7/31: "The Antihootenany." 8/2: Lach and the Sextet Offensive. 8 P.M. *94 Avenue A (473-7373).*

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, a restaurant whose bamboo-and-thatch décor fetishizes the tropics and whose stage presents many acts that could fill stadiums back home. This, by the way, is Africa Mondo Week: 7/25-7/26: Kine Lam. 7/27: Amy Koita. 7/28: Boukan Guinen; Lady Miatta Fahnbulleh; Monoka. 7/29: Les Go De Koteba; Dominic Kanza. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Tramps—When they emerged two years ago, the Pharcyde was unfairly dismissed as a crew of posey, acid-jazz pseudorappers. The live horns, jazzy piano, and frisky attitudes of these L.A. youngsters set them in direct contrast to their grim gangsta neighbors, and their wild, marijuana-fueled fantasies seemed a little too exuberant to Matter. Too bad, because their *Bizarre Ride to the Pharcyde* was, in a sense, a textbook case of Old School supremacy: a phantasmagoric escape from urban desperation that transcended geography and class. They also happen to be, like the Roots and Digable Planets, that rare thing, a great live rap group. Playing with Groove Collective on 7/27. 7/28-7/29: The Meters. 8/2: Larry Graham leads Graham Central Station; Omar. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid/activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 7/26: disappear fear. 7/28: Skadanks; the Slackers. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Comeback Gold Sounds

A glance at Jones Beach's summer roster yields an eerie sense of *deja entendu*. Sure, the Black Crowes, the Cranberries, PJ Harvey, and a few other lollapaloozoids are scheduled. But so are a surprising number of less-callow musical guests: Pat Benatar. The Doobie Brothers. Fleetwood Mac. Steve Miller. REO Speedwagon. Donna Summer. If the words "Fifty original hits by the original artists!" are now ringing in your mind, you're not alone. While one could argue that these musicians have an appeal that transcends time, the reverse seems much more likely, that we are witnessing not the mere surfing of a retro fad (the disco revival, say, or heavy-metal redux) but a defiant allegiance to pop radio of yore: breezy cruisin' songs, weepy AM ballads, ersatz hard rock, orchestral disco-lite. It's the nascent K-Tel aesthetic. There's a certain pathos to these second acts' playing live on the Long Island stage—pop artists in the autumn of their years, playing to the waning skies of summer—but the venue's bookers are hardly touched with melancholy: All of the shows have sold out. It seems Jones Beach knows well the vagaries of pop life and death. "Every twenty years there's a revival," shrugs Mitch Slater, president of Delsener/Slater Enterprises, which books Jones Beach. "In the eighties it was the sixties; in the nineties, it's the seventies."

And so we beat on, boats against the current. Yesterday's gone, yesterday's gone.

CHRIS NORRIS

Photograph Chris Walker/Retna.

Jazz

Birdland—A comfy, two-tiered restaurant with huge bay windows, late-fifties jazz paintings, and striking lights hovering from the ceiling. The fine jazz musicians that play nightly rarely draw large crowds, probably owing to the longish uptown trek required to see them. 7/26: Alison Stewart Quartet. 7/27-7/28: Tana-Reid. 7/30: Karen Taborn. *2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228).*

Blue Note—Easily the city's highest ticket jazz spot, the self-titled "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening and, as its empire expands (most recently taking Indonesia with the Blue Note Jakarta), charges accordingly. 7/24: Ivan Bodley and his Jazz/Funk Unit. 7/25-7/30: The Chuck Mangione Quartet. 8/1-8/6: Ivan Lins. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Bradley's—Jazz's secret garden. At 25 years old, it's second only to the Village Vanguard for longevity and comparable in well-worn ambience—an intimate, dark-paneled restaurant into which some of the city's best jazz musicians creep after hours. Closed through July 30. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 a.m. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440).*

Cajun—A brassy and brightly lit bit of New Orleans in Chelsea, dedicated to Preservation Hall–style Dixieland. Regulars include Joe Muranyi, clarinetist for the last six years of Louis Armstrong's All Stars; Eddy Davis, a jazz banjoist; and Chuck Folds, a stride pianist and sometime accompanist to trumpet legend Doc Cheatham. *129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174).*

Cornelia Street Cafe—A cozy and well-heeled neighborhood restaurant that occasionally presents excellent jazz musicians. Tuesdays in July, the Neal Kirkwood Octet holds the floor, featuring pianist Kirkwood and trombonist Ed Neumeister, performing originals and classics by Monk and Ellington. *29 Cornelia St. (989-9317).*

Fat Tuesday's—A snug subterranean nightclub out of the downtown jazz circuit, Fat Tuesday's regularly presents excellent jazz vocalists, plus the guitarist-inventor Les Paul, who holds forth every Monday night. 7/25-7/30: The legendary guitarist Charlie Byrd. 8/1-8/6: Jimmy Witherspoon. *190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902).*

The Five Spot—Highly rated food and the airy, drop-dead splendor of the old Hotel Wolcott's ballroom. 7/28-7/29: Ralph Peterson. *4 West 31st St. (631-0100).*

Iridium Room—The artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center crosses Dalí with Dr. Seuss in its décor and hosts some formidable jazz comers in its basement. Every Monday is Tess Marsalis and the Swing Daddy Big Band. 7/18-7/22: The Sonny Simmons Trio. 7/25-7/30: T. S. Monk Quartet. 8/1-8/6: Singer Ruth Brown and Quintet. Sets Tues.-Sat. at 9:30 and 11 P.M. and 12:30 A.M.; Sun. at 8:30 and 10 p.m. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Knitting Factory—7/25: Dresser Eskelin Hemingway. 7/27: Avant-funk saxophonist Steven Coleman leads Metrics. 7/31-8/1: Cecil Taylor's twenty-piece orchestra, Phthongos, a unit whose numbers should be barely enough to match Taylor's own pianistic sound and fury. 8/2:1: John Zorn's improvisational free-for-all Xu Feng. Shows at 8 and 11 P.M. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broad-*

way and Church St. (219-3055).

Metropolis Cafe (Downstairs)—The elegant restaurant right off Union Square may be out of the Village jazz loop, but its basement regularly hosts top-notch jazz stars and R&B acts. Tuesdays, George Gee's orchestra plays swing classics from Basie to Woody Herman. 7/25: Denis Jeter Big Band. 7/28–7/29: The New York Jazz Flutette. *31 Union Sq. W. (675-0851).*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. 7/25–7/30: Anders Bergcrantz Quartet. 8/1–8/2: Randy Weston's Africa Rhythms. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A pricey, somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop. Still, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. 7/25–7/30: Gloria Lynne and Trio. 8/1–8/6: Dave McKenna, Dick Sargent, and Donna Byrne. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis played to, sneak a glance inside the kitchen. This is living jazz history. Monday, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 8/1-8/6: Slide Hampton and the Jazz Masters. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

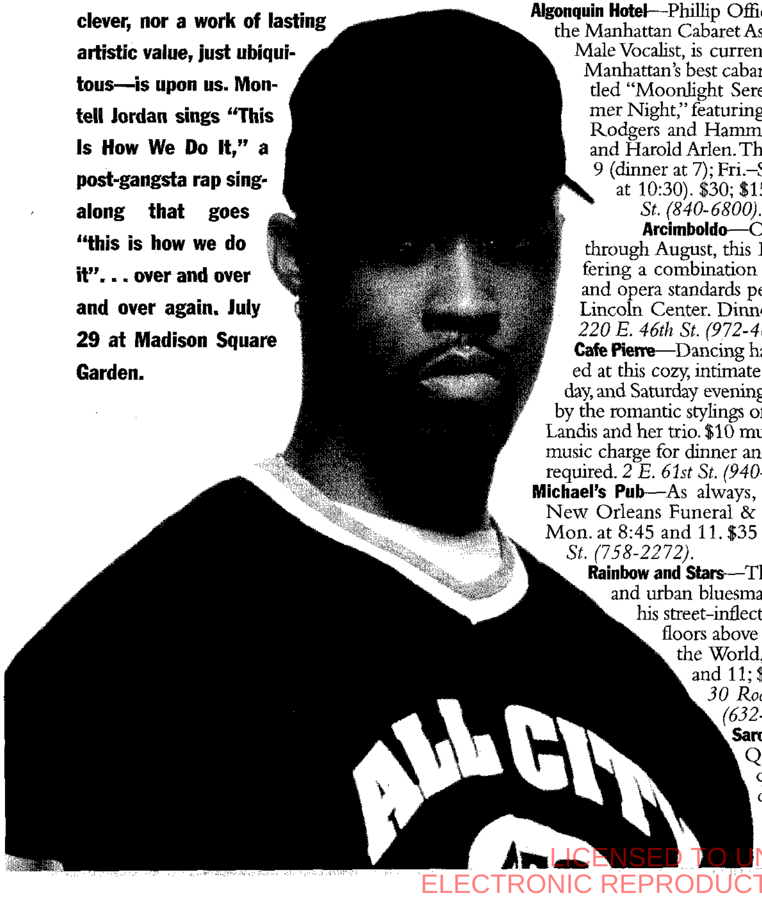
Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Wednesdays, Risa Barash hosts Women of Comedy Nights at 9:30. 7/24–7/30: Keith Robinson: Tony Woods; Kevin Brennan; Wanda Sykes-Hall. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the Letterman show, this posh 300-seat arena features mostly "headliners"—i.e., comedians you've seen on television. 7/27–7/30: Bobby Collins with Jim Gaffigan and Jim Lauletta. Shows at 8, with extra shows at 10:30 on Fri. and Sat. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Performance
Taking the Summer

As predicted in our Summer Fun issue, the Summer Song—not necessarily tuneful, nor clever, nor a work of lasting artistic value, just ubiquitous—is upon us. Montell Jordan sings "This Is How We Do It," a post-gangsta rap sing-along that goes "this is how we do it"... over and over and over again. July 29 at Madison Square Garden.



Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. 7/31: Jeff Ross; Greg Rogell; Kevin Brennen; Greer Bournes; Wanda Sykes-Hall. Shows Sun.–Thurs., 9–2. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. 7/24–7/30: The Most Brothers; Brian McFadden; John Rizzo. 7/30–8/6: Glenn Farrington; Quentin Heggs; Phil Tagliaferri. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Jane's Comedy Club —7/29: Joan Keiter; Debbie Shea; Linda San Lucas. *254 Greene St., bet. 8th St. and Waverly Place. (475-5263).*

New York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino comics." Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45. 7/29: Todd Barry; Mike Royce; Mike Ivy. *241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).*

Rebar—The audience sits on well-worn couches and the comedians try things they've never done before. It's hit-and-miss in terms of comedy, but always entertaining. Mondays at 8. *Eighth Ave. at 16th St. (627-1680).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his Letterman appearances. 7/25: Jim Morris; Scott Blakeman; Lewis Black; Joy Behar; Dennis Reid. 7/28–8/4: Larry Amoros; Dave Attell; Glenn Farrington; Kevin Brennan. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Phillip Officer, two-time winner of the Manhattan Cabaret Association award for Best Male Vocalist, is currently making his debut at Manhattan's best cabaret room with a show titled "Moonlight Serenade: Songs of a Summer Night," featuring songs by Joni Mitchell, Rodgers and Hammerstein, Johnny Mercer, and Harold Arlen. Through 8/5. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $30; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Arcimboldo—On Sunday evenings through August, this East Side trattoria is offering a combination package of Italian food and opera standards performed by artists from Lincoln Center. Dinner at 7; show at 8. $35. *220 E. 46th St. (972-4646).*

Cafe Pierre—Dancing has recently been reinstated at this cozy, intimate room on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings from 9 to 1, backed up by the romantic stylings of singer/pianist Kathleen Landis and her trio. $10 music charge in the bar; no music charge for dinner and dancing. Jacket and tie required. *2 E. 61st St. (940-8185).*

Michael's Pub—As always, Woody Allen and the New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra on Mon. at 8:45 and 11. $35 minimum. *211 E. 55th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—Through 7/29, folk singer and urban bluesman Richie Havens brings his street-inflected style to this venue 65 floors above the nearest street. Top of the World, Ma! Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11; $40 cover, no minimum. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor. (632-5000).*

Sardi's—The Joe Traina Quintet (they used to be a quartet, but, hey, things change) has extended its successful Friday-evening engagement here indefinitely, playing jazz, swing, and show tunes with various guest vocalists at 10:30. This week, *Sophisticated Ladies* alumna Terri Klausner sings the songs of Duke Ellington. No cover, no minimum. *234 W. 44th Street, Club Room, 2nd floor (221-8444).*

Bars

Alligator Alley—Jägermeister on tap and Billy Joel's "Only the Good Die Young" blasting on the jukebox while a gaggle of twentysomething women dressed for bed by themselves in leggings and oversize sweatshirts sing along. *485 Amsterdam Ave., at 84th St. (873-5810).*

Bar 5757—At the Four Seasons Hotel. You may require a few martinis to shell out $18 for a burger deluxe. Luckily this swank mausoleum has thirteen on its menu. Included among the various fruity mutations is the James Bond Original—yes, you guessed it: "shaken, not stirred." *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700).*

Bar d'O—An elegant and secluded bar on a lost corner in Greenwich Village. Perfect for a rendezvous (whatever your preference). Be sure to catch Joey Arias's delinquent and daring drag show, every Tuesday night. *29 Bedford St., at Downing St. (627-1580).*

Beekman Bar and Books—A determinedly upscale lounge for men and the women who will marry them. The clientele is much younger than it pretends to be and is very serious about being civilized. Very serious. Very civilized. Expect cigar and whiskey know-it-alls; expect striped ties and strings of pearls; expect O.J. jokes and college fight songs. *889 First Ave., nr. 50th St. (980-9314).*

bOb—A house party in some out-of-town aunt's living room. A tribute to the city's night-crawling diversity—fashion divettes, funksters, losers, and hippies. Fat-lady mud wrestling on the TVs above the exit, and the bar keeps the traffic at these vital transaction points light. *235 Eldridge St., at Houston St.*

Bowery Bar—Eric Goode's controversial wall boxes out the neighborhood and contains the giddy hipsters within a very cool lounge inspired by a fifties-era Miami Holiday Inn. So happy for a new place to have a genius time, the crowd doesn't seem to mind a bartender in whom a request for a neat bourbon inspires paroxysms of self-doubt. *358 Bowery, at 4th St. (475-2220).*

Brooklyn Inn—The arty and underemployed bang elbows with Brooklyn Law School cutups in this raucous cattle car. The self-consciously cool jukebox is equal parts Tom Waits, the Pogues, and John Coltrane. Pints of Guinness and Schaeffer and everything in between. Ask the regulars about the bartenders: They all have strong opinions. *Bergen St. at Hoyt St., Brooklyn (no phone).*

Den of Thieves—Another thumping downtown concept bar. Comfortable banquettes and some down-on-your-luck linoleum deuces so the regulars can commiserate about how hard it is to be young and fabulous all the time. Gripping rhythm from the D.J. after 11. *145 E. Houston St. (477-5005).*

Joe's Bar—A truly lousy pool table and a men's room that begs to have its floors pissed on don't detract from the good-time feeling powered by a jukebox that earned this place the moniker "Joe's Cowboy Bar." The urban-beat-cowboy thing among some of the regulars gets a little tired—but only sometimes. *520 E. 6th St. (473-9093).*

Mooney's Pub—Yes, an Irish bar worth a damn on upper Flatbush. Alas, the only one. The regular crowd is a pleasing mix of old-timers, midlifers, and punk kids. The Guinness is always good. *353 Flatbush Ave., nr. Carlton Ave., Brooklyn (718-783-9085).*

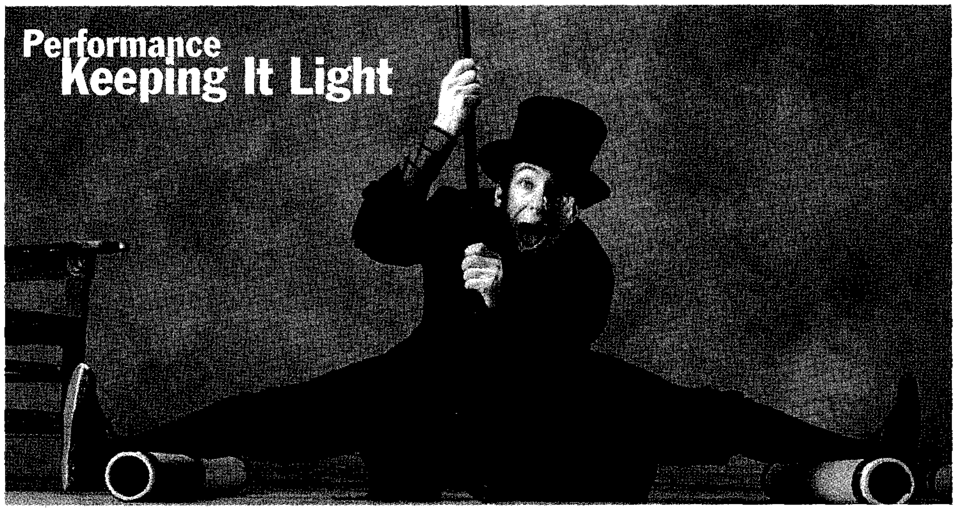
Riverrun—A hybrid beer hall/subway tunnel whose most architecturally significant objects are the phone-booth-size pissoirs. Have a beer with Danny, the best bartender in town. And have a boiled egg—they're free. While you're at it, drop a dime in the cheapest jukebox this side of 1940. *176 Franklin St., nr. Hudson St. (966-3894).*

The Rainbow Promenade—Head bartender Dale Degroff has been creating cocktails and perfecting the classics for years, and nothing beats the view at sunset. The line starts on Thursday and lasts all weekend, so drop by early in the week. Yes, that was Ray Kelly sipping on a Manhattan. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5100).*

Photograph by Tony Cutajar.

in concert

Mostly Mozart...Philharmonic in the Parks



Performance
Keeping It Light

This is the fifth summer in which Pilobolus Dance Theatre, the group named for a light-loving mushroom, has spent a month at the Joyce—a clear sign of popularity. What's its appeal? It deals in zany, collegiate humor spiced by literary references and glamorized by overtones of Dada and Surrealist art. The combo beguiles an endearing earlier self still alive in us under layers of weary sophistication: the adolescent with aesthetic pretensions. We can also identify with Pilobolus's six performers, who look like real people of various sizes, shapes, and types, and imagine we might, on a very good day, possess their carefree agility. The repertoire, choreographed communally by the troupe's present and former dancers, retains a rakish, improvisatory air, an aura of spontaneity that's refreshing. The dances also offer moments of mystery and beauty that are admittedly persuasive, despite their being rather facile and self-conscious.

Myself, I tend to resist Pilobolus, feeling the group lacks—or chooses to ignore—the tragic view of life essential to art, even comic art. I can just hear the happy fans' rejoinder to this argument: "Lighten up. It's summer, and this stuff is fun." Meanwhile, the company is selling a phenomenal 97 percent of its tickets. "The other 3 percent?" I ask the publicist, who snaps back, *"Critics."*

TOBI TOBIAS

Classical Music

Tuesday, July 25

Mostly Mozart—The most venerable of New York's summer music festivals begins this week with pianist Alicia de Larrocha and violinist Gil Shaham in a program of works by Mozart, Handel, and Kreisler. The conductor is Gerard Schwartz. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $20–$40.*

New Amsterdam Symphony Orchestra—A program featuring music by Schubert, Shostakovich, and Ives. *St. Peter's Church., 346 W. 20th St., at 7:30; $6.*

New York Philharmonic—The thirty-first season of summer concerts in parks around the city and its environs—fireworks included—kicks off with a program including music by Leonard Bernstein, Mendelssohn, De Falla, and Richard Strauss, conducted by Gisele Ben-Dor. *The Great Lawn, Central Park, at 8; free.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Wednesday, July 26

New York Philharmonic—Prospect Park, Brooklyn; see 7/25.

Mostly Mozart—See 7/25.

Thursday, July 27

Mostly Mozart—A triple-header program of Mozart concerti for one, two, and three pianos. See 7/25; *$15-$35.*

Friday, July 28

Mostly Mozart—Richard Stoltzman performs Mozart's Clarinet Concerto. See 7/25; $15-$28.

Summergarden—The Museum of Modern Art's series of free concerts performed on Fri. and Sat. by young artists and recent graduates of Juilliard. The garden is open for free admission at 6; concerts are at 8:30. This week's program features composers Robert Hall Lewis, Morton Feldman, and Jack Beeson. Through 8/26. *Museum of Modern Art; use entrance at 14 W. 54th St. (708-9491); free.*

Saturday, July 29

New York Philharmonic—Heckscher State Park in Suffolk County, Long Island; see 7/25.

Mostly Mozart—See 7/25.

Summergarden—See 7/28.

Sunday, July 30

New Amsterdam Symphony Orchestra—The Galatea Ensemble, playing chamber music by Mozart, Britten, and Stravinsky. See 7/25.

New York Philharmonic—Cunningham Park in Queens; see 7/25.

Opera

American Opera Projects—A program called "Uno, Two, Trois, Quatro: Sounds of Opera From Around the World," featuring pieces from operas and operettas in their original languages. *Herald Square, 34th St. and Broadway (967-3433), at 12:15 and 1:15; free.*

Dance

Doug Varone and Dancers/Sung Soo Ahn Pickup Group—July 28 at 8:30: A double program of a new commissioned piece and traditional dances to *bhangra* music. *SummerStage in Central Park, 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (245-8837); free.*

Eva Dean Dance Company—Through 8/6: Celebrates its tenth season with open rehearsals and performances at the Boat House in Prospect Park, Brooklyn. Performances 7/30 and 8/6 at 3. *Boat House in Prospect Park, Brooklyn (718-857-8368); free.*

Fifth Annual Dances for Wave Hill—Through 7/30: Site-specific works by Sally Hess, Nia Love, and Laura Staton. 7/19 at 6:30 and 7/23 at 5. *Wave Hill Park, Bronx (718-549-3200); free on Wed., $4 on Sun.*

Mobility Junction Dance—Through 7/29: Disabled and nondisabled artists from around the world in the "Second Annual Mixed Physical Abilities Festival." Other events include classes and improvisational jams. Performances Thurs.–Sat. at 8. *Vineyard's Dimson Theater, 108 E. 15th St. (683-9772); $9.*

Noche Flamenco—Through 7/30: The eight-member Madrid-based ensemble performs solos and duets. Extended for three weeks after a sold-out five-week run. *Theater 80, 80 St. Marks Place (924-0077); $15–$20.*

Pilobolus Dance Theatre—Through 8/4: The witty dance company showcases three premieres. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $30.*

Pilar Rioja—Through 9/20: The flamenco dancer presents the premiere of *Martinete* and other works. Mon. at 8, Tues. at 3, Wed.–Sat. at 8, and Sun. at 7. *Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. (889-2850); $25.*

Photograph by Michael O'Neill.

art

British Architects...Peress Pictures

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Ray Johnson—A memorial exhibition of collages and mail art, including works on loan from Robert Rauschenberg, James Rosenquist, Jasper Johns, and others; through 8/18. Feigen, 49 E. 68th St. (628-0700).

Batiste Madalena—These original movie posters, made to advertise such silent-screen classics as *Sally of the Sawdust* and *The Road to Mandalay*, were executed between 1924 and 1928 for the display cases of George Eastman's Eastman Theater in Rochester, New York; through 8/18. Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

Hans Richter/James Daugherty—Paintings and drawings executed between 1914 and 1918 that express the artist's despair and bewilderment as a German soldier in World War I./Paintings by this American modernist who participated in the first exhibition of the Society of Independent Artists in 1917 and was included in many of the exhibitions of the Societé Anonyme, which was founded by Katherine Dreier and Marcel Duchamp in 1920. Through 7/28. Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (879-6606).

57th Street Area

Tina Aufiero/Karen LaMonte—Recent glass works by both. Through 8/19. YWCA, 610 Lexington Ave. (735-9781).

Santi Moix—Etchings, woodcuts, and monotypes by a young Spanish artist; through 8/31. Pace Prints, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3237).

David Row—The artist's first exhibition at this gallery consists of new geometric paintings whose surfaces are built up with layers of pigment or scraped down to the bare canvas; through 7/30. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Michel Alexis—Recent large-scale paintings from the series "Stolen Diaries" that depict enigmatic narratives based on the text by Gertrude Stein and draw on the Steinian ideas of "continuous present" and universal biography; through 8/12. Dahn, 39 Wooster St. (343-1420).

Kathy Butterly/Ron Nagle—Small-scale porcelain vessels whose forms suggest organisms in the process of metamorphosis./Selected ceramic works. Through 8/25. Franklin Parrasch, 588 Broadway (925-7090).

Yuri Dyshlenko—A commemorative exhibition of paintings from 1975 through 1994 and postcard-size studies by this Russian artist (1936–1995) who was known for his mysterious narrative imagery; through 7/31. Kind, 136 Greene St. (925-1200).

Philip Guston—The artist's "Poem-Pictures," collaborations with writers and poets in which he integrates fragments of their writings into his own graphic imagery; through 7/28. The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. (219-2166).

Glenn Ligon/Scott Burton—Created in collaboration with the Fabric Workshop in Philadelphia, this series of eight punching bags is the artist's examination of black male identity and the stereotyping of aggression/Sculptures that have not been previously exhibited. Through 8/31. Protetch, 560 Broadway (966-5454).

Ground Rules:

During the summer, galleries are generally open Mon. through Fri., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Jean Lowe and Kim MacConnel—A collaborative installation titled "Bull Story" that is an amalgamation of Lowe's concerns about the impact of civilization on nature and MacConnel's study of the dichotomy between Eastern religious beliefs and Western rituals and traditions; through 9/16. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

Frank Stella—Prints from the sixties and seventies; through 9/7. Gemini G.E.L. at Joni Moisant Weyl, 375 W. Broadway (219-1446).

Xavier Veilhan—An installation on the theme of the medieval knight and his horse that suggests a similarity between the heraldic system of medieval Europe and the contemporary use of signs; through 8/12. Gering, 476 Broome St. (226-8195).

Other

Mark Beard—A window installation of two old master-style allegorical paintings that contrast the prevalence of violence and treasuring of high and low culture in America; through 8/31. Grey Art Gallery, 33 Washington Place (998-6780).

Jonathan Borofsky—Two twenty-foot-tall human figures, one painted black and the other white, each of which has a glowing red light in its chest that pulses with the sound of the artist's heartbeat; through 8/19. Grand Central Terminal Main Waiting Room, 42nd St. between Lexington and Vanderbilt Aves. (878-7262).

Richard Tsao—Abstract paintings that are built up with layers of poured paint; through 8/19. The Queens Museum of Art Bulova Corporate Center, 75-20 Astoria Blvd. Jackson Heights (718-899-0700).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Beacon Hill—980 Madison Ave. (734-3636). Paintings and watercolors on the theme of summer pastimes, by Avery, Burchfield, Hassam, Prendergast, Sloan, Stella, others; through 9/16.

C & M Arts—45 E. 78th St. (861-0020). Selected works by Cornell, de Kooning, Diebenkorn, Guston, Kline, Rauschenberg, Rothko, Twombly; through 8/31.

Graham—1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767). Summer show of works by Butterworth, Cotton, Duesberry, Hannock, Santlofer, Schley; through 9/1.

Murakami—17 E. 71st St. (717-6085). Paintings by the Hungarian masters Istvan Csok, Sir Philip Laszlo, Mihaly Munkacsy, and Sugo Scheiber; through 9/9.

Werner—21 E. 67th (988-1623). Works by Baselitz, Byars, Kirkeby, Lüpertz, Polke, Van Vliet; through 8/31.

57th Street Area

Architectural League of New York—457 Madison Ave. (753-1722). "Kiasma: Working Process," an exhibition of drawings and models of the Helsinki Museum of Contemporary Art by Steven Holl; "Envisioning East New York"; through 9/16.

Fischbach—24 W. 57th St. (759-2345). "Making Waves," with paintings and works on paper by Blaine, Brandt, Dodd, Freilicher, Kraft, Rickert, Sullivan, Wexler, Wilson, others; through 8/25.

French—24 W. 57th St. (247-2457). Paintings of landscapes, interiors, still life, and figures by Atkinson, Bogosian, Dodge, Monafo, Tanis, Zigmond, others; through 8/31.

Goodman—24 W. 57th St. (977-7160). Works by Artschwager, Broodthaers, Cragg, Horn, LeWitt, Munoz, Orozco, Richter, Schutte, Strüth, Weiner; through 8/31.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (247-0082). Collages by Bearden, Cornell, Greene, Ossorio, Rauschenberg, Ryan, Tanning, others; works on paper by Fairfield Porter; through 8/25.

Ryan—24 W. 57th St. (397-0669). Homoerotic American art made between 1900 and the present, by Allen, Cadmus, Demuth, Fischl, Hockney, Kent, Rivers, Warhol, others; through 9/16.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). Paintings and drawings by Beckmann, Corinth, Grosz, Heckel, Klimt, Pippin, Schiele, others; through 9/8.

Schmidt-Bingham—41 E. 57th St. (888-1122). Figurative paintings and sculpture by Buck, Neel, Minich, Treiman, Vermeersch; through 8/18.

Spanierman—45 E. 58th St. (832-0208). "Summer Days: American Views, 1850–1940," with paintings by Breck, Duveneck, Hassam, Henri, Prendergast, Ritman, Sargent, Twachtman, others; through 9/1.

Tatistcheff—50 W. 57th St. (664-0907). Paintings and drawings by Aponovich, Assael, Chapman, Hollowell, Ingle, Massad, Noel, Rand, others; through 8/15.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Foster—62 Crosby St. (966-9024). Works by Hendrick, Lloret, Roch, Thompson; through 8/5.

Ingbar—568 Broadway (334-1100). Paintings, photography, prints, and sculpture depicting New York City architecture, by Chavez, Haas, Lordi, McFarlane, Sokolov, Wilks, others; through 8/25.

Kasmin—74 Grand St. (219-3219). Works by Baechler, McLelland, Nares, Puckette, Rubins, Rule, Schuyff, Sultan, Twombly, others; through 9/16.

Merians—76 Greene St. (334-9099). For the show "Smells Like Vinyl," 150 participating artists, writers, and musicians were asked to make compact disc-sized watercolors of their favorite record album covers; through 8/19.

Rosen—130 Prince St. (941-0203). Works by Jarman, Kalpakjian, Scher; through 8/11.

Shapolsky—99 Spring St. (334-9755). Images of animals in paintings and sculpture by Arnold, Carlson, Dodd, Lieber, Pace, Rupp, Sullivan, Winter, others; through 9/23.

Other

Brooklyn Bridge Anchorage—Cadman Plaza West, Brooklyn, at the base of the Brooklyn Bridge (212-206-6674). "Art in the Anchorage 1995," features projects by Joan Bankemper, Karen Giusti, Tim Collins & Reiko Goto, Ilya Kabakov, Hope Sandrow, Maura Sheehan, and others; through 9/14.

Sculpture Center at Roosevelt Island—Main St., Roosevelt Island (832-4540). Outdoor sculptures by Geller, Jensen, Lesnewski, Nicol, Sussman, Zemel; through 11/15.

Snug Harbor Cultural Center—1000 Richmond Terrace, Staten Island (718-448-2500); Wed.–Sun. 12-5; $2 suggested donation. "In Three Dimensions: Women Sculptors of the 90s," features indoor and outdoor works by more than 125 women; through 1/14.

Photography

Benrubi—52 E. 76th St. (517-3766). Works by photographers who have have little or no exposure in New York, among them, Arentz, Bamberger, Bitner, Courville, Beahan/McPhee, Wright; through 8/31.

E-13—47 E. 3rd St. (982-0882). "America: Points of View," with works by Ashley, Boebel, Brophy, Laughton, Maraia, Olsen; through 8/13.

Harold Feinstein—Photographs of New York City buildings taken between 1989 and 1994 whose abstract prisms of shadow and light bring to mind Georgia O'Keeffe's paintings of New York cityscapes; through 9/15. Municipal Art Society, 457 Madison Ave. (935-3960).

Charles Harbutt—Pictures from the past 30 years by the former Magnum photographer; through 8/11. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

I.C.P.—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Nagasaki Journey: The Photographs of Yosuke Yamahata."; through 10/1. . . . "LIFE: The Pacific War."; through 10/1.

ICP Midtown—1133 Ave. of the Americas (860-1783), Tue. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6. "An American Century of Photography: From Dry-Plate to Digital, The Hallmark Photographic Collection"; through 9/10. "Eyes on an Era: Photographs by Irving Haberman"; through 9/10.

Lincoln Center —Walter Reade Theater, Film Society of Lincoln Center's Frieda and Roy Furman Gallery, 165 W. 65th St. (875-5601). Photographs that have appeared in the magazine *Dance Ink*, by Astor, Eccles, Michals, Plachy; through 8/31.

Pace/MacGill—32 E. 57th St. (759-7999). Large-scale photographs by Cadieux, Close, Coplans, Cox, Hellebrand, Horsfield, Jacobson, Serrano, Sherman, Stivers; through 9/1.

Herbert Matter—Black-and-white photographs from the early thirties that were used for travel posters by the Swiss Tourist Office, and a group of portraits and fashion photographs from the late forties; through 9/2. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (966-6223).

Rice—325 W. 11th St. (366-6666). Photographs on the theme of summertime by 32 artists; through 9/9.

Richardson—560 Broadway (343-1255). Contemporary and vintage photographs of water by Alper, Callahan, Cook, Cratsley, Jenshel, Meatyard, White, others; through 8/11.

Saul—560 Broadway (431-0747). Works by Bieber, Bitner, Moore, Priola, Schlesinger; through 8/11.

JoAnn Verburg—Multi-panel portraits and still-life images that celebrate simple events of everyday life; through 8/18. Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (570-1223).

Brett Weston—A survey of works by this photographer (1911–1993) of whom the photography historian Nancy Newhall wrote: "He saw the delicate aerial structure of eerie plants reaching into the skies, the dunes gray with storm or gleaming with snow against dark, distant mountains—endless absorbing variations!"; through 7/29. Burden Gallery at Aperture, 20 E. 23rd St. (505-5555).

Witkin—415 W. Broadway (925-5510). Contemporary and vintage prints under eight-by-ten inches, by Bravo, Courtney-Clarke, Hofer, Starr, Tice, others; through 9/1.

Museums

Alternative Museum—"Meighan Gale: Suitcases (Her Leaving Trunk)." A multimedia installation of dolls, televisions, bedsprings, bedsprings, leather, photographs, and others, and other objects and materials. Through 8/12. . . . "IV Annual Showcase Exhibition." Through 8/11. 594 Broadway (966-4444).

American Craft Museum—"Marriage in Form: Kay Sekimachi and Bob Stocksdale." Through 10/1. . . . "Junichi Arai: Post-Industrial Craftsman." Through 10/1. . . . "Facets of the Same Nature: A Survey of Contemporary Dutch Ceramics." Through 10/1. . . . "Diane Itter: A Retrospective." Through 10/1. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Art in the Service of Science." An assemblage of works by renowned naturalists and artists (Mon.-Fri. 10-5). Through 12/30. . . . "Botanical Art from the Hunt Institute Collection." Through 1/15. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $6 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors, $3 children.

Asia Society—"Monkey." Works that depict monkeys, ranging from Indian temple sculptures to Japanese netsuke. Through 9/10. 725 Park Ave. (517-ASIA); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat. 11–6, Thurs. 11–8, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 students and seniors.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Traces: The Body in Contemporary Photography." Through 9/10. . . . "Artists in the Marketplace: Fifteenth Annual; Exhibition." Through 9/10. . . . "David Padilla Cabrera y Linda Matalon." Through 9/10. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000); Wed. 3-9, Thur. and Fri. 10-5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3, $2 students, $1 seniors.

Brooklyn Museum—"More Room for a View: Large-Scale Works on Paper." Through 11/5. . . . "Nardo di Cione in Context: Early Renaissance Paintings From the Brooklyn Museum. Through 1/30/96. . . . "The Pictographs of Adolph Gottlieb." The first in-depth examination of the artist's pictographs, a series of paintings dating from 1941 to 1951. Through 8/27. . . . "Dale Chihuly: Grand Lobby Installation." Through 9/10. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.-Sun. 10-5; $4 donation, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum—"Field for Dreams: An 18th-Century Bedcover." Through 8/20. . . . "Kitsch to Corbusier: Wallpaper From the 1950s." Through 8/20. . . . "Body Language: Jewelry and Accessories From the National Design Museum." Through 8/20. . . . "The Structure of Style: Dutch Modernism and the Applied Arts, 1880–1930." Through 8/20. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6868); Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. noon–5;

Photography

Casualties of War

In 1994, after documenting the ongoing horrors in Bosnia, the French photographer Gilles Peress made three trips to Rwanda to record the aftermath of the massacre and eventual exodus of the Tutsi and Hutu people from Rwanda to Zaire and other countries. The resulting photographs, fifteen of which are currently on view at MOMA and all taken from Peress's new book, *The Silence* (Scalo Press, Switzerland, 1995), are a ghastly reminder.

Photograph: Lent by the photographer: courtesy Howard Greenberg Gallery/Museum of Modern Art.

$3, $1.50 seniors and students; free Tues. after 5.

Dahesh Museum—"Pleasures of Rural Life: Domestic Scenes and Animals in Academic Art." Paintings by Bouguereau, Hunt, Jacque, others. Through 9/23. 601 Fifth Ave. (759-0606); Tue.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Frick Collection—"The Golden Age of Danish Art: Drawings From the Royal Museum of Fine Arts, Copenhagen." Through 8/13. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.– Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—"Georg Baselitz." A survey of the German artist's paintings and sculpture from the past three decades. Through 9/17. . . . "Josef Albers: Glass, Color, and Light." Through 9/17. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $7, $4 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Antipodean Currents: Ten Contemporary Artists from Australia." Through 8/6. . . . "Gary Hill." Video installations by the Seattle-based artist. Through 8/20. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8; $5; $3 seniors and students.

Jewish Museum—"Women Photographers of the Weimar Republic." Through 7/30. . . . "Tricksters, Tailors, and Fools: Yiddish Tales Through Artists' Eyes." Through 7/30. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"The Painted Roundel in the Lowlands: 1480–1560." Through 8/20. . . . "Herter Brothers: Furniture and Interiors for a Gilded Age." Through 7/30. . . . "Decorating the American Home, 1850–1900." Through 7/30. . . . "Assyrian Origins: Discoveries at Ashur on the Tigris; Antiquities from the Vorderasiatisches Museum, Berlin." Through 8/13. . . . "Art and Empire: Treasures from Assyria in the British Museum." Through 8/13. . . . "An Ancient Egyptian Bestiary: Animals in Egyptian Art." Through 10/15. . . . "Masterplan for the Greek and Roman Galleries." Through 8/6. . . . "The Architecture of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1870–1995." Through 9/3. . . . "Bloom: Fashion's Spring Garden." Through 8/20. . . . "The Kilenge of New Britain: Photographs by Philip Dark, 1964–1970." Through 7/28. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–5:15 (closes at 4:45 between October and March).

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Auld Acquaintances: Famous Music from the James Fuld Collection." Through 8/27. . . . "The Fox and the Grapes: Aesop Through the Ages." Important editions of Aesop's tales, ranging in date from the third century to the twentieth. Through 8/27. . . . "Animals as Symbol in Medieval Illuminated Manuscripts." Through 8/27. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Museum for African Art—"Animals in African Art: From the Familiar to the Marvelous." Through 12/31. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6. $4, $2 children, students, and seniors.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Victorian Vernacular: The American Quilt Show." Through 9/10. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

El Museo del Barrio—"Reaffirming Spirituality." Works by 34 Latino artists paired with works they selected from the museum's permanent collection. Through 8/13. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Museum of Modern Art—"Artist's Choice: Elizabeth Murray." For the fifth exhibit in this series, the artist Elizabeth Murray selected works from the museum's permanent collection by 70 female artists. Through 8/22. . . . "The Silence: Photographs by Gilles Peress." Through 8/1. . . . "Leon Levinstein." Works by this New York photographer known for his images of people and street life in New York, Haiti, Mexico, and India. Through 10/10. . . . "The United Nations in Perspective." Through 9/26. . . . "Video Spaces: Eight Installations." Through 9/12. . . . "Mutant Materials in Contemporary Design." Through 8/22. . . . "Masterworks from the Louise Reinhardt Smith Collection." Through 8/22. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed. $8; $5 students and seniors; Thurs. and Fri., 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish.

Museum of the City of New York—"New York Now: Contemporary Cityscape Paintings." Through 12/31. . . . "Union Settlement Association: 100 Years of Leadership in East Harlem." Through 11/5. . . . "New York Saved: Thirty Years of Landmarks Preservation." Through 7/30. . . . "Curating New York: The Legacy of Grace M. Mayer." Through 9/8. . . . "A Century Apart: Images of Struggle & Spirit, Jacob Riis and Five Contemporary Photographers." Through 9/3. . . . "Ladies' Mile: Emporia and Entertainments." Through 10/22. 1125 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"Contemporary British Architecture: Recent Projects from the Royal Academy of Arts Summer Exhibition." An overview of current trends in British architecture. Through 9/17. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. 12–8, free 5-8); $3.50; $2 seniors and students.

National Museum of the American Indian—Three exhibitions featuring approximately 500 Native American objects from the museum's collection. 1 Bowling Green (668-6624); daily 10–5; free.

New-York Historical Society—"Treasury of the Past." Paintings, sculptures, and historic objects and documents from the museum's collection. Through 9/17. . . . "On the Avenue, Fifth Avenue." Through 9/17. . . . "Inventory: Christian Boltanski." An installation that is a museum display of actual belongings of a contemporary New Yorker. Through 9/17. 2 W. 77th St (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 seniors and children.

New York Public Library—"Writers in Wartime: Looking at World War II from the Berg Collection." Through 10/7. . . . "What Price Freedom?" A selection of objects from the library's collections that exemplify moments in history when people took great risks to express themselves freely. Through 1/6/96. . . . "The Collecting Adventure, 1895–1995—Part I: Documenting Pop and Avant-Garde." Through 9/1. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10-6, Tue.-Wed. 11-6, Thur.–Sat. 10-6; free.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"From the Studio: Artists-in-Residence, 1994–1995." An exhibition of rcecent works by Petrona Morrison, Rudzani Nemasetoni, and George R. Smith. Through 10/1. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed., Thur., Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5; $3 students and seniors.

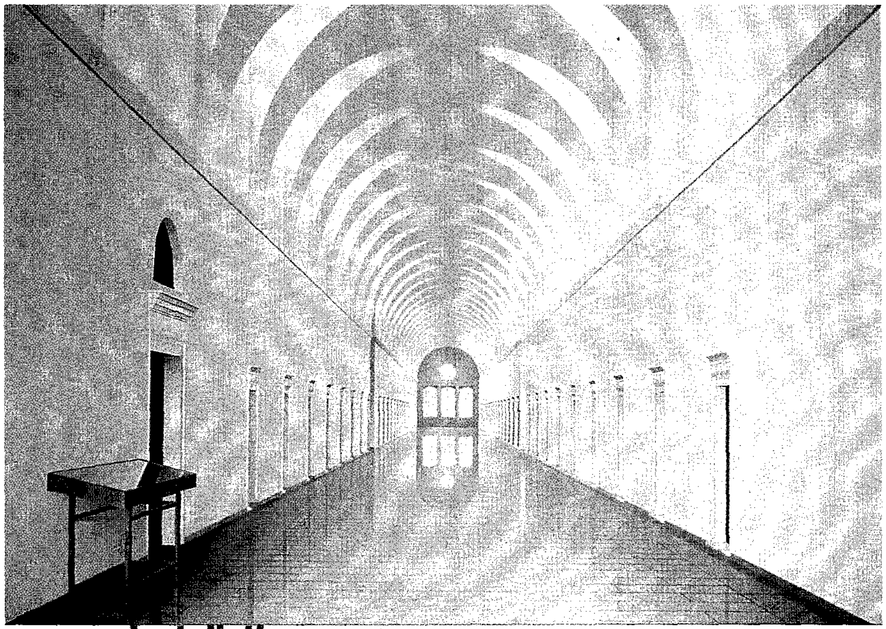
Whitney Museum—"Florine Stettheimer: Manhattan Fantastica." A retrospective of paintings by this chronicler of thirties and forties New York intellectual and bohemian life. Through 11/5. . . . "Views from Abroad." The first of three exhibitions organized by directors of European museums that looks at the artistic relationship between America and Europe during the twentieth century. Through 10/1. . . . "Edward Hopper and the American Imagination." An exhibition that explores the artist's influence on American creativity in the twentieth century. Through 10/15. . . . "Edward Hopper and the American Cinema." Through 8/13. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Carmen Lomas Garza." Prints and paintings by the Mexican-American artist that celebrate the Chicano community and experience. Through 9/22. 120 Park Ave. (570-3633), Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thu. 11–7:30); free.

Auctions

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 7/26 at 10: "English & Continental Furniture, Decorations & Paintings." On view from 7/22.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 7/27 at 10:15 and 2: "Arcade Furniture & Decorations." On view from 7/13.



Installation

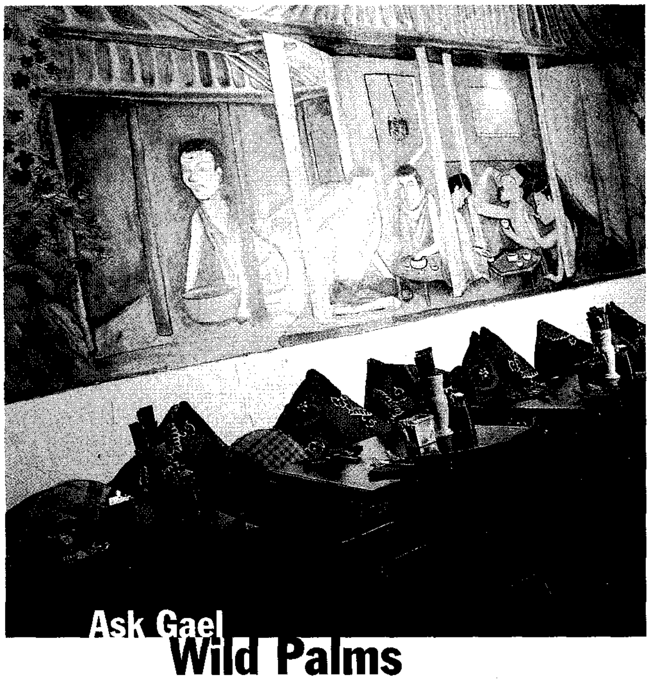
Architecture for Art's Sake

Though architects have been famously dismissive of art, *their* undertakings have always gotten fair due at London's Royal Academy of Arts. Even paintings of buildings, like Ben Johnson's *Corridor of Contemplation I (The Interior of San Giorgio Maggiore in Venice)* (above) have made it into "Contemporary British Architecture," which was organized by the Royal Academy and features mostly drawings, documents, and models by household names (Sir Norman Foster, Sir Richard Rogers) and emerging designers that have appeared in the Architecture Room of its annual summer exhibitions since 1991. At the National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Avenue.

Photograph courtesy of the National Academy of Design.

Restaurants

Restaurant Row...Herbal Slush...Bigger Jerk



Ask Gael
Wild Palms

I'm broke and I need a vacation.

Settle between the trees, order a lychee martini, close your eyes, and lose yourself *in the aural magic* of 3° North (210 Spring Street). You are *in a* tropical rain forest. There are birds, monkeys chattering, rumbles of thunder, and just when you think you might lose your mind, it stops. So you nibble a spring roll or share calamari salad with watercress and pineapple, followed by *smoked flank steak with taro fries in a chili infusion.* This is Richard Widmaier-Picasso's old Café transformed. He meant it to be strictly Malaysian then let it evolve into this soothing Fantasy Island Spa routine. By the second lycheetini you'll feel like a beach bum.

Manhattan

Lower New York

Acappella—A cherrywood bar and three fifteen-foot windows lend grand atmospherics to this Northern Italian downtowner, where food is prepared tableside. Extensive menu includes cheeses, bruschetta, and cacciatore. Try the homemade grappa. *1 Hudson St. (240-0163). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

American Renaissance—The dining room of Eric Blauberg's grand restaurant in the American Thread Building looks like the monastery of the order of Saint Liberace. Chef Blauberg uses very of-the-moment infusions to create some of the freshest and most carefully prepared food in town. *260 W. Broadway, two blocks south of Canal St. (343-0049). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Arqua—Traditional Northern Italian fare served in a dining room that is as spare and elegant as downtown gets. Watch out—the big guy in the apron is an inspiring tenor disguised as a waiter, and he's been known to break into conversation-stopping song without warning. Owner Leo Pulito has an impressive wine cellar. *281 Church St. (334-1888). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Baluchi's—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. Have a seat on a patchwork chair amid fantastic imported treasures. *193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Bouley—Born to French parents and raised on his grandparents' farm in Connecticut, David Bouley knows the basics of classic French cooking, but he's given them his own signature style. Reserve weeks in advance, especially for Friday or Saturday night. There's a prix fixe at lunch and a six-course degustation at dinner. *165 Duane St., nr. Hudson St. (608-3852). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Brunch on Saturday and Sunday is great. Yes, that was Bruce Weber. *451 Washington St. (966-4900). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Cascabel—An elegant dining room with a rotating art collection, at a now-bustling intersection on the eastern border of SoHo. Chef Tom Valenti's inventive rustic, Italian-accented American offerings continue to wow. Pastry chef Lincoln Carson's peppermint bombe provides an explosive close to the meal. *218 Lafayette St., nr. Spring St. (431-7300). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef/owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very charming, narrow booths line the east wall and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

F.illi Ponte Ristorante—A former longshoremen's hotel, newly renovated with a spectacular view of the Hudson River and New Jersey beyond. Join the throng—made men and gawking hangers-on—for fine Italian fare. *39 Debrosses Street (226-4621). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Grand Deli—A prime example of Lower East Side fusion: huge portions of glatt kosher deli/Chinese concoctions, like Sino strip steak, created by Chef Lee, formerly of Bernstein-on-Essex. *399 Grand St. (477-5200). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. Chef Waldy Malouf uses farmers and their produce from along the Hudson River valley to re-invent traditional American fare. *4 World Financial Center (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of classy noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I—M) AE, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Le Pescadou—This innovative Provençal bistro serves fresh seafood enhanced by a variety of infused oils. Oyster fans will find a wide variety of fresh ones. Catch the jazz brunch in this cozy dining room every Sunday. *18 King St., at Sixth Ave. (924-3434). (M) AE, TM.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has three

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. *"AE only" indicates that American Express is* the only accepted charge/credit card.

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

places in New York, including Nobu and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nick and Eddie—If every neighborhood had a corner comfort-food port like this one, most of us would never leave. So we travel to this muted room with the other strivers, hustlers, strictly business types, and family-night-outers who flock to feel like part of the woodwork. *203 Spring St., at Sullivan St. (219-9090). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—An 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Takeout

Wonder Breads

The top-drawer bakery Ecce Panis puts its fragrant thyme focaccia and rosemary Tuscan bread to good use, transforming such workaday combinations as smoked turkey and cheese into superior sandwiches (1120 Third Avenue, near 65th Street; 1260 Madison Avenue, near 90th Street).

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

South Street Seaport

Cafe Fledermaus—Soups, salads, sandwiches, and other cold fare served in a glass-enclosed dining room on the promenade, with a view of the passing herd and the occasional street performer. *1 Seaport Plaza (269-5890). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Fulton Street Cafe—A teeming outdoor café on the cobblestone promenade is the highlight of this seafood restaurant. Stop by and watch the show. *11 Fulton St. (227-2288). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gianni's—A standout among the meager pickings at the Seaport. Good view of the people on parade, if that's important. Yes, an Italian menu. *15 Fulton St. (608-7300). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant French-ish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. *Pier 17, 3rd floor (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Liberty Cafe—Stadium-size oyster bar with a panoramic view of the East River and the harbor. The attached dining room also offers seafood and an astounding view of the financial district, the harbor, and the tangle of masts of the *Peking, Ambrose*, and *Wavertree* moored at the Seaport Museum. *Pier 17, 3rd floor (406-1111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Macmenamin's Irish Pub—If you're not impressed by a magnificent view of the harbor from the outdoor deck, there's pub grub, a wide selection of beer, and televised sports. *Pier 17, 3rd floor (732-0007). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. *93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Pedro O'Hara—Nouveau Mexican and barrel-size frozen drinks on the promenade. *Pier 17 (227-6735). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Roebling's Bar and Grill—No view of the bridge designed by the namesake builder, but wood paneling and brass lend old-world charm to this second-floor sea grill. *11 Fulton St., in Fulton Market Bldg. (608-3980). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Sequoia—Comfort food amid the thematic collegiate yacht-club ambience. If only there were scull races in the East River, this would be the perfect vantage point. *Pier 17, 111 John St. (732-9090). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Sgarlato's Cafe—Italian cooking and a view of the three bridges that span the East River south of 59th Street. *Pier 17, Promenade Level. (619-5226). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Apple Restaurant—This Village restaurant features two kitchens: one for vegetarians, one for carnivores. And a Vietnamese menu. *17 Waverly Pl. (473-8888). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I—M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steak house with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

L'Udo—This cool, countrified French and Italian restaurant has rough-hewn walls with fascinating frescoes and outdoor seating that welcomes warmer weather. A changing art exhibition is hung on the walls around the garden. *432 Lafayette St. (388-0978). (M) AE, TM.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. *28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.*

Boxers—A lively neighborhood American bistro on a heavily trafficked corner of Sheridan Square. The giddy bar scene brings them in, and the high-spirited frenzy and good food keep them coming back. *190 W. 4th St. (633-BARK). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

C3 Restaurant—Henry James's Village was never like this: crawfish-and-turkey-sausage paella, coconut-curry salmon and lobster-and-shrimp ravioli are some of the dishes on the eclectic menu. Traditionalists can stop in for tea after a stroll through Washington Square Park. *103 Waverly Place (254-1200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Dix et Sept —Parisian bistro in the West Village offering Gallic staples like bouillabaisse and confit de canard. Smokers welcome, *bien sûr*. *181 West 10th St. (645-8023). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—Open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Try the veal couscous and the Mediterranean antipasto plate. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I—M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Jane Street Seafood Cafe—Can you imagine a first-rate seafood grill in the middle of Ohio? That's the feel of this Greenwich Village favorite. Some of the best prepared but least imaginatively presented fish in town—try the pompano whenever it's available. *31 Eighth Ave., at Jane St. (242-0003). (M) ($).*

Mary Lou's—According to the "100 Coolest New Yorkers" ranking in the *Daily News*, hostess/chef/owner Mary Lou Baratta is the fifty-second-coolest person in the city. She runs a cozy romantic spot specializing in seafood. It's hard to be cool before 11 P.M., so Mary Lou's kitchen serves until one in the morning. *21 W. 9th St. (533-0012). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Miracle Grill—This is what Bobby Flay did before Mesa Grill, and some regulars still prefer the low-key, casual atmosphere and the lively garden out back. The grilled vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I—M) AE, MC, V.*

Nine Muses Cafe—Cheerful Greek newcomer transforms this corner of the West Village into Mykonos, especially after a glass or two of ouzo. Try the fresh grilled octopus and fish brochettes. *569 Hudson St., at W. 11th St. (741-0009). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fire-

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

places and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like paella with duck as well as a perfectly cooked rack of lamb. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Beulah—Delightful southern specialties prepared by chef-owner and former baritone opera singer Alexander Smalls. Petal-yellow walls and high wainscoting soothe, and wonderfully private banquettes against one wall make dining on sophisticated southern fare a delight. *39 E. 19th St. (777-9700). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagna—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . .? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Il Mare—Hearty Italian fare draws primarily business types to this midtown spot with a large bar and tons of seating. Fairly extensive menu with—surprise!—an emphasis on seafood. *10 E. 38th St. (447-1854). (M) AE, DC, TM, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Live Bait—Southern-style home cooking that sticks to your ribs. Used to be that everyone and his mother had the baseball cap from this joint. Well known for a bar that reminds some of those bright college days. *14 E. 23rd St. (353-2400). (M) AE, TM.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, borrowing from the flavors and ingredients of the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun. Great quesadillas. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in Brooklyn. Really. And Ariel Lacayo may be the coolest maître d' in town. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Water Club—The setting and view from this East River barge is what all the fuss is about. The American fare is fine. *500 E. 30th St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I—M) ($).*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro/New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Foro Italico—A casual and intimate, rustic dining room serving traditional Italian dishes like broiled veal chop and angel hair pasta with seafood. *455 W. 34th St. (564-6619). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Frank's—A New York original that used to open for lunch at 9 A.M. for local meat-packers. Things are tamer now—lunch is served at noon—but the steaks are as good as they've always been. *85 Tenth Ave., nr. 15th St. (243-1349). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Lola—A lively front room gives way to a vast and airy back room, made surprisingly private by the centrally located banquettes. Regulars swear by the onion rings. *30 W. 22nd St. (675-6700). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Moran's—Charming and timeless New York City pub that's been around for 38 years. The friendly staff is, you guessed it: Irish. *146 Tenth Ave., at 19th St. (627-3032). (M) V, MC, AE, DC.*

Simply Pasta—A casual, Northern Italian spot that claims to have the best tiramisu in town, as well as a host of pasta specialties. Try the black fusilli with seafood in a marinara sauce. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

37th Street Hideaway—Restaurant and supper club in the former home of John Drew Barrymore. Dance between courses from the Italian and Continental menu. *32 W. 37th St. (947-8940). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

World Yacht—It's about a boat ride. Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Ambassador Grill—Contemporary cuisine with global accents befitting the U.N. bigwigs who stop by for lunch. Friday-night seafood fest offers an unlimited raw bar. Yes, that was Jacques Cousteau. *44th St. in the U.N. Plaza–Park Hyatt (702-5014). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bull & Bear—As the name suggests, a good-old-days watering hole and steakhouse for a strictly business crowd. The dark-wood club ambience draws a well-suited crowd for dinner that stays for drinks at the bar. *301 Park Ave., entrance on Lexington Ave. at 49th St. (872-4900). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Denim & Diamonds—Above all else, this countrified dance hall is a destination if you're in midtown and fancy a hoedown. The Texas-style barbecue is there if you work up an appetite. *511 Lexington Ave., nr. 48th St. (371-1600). (I) AE, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: the Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Mangeoire—A Côte d'Azur native son, chef Patrik Bruot delivers the Mediterranean flavors of southern France to a rustic room in midtown. *1008 Second Ave., at 53rd St. (759-7086). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $40 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reigns to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen

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Opening

Jerk Paradise

"People call and ask for a reservation for fifteen," says Jennifer Ewers, whose four-table Brawta Café can't even begin to accommodate the hordes who travel to Boerum Hill, a couple of minutes southeast of Brooklyn Heights, for her smoky, peppery jerked chicken ("The Best of New York," April 17), vegetable roti, and curried goat. This week, she moves around the corner to 347 Atlantic Avenue, at Hoyt Street, to a space with counter and table seating for 35, an exposed kitchen, and, finally, air-conditioning.

Photograph by Warren Salowe.

still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Montebello—Shifting gears between neighborhood dinners and business lunches, the room transports patrons from their bustling surroundings to Northern Italy. *120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Oceana—A formal setting and fish-savant Rick Moonen's extensive and excellent seafood menu make this room a favorite for business lunches and romantic evenings alike. *55 E. 54th St. (759-5941). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Otabe—Customers are ministered to by their own chefs in the private teppan-grill rooms. The cool, contemporary décor—beige tones and wood paneling—in the main dining room brings serenity to midtown. *68 E. 56th St. (223-7575). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

San Martin's—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. *143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steak house jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American fare with Continental touches. The dinner crowd comes to rubberneck and dance. Wednesday through Saturday there's a carnival-inspired cabaret. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

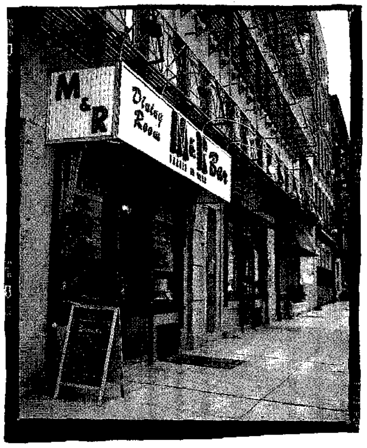
Trump Tower Café—Light Italian cuisine to replenish energy expended shopping in this gilded emporium. Salads, pastas, sandwiches, and risotto served on two garden terraces five floors up. *725 Fifth Ave., at 56th St. (754-4450). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

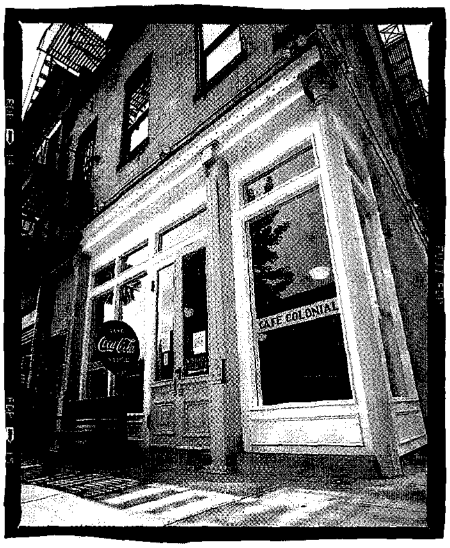
Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue-by-way-of-Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

Restaurants

Restaurant Row South

"Everyone said I was crazy to put up glass windows," says Luciane Gilan, who owns Cafe Colonial, an oasis of pastel calm amid the scroungy storefronts and overgrown lots near the corner of Houston and Elizabeth Streets. "But I wanted the place to feel light and open. And besides," she adds, "the windows are bulletproof." From a barstool at this homey café—where Coke comes in bottles, country blues plays over the speakers, and the wooden furniture is artfully mismatched—customers can see crack smokers sneak into an underground den below the divider on East Houston Street.





This weird and unremarkable corner of downtown—not quite Lower East Side, not quite SoHo or NoHo—has lately undergone something of a transformation. First came Tom & Jerry's, at 288 Elizabeth—a spare, SoHo-like bar that attracts artsy neighborhood young professionals, fugitives from Milano's across the way, and the occasional celebrity. Then, last month, M&R Bar-Dining Room, an offshoot of hipster hangout Marion's (which, one might remember, made the Bowery a dinner destination long before Eric Goode did), opened its doors at 264 Elizabeth. Partners Michael Howett and Richard Bach wanted their saloon to resemble a liquor store from the thirties, and it does, with an ornate, old-fashioned bar and quiet red-walled dining room plastered with paintings of nude women. And most recently, Gilan has transformed what was for eight years her husband's cluttered antiques shop into the café. "This," she says, looking around at the antique coffee grinders and vintage wood and metal ads hung on the walls, "is going to be a great corner."

As with any undiscovered block of real estate in the city, it seems certain that this particular one will be overrun and overpriced soon enough. "When we came here, rents were around $300 a month," says Gilan's husband, Gadi. "Now there's a tiny storefront nearby—one room—and they're asking $1,600." Jimmy Tuohy, a partner at Tom & Jerry's, watched the rent of the space he was negotiating for (once a chicken coop, then a printing press) double over the course of seven months in 1993, while he vied with two other prospective tenants. "There isn't a lot of money here yet," he says. "But there will be."

ROBIN RAISFELD

Photographs by Kenneth Chen.

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Algonquin—Draws on its history as the fabled stomping ground of literary giants. The wood-paneled sitting-room-like lobby still holds many imaginations captive. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Bombay Palace—This casually elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. *30 W. 52nd St. (541-7777). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Free dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Restaurant Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Hotel Macklowe (789-7508). (M—E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steak house, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100/726). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Dish of Salt—Dependable Cantonese cuisine for the nine-to-fivers who gather at the bar under this vaulted ceiling after work. A piano player bangs out show tunes every night. *133 W. 47th St. (921-4242). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Felissimo Tea Room—A new take on department-store dining, with a "haiku tea" and tarot-card readings on the top floor of a turn-of-the-century townhouse. *10 W. 56th St. (956-0082). (I) AE, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Halcyon—Elegant setting and carefully presented food. Pretheater dinner is a bargain. *151 W. 54th St., in the Rihga Royal Hotel. (468-8888). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

La Bonne Soupe—Checked tablecloths, steak frites, onion soup, and crème caramel to fall in love with. Twenty years ago, long before New Yorkers knew they loved casual French dining, this midtown mainstay set the pace. *48 W. 55th St. (586-7650). (I) AE, MC, V.*

La Primavera—Theater-district Northern Italian offering prix fixe dinners and house specials like veal porcini, fettuccine salmonati, and scallopine con porcini. *234 W. 48th St. (586-2797). (E) AE, MC, V.*

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during pre-curtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and environs. *4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/299). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theatre district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from steaks to crab cakes and seafood.

A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Le Bernardin—Gilbert Le Coze, who died this past summer, influenced a generation of chefs with the way he prepared seafood. His carpaccios used all manner of fish, and his trademark dish of roasted monkfish with cabbage appeared on menus everywhere. But nobody did it quite like Gilbert. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 24). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like raindrops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Shaan—A comprehensive, if voluminous, menu. Northern Indian in a spacious floral dining room in Rockefeller Center. *57 W. 48th St. (977-8400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Siam Inn—Traditional Thai food served in a Thai-style dining room that is cozy and candlelit. A perfect neighborhood spot when you can make it only as far as the corner for dinner. *916 Eighth Ave., at 54th St., and 854 Eighth Ave., nr. 51st (489-5237). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

57th–60th Streets

California Pizza Kitchen—With its 27 varieties of wood-fired pizzas from the open kitchen, CPK has finally arrived in New York City. Of course, those varieties include barbecue and Thai-chicken and BLT pizzas. There is also a kid's menu. Maple-pine accents. All menu items are under $10. *201 E. 60th St. (755-7773). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Dawat—You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or any of the more unusual regional specials. *210 E. 58th St. (355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The county's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mickey Mantle's—A sleek sports bar and restaurant with an art gallery, the requisite TV monitors, and a collection of vintage baseball jerseys. Features

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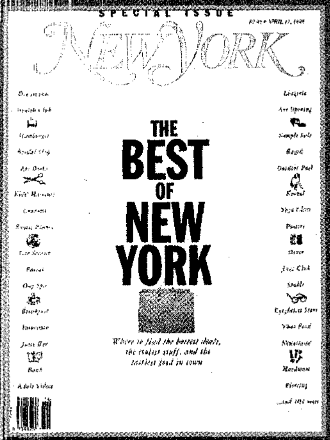

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American cuisine like hickory-smoked baby back ribs, chicken-fried steak, and grilled swordfish. *42 Central Park So. (688-7777). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Pamir on 58th Street—Upscale Afghan food (that's delicate blends of saffron, cardamom, raisins, and pistachios) in—surprise!—a tentlike setting. *1065 First Ave., at 58th St. (644-9258). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Russian Tea Room—Hollywood's commissary in Manhattan and a Carnegie Hall hangout, too. But does that make staff rudeness obligatory? Stick to the caviar and blinis with icy vodka. And come for tea. Cabaret upstairs. *150 W. 57th St. (265-0947). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern perfectly executed by wunderkind chef David Walzog. Situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Crocodile—A French Mediterranean bistro with dishes ranging from Provençal to Moroccan. An intimate, romantic restaurant in a townhouse crowded with flowers and oil paintings. Serious foodies from the neighborhood and the occasional gaggle of well-informed Euro-tourists. *354 E. 74th St. (249-6619). (M) AE.*

Cafe Metairie—Country French in a rustic farmhouse setting. Blazing fireplace and all . . . *mon cheri.* And, *sans blague*, they have cooing doves. *1442 Third Ave., at 82nd St. (988-1800). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagnola—Country-style Italian fare for the neighborhood—the whole neighborhood. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Elaine's—Primarily a clubhouse for the city's notables and wannabes. A table here is considered a badge of honor by some. While discussing the issues of the day, try American fare for very busy people. *1703 Second Ave., bet. 88th and 89th Sts. (534-8103). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

540 Park—Named for its address, this American grill at the Regency Hotel has a soothing atmosphere. Pretty and soft muted colors and décor make this room the ultimate lullaby. *540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (759-4100). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chick-pea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Le Cirque—In the heady eighties, *haute* fashion, finance, and cuisine collided here. Owner Sirio Maccione still orchestrates a lively scene, and Sylvain Portay still believes in the magic of foie gras and crème brûlée. *58 E. 65th St. (794-9292). (E) AE, CB, DC.*

Le Relais—Ask the folks at this French meta-eastsider serving a proud gaggle of fashionable internationals what to expect from their bistro, and they'll tell you they are the "heart and soul of Madison Avenue." They may well be right. *742 Madison Ave., at 63rd St. (751-5108). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mo's Caribbean—Pack your bags, sweetie; we're going to the islands. Close enough. This festive spot serves Caribbean fare like jerked chicken and coconut shrimp—all in a dining room with real palm trees and reggae music. There's American food for your timid country cousin, too. Leave with a suntan. *1454 Second Ave., at 76th St. (650-0561). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mulholland Drive Cafe—A very singles-bar scene that breeds a room full of regulars who stay for Italian-accented American meals with a California feel. Yes, that was Patrick Swayze, but that figures—he owns the place. *1059 Third Ave., at 63rd St. (319-7740). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Restaurant at the Stanhope—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted, and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back, serving tasty American fare. *995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. (288-5800). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this elegant, muted space. *853 Lexington Ave., bet. 64th and 65th Sts. (517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Sign of the Dove—Because the room is lush and romantic, this restaurant has sometimes been overlooked in the pantheon of memorable New York institutions. Right now, chef Andrew D'Amico is among the city's best, turning out eclectic cuisine that draws from influences all over the world. The prix fixe lunch is a good way to test D'Amico's talents. *1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (861-8080). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Trois Jean—A cozy French bistro, as every corner needs. *154 E. 79th St. (988-4858). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Caffe Popolo—Italian on the Upper West Side, with everything we've come to expect: gourmet pizzas, classic pastas, and homemade tiramisu. *351 Columbus Ave., nr. 76th St. (362-1777). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gabriela's—Real Mexican, promise. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (961-0574). (I—M) AE, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provides a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hunan Park—A standard Chinese restaurant on the Upper West Side, but when you have the craving, get your fix here. Yes, that was Woody Allen. *235 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (724-4411). Also, Hunan Park Two, 721 Columbus Ave., at 95th St. (222-6511). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

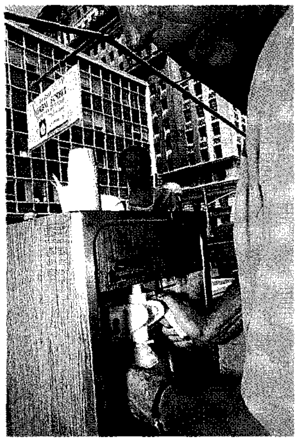
Iridium—Amid every restaurant's struggle for uniqueness, this unusual American bistro has found its own. Its award-winning decor has been described as "Dali Meets Disney" and is based on musical movements. Late-night jazz and Sunday brunch specials make it a welcome complement to Lincoln Center. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) ($).*

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St (234-6114). (I—M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) ($).*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*



Object of Desire

Tweefontein Herb Farm in New Paltz makes sorbets from such unlikely flora as sage, lavender, lemon verbena, and rosemary; they're surprisingly edible, not to mention thirst-quenching and subtly sweet. One flavor is available each Saturday at the Union Square Greenmarket.

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse. Frank Valenza runs a tight ship at this neighborhood American dinner spot. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sidewalkers—A smash-and-grab crab feast, but don't come alone. The mood in this place requires a friend or ten to share it with. *12 W. 72nd St. (799-6070). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (996-0660). (I) ($).*

Triad—The restaurant in this bar/café/theater offers eclectic regional American food like roast barbecued salmon with mashed sweet potatoes and black-bean salsa, crab and couscous cakes with avocado sauce, and grilled calves' liver. *158 W. 72nd St. (362-2590). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (234-0700). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steak house less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) ($).*

Gargiulo's—On its own block, with a fortress to fend off the encroaching pathos of Coney Island. Great food and service passed down through the family. The 100-foot Styrofoam octopus is gone, a casualty of the recent renovation. When pressed, Louis Russo will tell you he cooked it. *2911 W. 15th St., nr. Surf Ave. (718-266-4891). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. *1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Roll N Roaster—A Sheepshead Bay landmark serving generous portions of inexpensive American fare. Try such homey favorites as roast beef with pan-drippings gravy and baked sweet potatoes with cinnamon and brown sugar. *2901 Emmons Ave. (718-769-5831). (I) MC, V.*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. *24-01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Ralph's Italian Restaurant—Solid, hearty Italian food in a conventional restaurant setting. Dine under the chandeliers and try the osso buco, one of Ralph's specialties. *75-61 31st Ave., Jackson Heights (718-899-2555). (I) AE, DC, TM, V.*

Stick to Your Ribs—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much further than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). (I) ($).*

Water's Edge—East River views floor-to-ceiling windows; every table has a view of Manhattan. Quiet and elegant. *44th Drive at the East River. (718-482-0033). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

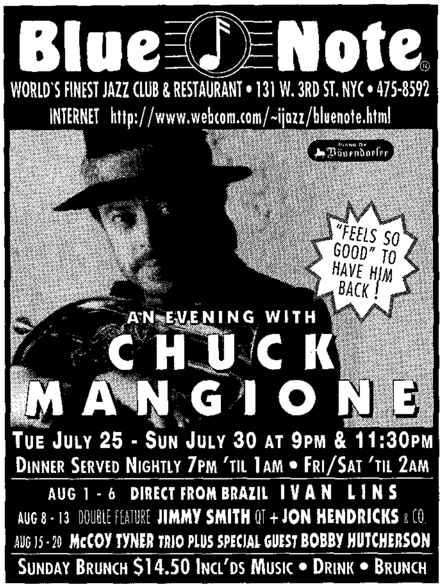
Bronx

Cafe Sevilla—A cozy Spanish restaurant that people travel to from as far away as Yonkers. Try the the chicken and rice and the seafood gumbo accompanied by sweet and garlicky plantains. *1209 White Plains Rd., nr. Westchester Ave. (718-792-3367). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Harry's Jerk Center and Restaurant—An authentic island experience; not that polished resort ambience, the dirt-road-in-the-hills thing. *296 E. Gun Hill Rd., at Burke and Wilson Aves. (718-798-4966). (I) ($).*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*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Photograph by Greg Miller.

the mix

Seles Supreme...Smith on Stage...Rap

Comeback

Back Stabbers

The ugly irony of the April 1993 stabbing of Monica Seles by Günther Parche, the obsessive, John Hinckley–ish Steffi Graf fan, is that Parche got his wish. Before the attack, Seles had won seven out of the past eight Grand Slam events, relegating the formerly invincible Graf to also-ran status; since then, Graf has, with steely, steady, *boring* resolve, captured six Slams and dominated women's professional tennis. But Seles is back: She'll play Martina Navratilova in a three-set exhibition at the Atlantic City Convention Center on July 29, and she recently announced her intention to play in this year's U.S. Open.

The Women's Tennis Association, whose president, coincidentally, is Navratilova, floated a plan to co-rank Seles No. 1 with Graf and seed her first in all tournaments. Last week, the plan was finally approved by the players—but only after much hullabaloo. Graf did not voice an objection to sharing the No. 1 spot, but when the WTA also proposed that Seles's ranking not be determined by the minimum of twelve tournaments a year required of everyone else, she balked. Graf believed this might give Seles an unfair advantage in the rankings. Among the players who vociferously spoke out against the plan were Arantxa Sanchez Vicario and Gigi Fernandez.

The controversy recalls the players' graceless decision not to let Seles retain her No. 1 ranking after Parche's attack. Navratilova, for one, has not forgotten that slight. "What's frustrating to me," she has said, "is that the players benefited the most from Monica's absence, because they won more money; they won more Grand Slams because she wasn't around, and they're not willing to give back to her perhaps what they gained by her absence."

The whole episode betrays the petty self-centeredness engendered by a sport that focuses on pampering the individual. The WTA was probably just extending a helping hand to a player who could almost immediately revive the currently moribund women's game. Graf herself admitted that the sport was missing the excitement that Seles could provide: "I need a challenge," she said. "I'm looking forward to her return." TV analyst Mary Carillo, long the voice of reason for women's tennis, takes a more sober view: "I don't think you put a sport on hold for two and a half years, even if it is something as horrendous as a stabbing." But, she adds, "I honestly think Monica will play so well so quickly, she'll render the whole issue moot." *The Seles/Navratilova match will be televised on* The CBS Sports Show *at 2 P.M. on Saturday, July 29. For tickets, call Ticketmaster at 800-736-1420.*

JOHN DIOSO

Radio Highlights

The Lewis Burke Frumkes Show—7/30 at 8: Cathleen Schine on her new novel *The Love Letter.* WNWK, 105.9 FM.

"Casper Citron"—7/29 at 10 P.M.:Dr. Mehmet Oz, cardiac surgeon at Columbia-Presbyterian Hospital, talks with teenage electric-heart-pump recipient Kory Boglarksi about the vented-electric-heart system. Carol Higgins Clark talks about her new mystery *Iced.* Doron Levin, former reporter on the U.S. auto industry for the *Wall Street Journal* and the New York *Times,* discusses his book *Behind the Wheel at Chrysler: The Iaccocca Legacy.* Filmmaker Mina Shum talks about *Double Happiness.* WOR, 710 AM.

"Symphony Hall"—7/24: Mozart's Piano Concerto No. 15 in B-flat and Bloch's *Schelomo*, Hebrew Rhapsody for Cello and Orchestra. 7/25: Haydn's Symphony No. 81 in G and Casella's Partita for Piano and Orchestra. 7/26: Harris's Symphony No. 3 and Mussorgsky's *Pictures at an Exhibition.* 7/27: Dohnanyi's Concertpiece for Cello and Orchestra in D and *Ruralia Hungarica.* 7/28: Prokofiev's *The Meeting of the Volga and the Don.* 7/31: Vivaldi's Concerto in g and Dvořák's Symphony No. 3 in E-flat. Every weeknight at 8 except for 7/25, when it airs at 7; WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"Live From Lincoln Center: Mostly Mozart Festival Opening Gala"—7/25 at 8, with pianist Alicia de Larrocha, violinist Gil Shaham, and the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra. Gerard Schwarz conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"All About Sports"—A thirteen-part series on changing demographics, a changing culture, and America's preoccupation with sports. 7/27 at 7: "Holy Alliance—Sport and Religion," an examination of the organized effort by evangelical groups to use athletics to lure people to Christianity. 90.7, WFUV.

"Sunday Night Opera House"—7/30 at 8: Massenet's *Cendrillon.* With Frederica von Stade, Nicolai Gedda, Jane Berbié, Jules Bastin, Ruth Welting, Teresa Cahill, Elizabeth Bainbridge, and the Ambrosian Opera Chorus. Julius Rudel conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"New Sounds"—7/24: Independent releases of new acoustic music from artists such as Tom Constanten and David Bennett. 7/25: Chatham's *Die Donnergotter* and Neill's *Downwind.* 7/26: John Cage City-circus, Part XII—the conclusion of a weekly series celebrating his life and music with gems from the WNYC archives. 7/27: Reich's *The Four Sections* and Aigelsreiter's *Die Ufer.* 7/28: Old and new music from Indonesia. 7/29: Selections from the New Sounds Live concerts. 7/30: Singer/composer Abed Azrie is John Schaefer's guest. 7/31: The monthly installment featuring new releases. WNYC, 93.9 FM.

"Saturday Afternoon at the Opera"—7/29 at 1: Weber/Mahler, *Oberon.* With Gary Lakes, Ben Heppner, Deborah Voight, Delores Ziegler, Dwayne Croft, Victoria Livengood, Machiko Obata, Ludwig Boettger, and the Chor der Oper der Stadt Koln. James Conlon conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Recorded Music

Bushwick Bill Phantom of the Rapra (Rap-a-lot)—Already one of the unlikelier pop stars around—a dwarf gangsta rapper with one shot-out eye—this erstwhile Geto Boy here adds one more oddity to the list: classical music. Mozart, it seems, not Andrew Lloyd Webber, is the title's referent, and the concept is rap as the ghetto's opera, which isn't half bad. Opera, as the newly confessed Mozart fan points out, "deals with sex, rape, violence, incest,

Photograph by AP/Wide World Photos.

and suicide," so it's a natural for a longtime fave of the P.M.R.C. Sadly, the angle doesn't really pay off, other than making one reassess the rap as *recitative*, although there's still plenty of the spicy, Texas-honed g-funk and sleepy, measured rhymes that could only come from Bill: "Bushwick, a.k.a. Chuck. Four-foot-eight and straight, don't give a fuck."
CHRIS NORRIS

The Written Word

Patti Smith—Returning to SummerStage to commemorate its tenth-anniversary season, the poet hosts this evening featuring her mentor Janet Hamill and her musical collaborator Lenny Kaye. 7/27 at 8:30, Rumsey Playfield; enter the park at 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (360-CPSS); free.

Tours

The Old Jewish Lower East Side —7/30 at noon: Joyce Gold leads a tour of the neighborhood that has been home to millions of Jewish immigrants; she'll focus on the 1880s through the1930s, and on the institutions that have survived since that period of tremendous local growth. Meet in Straus Square, at the intersection of Canal and Essex Sts. and East Broadway. Call 242-5762 with questions; $12.

"Lights, Camera, Greenwich Village!"—7/26 at 5:30: Historian Arthur Marks takes you to see Hollywood on the Hudson on this walking tour of downtown film sites. Meet in front of the landmark Washington Square Hotel, 103 Waverly Place. The tour is expected to last until 7, and it concludes with a three-course dinner at C3 restaurants. Call 254-1200 to reserve; $25 (including dinner).

Urban Trail Club—7/29: Follow White Trail on Staten Island. Meet at the Staten Island Ferry Terminal on the Manhattan side at 9 A.M.; fare: $3. Please call 718-763-1635 on any evening between 7 and 10 to register. 7/30: 12 to 15 miles of walking from Broad Channel to Sheepshead Bay, ending with a fish dinner at Brooklyn's Maritime Village. Meet at 9 A.M. on the platform of the Broad Channel Station on the Rockaway-bound A train. Call 802-9633 for information.

New York's Little Parks—The last Manhattan Memories tour of the season: Visit Washington, Union, Madison, and Stuyvesant Squares as well as Gramercy Park. 7/30; $15. Call 628-9517 for reservations and more information.

Recordings **The only name brand that ever deserved an exclamation point, *Impulse!* is reborn, now celebrating its renaissance with lavish reissues from its sixties heyday: Coltrane's *A Love Supreme, Ballads,* and *John Coltrane and Johnny Hartman*—all with expanded liner notes and improved sound. Soon to come: Pharoah Sanders, Oliver Nelson, Sonny Rollins, and Charles Mingus.**

"The Immigrant Colony"—Explore the ethnic history of New York before 1800 with Big Onion Walking Tours. Lower Manhattan highlights include the sites of the first synagogue and the 1712 African Uprising. 7/29 at 1 P.M.; $9 adults, $7 students. Call 439-1090 for meeting place.

Sports

The Prince of the Norfolk Tides—Mets fans should repeat this name over and over, like a mantra: *Isringhausen . . . Isringhausen . . . Isringhausen.* The 22-year-old righthander, who went straight from starting the AAA All-Star game to the Mets rotation, gives the Mets' faithful hope for the future. 7/24 at Chicago. 7/25–26 at St. Louis. 7/28–31 vs. Pittsburgh at home.

Is It Too Late, Baby?—With Danny Tartabull about to go on the disabled list, the Yankees were reportedly ready to call up Darryl Strawberry from Columbus as early as last Thursday. Strawberry has been swinging the bat well, but is it too late? Unless the Yanks, at press time one and a half games out of *last* place, trade for an A-line starter, it probably is. 7/24, the Bummers finish their home stand against Texas. 7/25–27 at Kansas City. 7/28–30 at Minnesota.

Turning Cantonese—This year's inductees to the Pro Football Hall of Fame in Canton, Ohio, are Congressman Steve Largent, one of the all-time great wide receivers for the Seattle Seahawks; Kellen Winslow, the super tight end for Air Coryell's Chargers; Henry Jordan, a defensive tackle for Vince Lombardi's Packers dynasty; Lee Roy Selmon, a standout at defensive end for a lousy Tampa Bay Bucs squad; and the late Jim Finks, a front-office man for the Vikings, Bears, and Saints. Sat., 7/29, at 11 A.M. on ESPN 2.

Schmidt Happens—Unfortunately, this year's induction ceremonies probably won't offer anything approaching last year's Phil Rizzuto speech ("[When] we got to New Guinea, I thought I'd see Italians everywhere"). What it will have is the *greatest slugging third baseman in the history of* the game, Philadelphia's Mike Schmidt. His fellow inductees include Richie Ashburn, the speedy centerfielder and leadoff hitter; Leon Day, a star pitcher *and* second baseman in the Negro Leagues. Live on ESPN 2 Sun., 7/30, at 2:30 P.M. For more information, call 607-547-7200.

Dream Team '96 Selection Show—The ten NBA players who will represent the U.S. men's basketball team in the 1996 Olympics will be announced Sun., 7/30, 5:30 to 6 P.M. on NBC.

Kings on the Hill—This hourlong show chronicles the rise of the Negro Leagues and such players as Monte Irvin, Buck Leonard, and Satchel Paige, focusing on the Homestead Grays and the Pittsburgh Crawfords. NBC, Sat., 7/29, 4 to 5 P.M.

Online

John Feinstein—Sports writer and NPR contributor who wrote *A Good Walk Spoiled: Days and Nights of the PGA Tour* and *A Season on the Brink* will answer questions on Prodigy: 7/26 at 10 P.M.

Irwin Winkler—The director of *Goodfellas*, *The Right Stuff*, *Rocky,* and *The Net* will be in a live conference on America Online: 7/26 at 10 P.M.

Jamie Walters—Crooner, Drew's ex and star of *Beverly Hills 90210,* on America Online: 7/27 at 10 P.M.

Jim Moret—Plastic host from CNN's *Showbiz Today* on CompuServe: 7/28 at 8 P.M.

Tom Selleck—The other Republican poster child promotes his new TV movie *Broken Trust.* Chat with him about *The National Review* on Prodigy: 7/28 at 6 P.M.

Lara Flynn Boyle—Star of *Twin Peaks* cult hits *The Temp* and *Red Rock West* and the bi-movie *Threesome* will be on America Online: 7/31 at 10 P.M.

Highlights of this week's web-browsing included finally getting to use the much-vaunted Quicktime Virtual Reality (Monument Valley and the Salk Institute were particularly impressive). If your hardware is up to the requirements, download a free copy of QTVR at *http://quicktime.apple.com.*

The Sony site (*http://www.sony.com*) has a new game based on the upcoming film *The Net.* The game, called "Entrapnet," lasts for a month.

BrettNews is "a pretty darned good read," as his motto says. (*http://www.brettnews.com*)

Send comments to: *runnette@emedia.net*

Solutions to last week's puzzles

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Kids

Ballooning...

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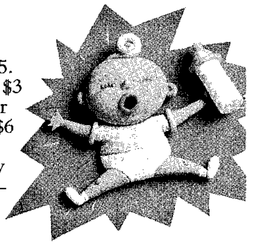
Children's Events

A Lot of Hot Air—The spectacle of more than 125 giant hot-air balloons—including a giant macaw and a Harley-Davidson from the Forbes balloon collection—is the big event at the Twelfth Annual **Quick Chek New Jersey Festival of Ballooning**. Other attractions include a petting zoo, a fireworks display, marionette and jousting shows, and skydiving acts. 7/28 from 1 to 10, 7/29 and 7/30 from 6 A.M. until 10 P.M. Balloon launches are at 6:30 each evening. Solberg Airport, Readington, New Jersey. Call 800-468-2479 for directions and advance ticket sales. One-day passes for adults are $15 at the gate ($12 in advance), $10 for children ages 6 to 12 ($5 in advance); children under 6 are admitted free. Weekend passes for all three days are $30 for adults and $12 for children. ●

Around the World in Eighty Days—A theatrical version of the hot-air-balloon liftoff: **Theatreworks/USA**'s production of Jules Verne's classic. Continuing a seven-year tradition, plays are free during the summer. Through 8/5. Show times are Mon., Tues., Thurs., Fri. at 11 and 1, Wed. and Sat. at 11. No performances Sun. Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (677-5959). Tickets are available at the box office beginning at 10 the morning of the performance; first come, first seated. ●

Schoolhouse Rock Live—Theatre BAM of Chicago presents a musical, adapted from the long-running Emmy Award–winning cartoon series, that combines math, grammar, history, and science with a raucous sing-along score. For elementary-school-age children on up to adults. Wed. through Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10, Sun. at 2; through 8/5. **Atlantic Theater**, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200). Tickets: $20 to $30. ●

Post-prehistoric—Now it's your toy Tyrannosaurus Rex with his upright posture that's extinct. The dinosaur skeletons at the **American Museum of Natural History** have been cleaned, relit, and in some cases completely reconfigured since we last saw them in 1992. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100). Hours are Sun. to Thurs. 10 to 5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10 to 8:45. Suggested donation: $3 for children, $4 for students and seniors, $6 for other adults.



Hop to It—Inspired by the resident wallabies, a weekend of games and dancing that's all about hopping—with some slithering, swimming, and hip-hop thrown in. 7/29 and 7/30 from 11 to 4. **Prospect Park Wildlife Center,** 450 Flatbush Ave. (718-399-7339). General admission is $2.50, $1.25 for seniors, 50 cents for children ages 3 to 12; children under 3 free. ●

Listening In—Master storytellers tell their favorite tales at the **Hans Christian Andersen Statue** in Central Park. Wednesdays in July at 11. Conservatory Pond, just north of 72nd St. ●

Little Women—See Katharine Hepburn as Jo in the 1933 movie based on Louisa May Alcott's story of four sisters during the Civil War era. 7/29 and 7/30 at 2. **The Walter Reade Theater**, 70 Lincoln Center Plaza (875-5600). $2.

Bookish—Delve into books made by artists, as well as sketches and mock-ups that show the book-making process. Then make one of your own with materials provided. The exhibit, "Children's Books by Artists," is at **Printed Matter** through 8/26. Hours are Tues. to Fri. 10 to 6, Sat. 11 to 7. 77 Wooster St. (925-0325).

Big Bugs Invade Bronx—Children can run beneath herds of 25-foot ants. Bugs and beetles—all fashioned from tree saplings, vines, and bark by sculptor Dave Rogers—prowl the **New York Botanical Garden** through 10/2. Tues. through Sun., and Mon. holidays, from 10 to 6. 200th St. and Southern Blvd., Bronx (718-817-8700). Admission is free for children under 6, students and seniors $1, others $3.

Onscreen Idiocy—Laurel and Hardy and *The Three Stooges* can be seen Tuesdays through Fridays in a program called "Dumb and Dumbest" at the **American Museum of the Moving Image**. Through 9/29 at 10:30 and 1. 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria, (718-784-4520)

Fire!—Junior fire-fighting enthusiasts will enjoy a chance to look at both toys and equipment from earlier eras. An exhibit called "Reflecting Reality: Toys, Lamps, and Lanterns From the New York City Fire Museum" is on view to 9/15, Tues. to Sun. 10 to 4, and Thurs. evenings to 9 in July and August. **PaineWebber Art Gallery,** 1285 Ave. of the Americas, bet. 51st and 52nd Streets. ●

Time Again—A musical for children called **The History Mystery,** performed by a cast of children ages 8 to 17, takes the audience on a journey backward in time, where they meet the likes of Martin Luther King Jr., the Wright Brothers, and Benjamin Franklin. Suitable for ages 3 and older. Performances through 8/13 are Mon., Wed., and Fri. at noon and 2 and Sat. at 1 and 3, with an additional performance 8/13 at 1 and 3. **TADA!**, 120 W. 28th St. (627-1732). Tickets are $6 for children, $12 for adults.

Cue

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Kids

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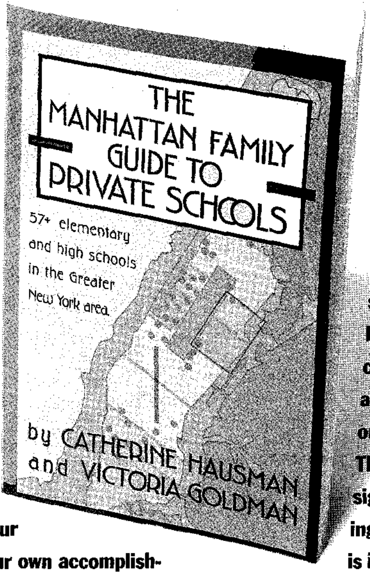
In Print

Multiple Choice

***T**he Manhattan Family Guide to Private Schools,* by Catherine Hausman and Victoria Goldman, doesn't set out to terrify parents on the verge of making a life-shaping decision concerning their child. In fact, it actually tries to reassure us by pointing out pitfalls and dilemmas along the way to getting our kid into private school.


THE MANHATTAN FAMILY GUIDE TO PRIVATE SCHOOLS
57+ elementary and high schools in the Greater New York area
by CATHERINE HAUSMAN and VICTORIA GOLDMAN

Still, there's no way for any education-obsessed New Yorker not to be a little shaken up by the volume. A schedule for applying to schools is laid out in grim detail, from thinking it over in August to surviving the bleak February or March when the thick—or thin—envelopes arrive and, the authors observe, "it's still not too late to go house hunting in Westchester" for the following fall. The net result of their instructions—not to bribe our way in, not to boast about our own accomplishments, not to send photographs when none are requested, and not to persuade our famous friends to write glowing references for our child (an admissions director at Dalton claims to have enough celebrity-penned recommendations to paper the walls of Planet Hollywood)—is panic.

The book evolved out of Hausman and Goldman's search for suitable schools for their own children and resonates with the kind of insider gossip that parents mull over long after they've forgotten what the principal had to say about "experiential learning" on the group tour. A Brearley alumna, for example, explains that you can always spot a girl from her alma mater—she'd be the one "on the crosstown bus with a big book under her arm, looking slightly disheveled because she's too busy thinking of something arcane and intellectual." Individual descriptions of schools' philosophies, curricula, and physical plants are interspersed with advice about when it's best to leave the Chanel suit in the closet and when it "won't be held against" the child in question if only one parent shows up at the interview. The information is on the mark and insightful, but the book has some glaring omissions. Only brief information is included on many schools worth considering, among them United Nations International School (UNIS), Village Community and Grace Church schools. Nevertheless, in certain circles parent(s) will pass *The Manhattan Family Guide* to parent(s) as gleefully as they once passed notes in class (Soho Press; $22). BARBARA ENSOR

Photograph by Steve Wisbauer; illustration by Richard McNeel.

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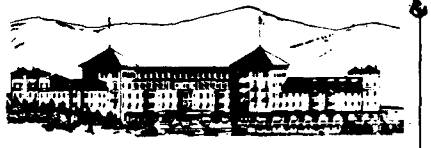

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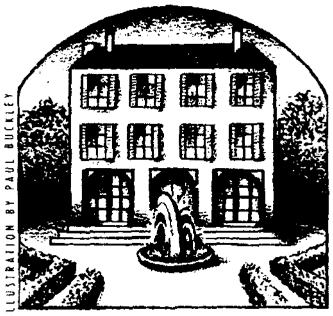
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Smart, Savvy, Pretty—Brown-eyed girl, 37, with a penchant for fun and a passion for books, Mozart, nature and all NY has to offer, seeks soul mate who wants marriage, kids. Photo/note/phone. 8680 ✉☎

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Caring, Romantic Optimist—True Renaissance man, sensitive, adventuresome, with a passion for life and love. Very successful businessman, healthy, nonsmoker, divorced, with a sense of humor and psychologically attuned. Homes in Manhattan and Vermont. If you are a nurturing, attractive, slim and sexy woman, up to 49 (I'm 58), interested in sharing a good life, send a note and recent photo now to: POB 140, NY, NY 10012

Golf?—Very attractive, very classy lady, 48, former model, loves the game. Accustomed to first-class clubs and life style. Would like to meet a distinguished gentleman (white), 50 plus, who is kind and generous, who likes to travel, spoil and be spoiled, to share a passion for the game and for life. Respond in confidence to: 8719 ✉☎

Hunky, Creative Guy—Successful, cultured professional, young 42, lean 5'11", well-balanced and health-conscious - seeking an intelligent, witty woman, 30s, athletically thin and beautiful, for a lifetime of fun. Phone/photo/note. 8713 ✉☎

World Of Mediocrity—Please be tall, unique, 63 plus, educated gentleman, worldly, successful, for this tall, slender, pretty, witty lady, Jewish (nonreligious). 8508✉☎

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Idea Guy—37, 5'8", slim, smart, fun, seeks girlfriend. 8697 ✉

Career Change—Very attractive, blond, blue-eyed, Christian, loving lady - seeking healthy, loving, successful, emotionally and financially secure male, 38-48, for marriage and children. Photo/note. 8621 ✉

I Am Your Lady—Are you my man? Very pretty, very slim (5'7", 112 lbs), very together Jewish attorney, seeks attractive, fit professional male (38-48) to continue the ballade. I love tennis, cycling, reading, theater and dance. I believe in the value of a relationship. CT and NY ties. Photo, please. 8656 ✉

Out Of Africa—Successful, very attractive Wasp male - 6' tall, slim, 52 years old - who doesn't feel a day over 25, with a strong sense of humor... Seeks slim, calm but interesting/alive, nonsmoking lady with an enquiring mind, who is probably 35-45, without encumbrances - wanting a long-term commitment from a caring, communicative, compassionate man who has traveled widely and who wishes to share an active life which includes travel, music, arts and theater and lots of fun. Other interests include cycling, country weekends and good literature. Note/photo/phone number to: 8660 ✉

Classy Asian Lady—39, 5'3", petite, beautiful, feminine, seeks a fit, tall, very successful, intelligent, ambitious, caring man, 35-45. Photo/note/phone. 8646 ✉

If Life Were Amazing—You wouldn't necessarily be tall, dark and handsome, but you'd be there for me - especially when the damn Christmas tree needs to be put in its stand. And I'd be there for you. I'd always know where your keys are; I'd make sure we'd ordered those theater tickets; I'd even fix your laptop when it's locked...again. We'd be in this together. But does anyone dare use the word "commitment" anymore? If you miss the intimacy and the lunacy as much as I do - drop a line. I'd love to hear from you. 8622 ✉☎

Marriage-Minded, Handsome—Catholic professional, 41, enjoys the outdoors, fine dining, romantic evenings. Seeks a woman who is loyal, cheerful, attractive, somewhat domestic, for life's enjoyable journey. Age 32-39. Note/photo. 8635 ✉

Crazy Lady Wanted—Attractive, creative Jewish ad exec, 46, with great sense of humor, seeks a funky, thin executive woman to share refuge with. For casual dinners, cozy nights at home, and career commiseration. Photo/note. 8742 ✉

Attractive, Sweet-Natured—Single Jewish female, 52 - likes films, theater, dance, 20th-century art/fiction, jazz/pop/light classical. Seeks warm, witty, down-to-earth Jewish male, 40s-50s, for long-term relationship. Note/phone. 8513 ✉

Share Laughter And Life!—With a sincere, highly optimistic and energetic president of well-known corporation, an adventurous, good-looking, really nice guy, muscular, tall, 30s, humorous, unusually successful. Seeks intelligent woman under 37, caring, 5'7"-5'10", to share life's excitement and richness. Note/Kodak moment necessary for reply. 8748✉

Striking In Every Way—Head-turning, tall, slender, naturally beautiful Jewish woman with artistic elegance. Successful lawyer. Outgoing, warm, psychologically aware. Loves nature, travel, music, books. Seeks warm, very successful, creative, charitable Jewish man with sense of humor, who enjoys the finer things in life yet is down-to-earth, for marriage and child - good-looking, tall, in-shape, 35-50. Note/photo. 8650 ✉

Incurable Romantic—40-plus male is seeking a golden-hearted lady in her 30s or 40s. Photo optional. 8649 ✉

Wanted: NY Cultural Companion—Male, Jewish, 40s, tall, athletic, attractive, bright, successful, nonsmoker, seeks attractive, artsy, vivacious woman, mid-late 30s, for culture and romance. Photo preferred. 8676 ✉

Long-Legged, Athletic Beauty—Blue-eyed Jewish female, Ivy League-educated, senior editor at prestigious magazine, avid moviegoer and classical pianist. Seeks grounded, goal-oriented Jewish male, 38-48, non-circuit player. Lover of the arts and interest in politics a plus. Note and photo appreciated. 8704 ✉

Unique Woman—Long slim legs, great tan, exotic good looks, sunny, intelligent disposition, professionally successful, seeks comparably endowed man, 40s-50s, CEO, MD, JD ideal but not a necessity, for a second start. Honesty, integrity, humor and style count, not photo. 8703 ✉☎

Join Me At The Finish Line—Of my (our) annual 10K. We'll share our experiences. We'll celebrate. You'll recognize me... I'll be the 37-year-old, petite, blue-eyed brunette woman. You'll be the sweaty yet charming man who is looking for me. Let's qualify first. Note/photo. 8689 ✉

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A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

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New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

You Bring The Flowers—I'll make the dinner and serve the wine. You must be an athletic male, spontaneous and fun!... 33 plus and Jewish. Photo, please. 8726 ✉

Your Beshert - A First Love Again—Integrity, beauty, character, intelligence, success. Seeking Jewish gentleman, early 50s, emotionally secure, multifaceted, ingenious mind, kind, gracious, a loving son and father, my equal, with joie de vivre plus the desire to find a best friend and a committed relationship. I'm a Ralph Lauren type - 5'7", slim, blue-eyed, long hair, Ivy-educated, active in charities. Would enjoy sharing sailing, hiking, walks on a windy beach, fall foliage, country inns, travel, antiquing, ballroom dancing, independent films and serious theater, museums, fine dining and cooking. 8740 ✉

Very Handsome Oral Surgeon—Athletic, 50 years old, central NJ, 6', 170 lbs, youthful, very successful, loves tennis, skiing, sailing and travel. Seeking a very attractive, sensual, warm, fun-loving, athletic female to share a great life. Photo/note. 8627 ✉

Joie De Vivre—Very pretty MD, 5'8", 130 lbs, Audrey Hepburn type, wishes to meet tall, handsome, successful, 100-percent man, 35-45, who knows how to make up after a fight. Note/photo. 8675 ✉

Are You Seeking—Warmth, fun, togetherness and commitment? Then this 49-year-old, single Italian male, who is handsome, warm, caring, affectionate, financially secure, professional, would love to meet you. Please be a 30-45-year-old female who possesses inner and outer beauty, with Ivory-girl looks and charms. Let's share all the good things life has to offer together. Religion unimportant. Photo requested. 8615 ✉

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Warm, Self-Employed—NJ architect/developer, 5'9", white male, 35, single parent - will travel to NYC. Is kind, honest, unpretentious, fun-loving, sensitive, passionately athletic. Seeks nonsmoking single woman with similar qualities, who is drug/disease-free, curvaceous, fit and communicates her feelings as well as her thoughts, for a date and attendant possibilities. Note/photo please. 8651 ✉

True Blue-Eyed—And blond-haired woman - physically, mentally, socially and professionally fit, 5'and 9, 30 years and 9, but enough about me... Ready to meet a man who desires a serious relationship. More about you... Note/photo. 8685 ✉ ☎

Look And Spirit Of Scarlett—Heart and soul of Melanie. Artist/designer. Cerebral, spiritual, accomplished. Eclectic style, solid values. Enjoy art world, exploring city/country, home and hearth. Seek kindred spirit, 35 plus. Nonsmoker. Note/photo. 8705 ✉

Handsome, Affectionate—Divorcing businessman/country boy/6', 50, 170, seeks younger woman for city fun/weekends at my farm. Photo/phone. 8657 ✉

"Heli-Hiking, Euro-Cycling?"—This unconventional, down-to-earth Jewish woman loves adventure, ballet, avant-garde films, Off-Broadway theater, enjoys life and fine dining. If you are 45-60, sincere, open, easy-going, and find me compatible, I would like your response. 8696 ✉

Moscow-Born, Jewish—Pretty, slim, cultured - seeks 50-plus gentleman. 8638 ✉

The Woman Of Your Dreams—Is a very attractive, bright, caring, warm, 5'6", trim, sexy Jewish female with a great personality ...and if you're a sincere, intelligent, attractive, secure 40-plus man with a sense of humor, then it's time for us to meet! Photo and phone appreciated. 8746 ✉ ☎

Affluent Black Male—Charming, handsome, 30s, tall, Ivy MBA, seeks very pretty, shapely, smart female, 20s/30s, for world-class romance. 8729 ✉

Caring Man—42, successful professional, sincere and down-to-earth, enjoys outdoor activities, dining and dancing, looking for sincere white female, 30-42, for long-term relationship, from NY or NJ. 8682 ✉

LI, Lovely, Multifaceted PhD—Seeks ideal mate: tall, attractive, fit, wholesome, accomplished, loving, amicable, stable, *Jewish or Chinese, 50s man of substance* and integrity, forever. Photo/phone. 8677 ✉

Search Committee Of One—Analytic therapist, Westchester, early 50s, petite, with good looks and sensitivity, seeks professional male with character. 8747 ✉ ☎

Gorgeous Redhead—NJ Jewish professional, 45, slim, sexy, smart, solvent, seeks same in handsome guy, 47-55, ready to laugh/love forever. Photo. 8640 ✉ ☎

Talent Scout—Strong, gentle, handsome man, 36, seeks sexy, compassionate, artistic, spiritual woman, 24-38, who wants it all and is willing to try anything once, for adventure, romance and setting the world *on fire. Note/photo.* 8645 ✉

Real Sweetheart—31, brunette, pretty, killer curves, intelligent, down-to-earth, loving - enjoys friends, family, boats, drives, fun. Seeks good-looking, successful, similar male, up to 45. Photo. 8671 ✉

Very Pretty Catholic Female—30s, seeks Catholic, single white male who has never been married. Photo. 8628 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Successful—Ivy League-educated entrepreneur. I possess rare intelligence, exceptional character, vitality and adventurousness, and a unique balance of humor and intellect, playfulness and depth. Still idealistic, with a great capacity for love and devotion, I am Jewish, 38, 5'10", athletic and truly ready for the woman of my dreams. Substantial letter and photo, please. 8699 ✉

Great Guy—MD, Catholic, adventurous, handsome, affectionate, loves to sing, big-time cuddler/kisser, looking for outgoing, energetic lady, 25-40, to go through life with a smile and a song. Photo, please. 8702 ✉

Fresh - Out Of Ideas!—Handsome, 5'10", 41, fit NYC CEO, distinctive "mensch". Grounded, career and financial goals met. Seeks engaging professional woman to enjoy friendship, fun, family and life. Your warmth and style met with communication, honesty. *Shyness with strong libido a plus.* Photo/phone a must. All answered. 8741 ✉

Beautiful, Bright, Slim—36, Jewish professional - athletic, sweet and sincere - seeks a kind, caring professional male, 36-44, for summer fun and a *lasting relationship.* 8731 ✉ ☎

NJ Man—47, professional, attractive, fit, kind and humorous, seeks best friend, lover and eventual life mate. Photo/note/phone. 8738 ✉ ☎

Warm Heart, Cold Hands—Luxurious hair, good conversationalist who listens ...seeks man with Jewish soul, passion for life, politically progressive, 45-55. *Note/photo/phone. 8666* ✉ ☎

Beautiful Muse—Seeks magnificent writer to love and inspire. Photo. 8720 ✉

Attractive, Accomplished MD—Foreign-born female - warm, cultured, looking for caring, honest, educated, well-established man, 63-69. 8722 ✉

Claire In Search Of Heathcliff—Single black professional female, 36, size 4, in search of a single black professional male who enjoys romancing and wants a woman to love and cherish. 8684 ✉ ☎

Jewish Female—26, seeks tall, educated, successful, nonsmoking Jewish male, 28-34. No photo/no response. 8712 ✉

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Jewish Man's Dream—Sexy professional female seeks mensch, 40-55. 8672 ✉ ☎

Best Of Both Worlds—Petite, Catholic, single white female, 37, intelligent MBA, striking, raven-haired, with beautiful brown eyes, 5', 100 lbs, seeks single white male, Christian, 35-43, 5'7"-6', well-educated professional, nonsmoking and fit, with a healthy life style. I live and work in NYC and weekend in CT. I would like to share the "best of both worlds" with an outgoing, genuine, sincere, serious-minded man ready for a commitment. You will find me fun-loving, stylish, romantic and honest. I enjoy travel, *foreign languages, walks on the beach,* exercise, bicycling, cinema and spectator sports. Note/photo/phone please. 8667 ✉ ☎

Once Upon A Time—She lived in NYC. Svelte, curvaceous, with long hair... her smile was irresistible and she loved to laugh. She wondered about him (Jewish, 41-52). Then, one day... 8661 ✉ ☎

Man Am I—*Bright, caring, honest and* single. Looking for the same in an attractive female, for friendship and romance. Photo/note. 8614 ✉

What Are We Waiting For?—Single Jewish male, 35, happy, international businessman, in search of single Jewish female, 26-34, for fun, romance, music and marriage. Note, photo and phone, please. Let's do it! 8464 ✉

Low-Key Man—Professional, tall, slender, 61, Jewish, seeks lady, 5'8" plus. Solid/athletic-looking okay. 8619 ✉ ☎

Sweet Brown Eyes—Professional and stunning, seeks Jewish soul mate, 40 plus, *to love, honor and cherish. 8674* ✉ ☎

Have Luggage Will Travel—Emotionally secure, single white Jewish male, 5'5", 33, professional, seeking serious but fun, commitment-minded woman who likes conversation, traveling, working out, *holding hands and staying active.* Nonsmoker. Note/photo. 8707 ✉

No Itchy Ring Finger—No ticking clock. Petite 5'2" lady, artist, 43, seeks relationship with affectionate, secure, educated white male, non*smoker, 35-43. Photo a plus.* 8716 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Sensitive Professional—53, likes tennis, beaches, being fit, seeks well-educated, fit, attractive, petite lady, 40-45, for romance. Note/photo. 8670 ✉

Attractive Asian Lady—Pretty, educated, enjoys theater, travel, culture, dining, seeks successful male, intelligent, mature, fun, 32-40. Note/photo. 8687 ✉

Manhattan/Scottsdale—Very attractive, divorced white female with an exciting personal and business agenda, wants to share her lifestyles in Manhattan and Scottsdale, AZ with a professional man of quality, education, stability and adventure. Prospect should be a tall, attractive, divorced white male, 48-58. 8692 ✉

Presentable Adman—Retired, divorced, 61, 5'11", 175, with interests in the visual arts, ideas, travel and the sea, is looking for an attractive, independent, financially secure woman as a playmate for life. Photo essential. 8693 ✉

Occident Seeks Orient—Attractive, high-class male, 41, tall, trim, smart, would like to meet 30s Asian-American female. I'm independent-minded, prosperous, trustworthy and, in general, quite a good catch. Could it be a match? Photo, please. 8745 ✉

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Pneumatic-Thighed Chanel Babe—Equally adept at 50-mile bicycle rides and boulevard strutting. Exuberant fashion plate, 5'7", blond and 31, successful financial services/creative professional, very real. You're a confident, romantic, fit, solvent man, 30-45, ready for big love. Please be tolerant of cats and twisted wit - but not mediocrity. Note/photo/phone. 8743 ☒

Tall, Voluptuous—Preschool teacher, raising 10-year-old in NYC, searching for single man, 40-50, with understanding heart. I'm enamored of classical art in all mediums. What about you? 8603 ☒ ☎

Widow Of Surgeon—66, Jewish, nonreligious, wishes to meet widower - attorney or physician - for friendship, theater, travel. 8744 ☒

Handsome—40ish businessman and ex-TV newscaster seeks shapely beauty with wit and charm. I'm 5'11", athletic, with hazel eyes. Photo, please. 8706 ☒

Pretty Artist—38, slim, high energy - loves dancing, exercising. Seeks kind, fit professional man (38-48), for fun, friendship and romance. Send photo/note/phone number. 8644 ☒

MD, 38, Nice-Looking, Fit—Unaffected, down-to-earth, real person with many varied interests - seeks pretty, fit female counterpart, 25-32, for honest and hopefully permanent relationship. Note, phone and recent photo. 8736 ☒

Passionate Professional Lady—Very attractive blond, green-eyed, athletic Manhattanite, early 40s, feminine, upbeat. Loves music, movies, dining and concerts. Busy professional life leaves little time for dating and personal activities. Seeking a tall, attractive, intelligent, physically fit Manhattan man, 38-50, financially and professionally successful, for good times and fine wine... Be mine. Letter and photo important. 8690 ☒ ☎

Just Whistle—Bacall looking for her Bogie. Raven-haired, green-eyed, very attractive businesswoman who likes tennis, working out, dining out, movies and the beach - looking for honest, warm, loving, successful man who will share my sense of humor, 34-50. Let's laugh together, and maybe love together. Photo and handwritten note, please. 8718 ☒

Smart And Sexy—40, Jewish professional, 5'5", 125 lbs, fun, caring. Loves film, travel, the outdoors, cooking. Seeks bright professional man to share life and love. Photo/note. 8669 ☒

Don't Menschen It—Warm Jewish guy, 37, 6', fit, seeks Jewish woman, 28-35, to share romance, theater, beach, sports, forever. Photo/note. 8750 ☒

I'm Tired Of Waking Up Alone—Successful journalist, 5'9", attractive, divorced, 50, with two grown kids, seeks slim, pretty woman with a sense of irony, for permanent relationship. My interests include novels, movies, theater, dining out and biking in Central Park. 8641 ☒ ☎

Midsummer Night Delight—Pretty Jewish woman, young 42, cultured, fit, bright, successful, funny, well-traveled, seeks male counterpart. Note/photo appreciated. 8616 ☒ ☎

Tall, Sexy Blond—Jewish professional, 35, 5'9". I enjoy the outdoors, traveling, the beach, theater and much more. You: 32-37, tall, attractive professional male with a zest for life. Note/photo. 8700 ☒

Beautiful Green Eyes—Very pretty businesswoman - seeks really bright, centered, loving man, 45 plus, who wants to create a special relationship. 8701 ☒ ☎

Looking For Last First Date—Successful Jewish MD. Tall and good-looking. With integrity. Down-to-earth. Lives NJ. Varied interests. Seeks accomplished woman, late 20s-mid 30s, with similar values, for the real thing. Photo preferred. 8695 ☒

Start A New Chapter—Journalist and (obscure) author, 37, honorable and true, interested in road trips, concerts, book stores, cycling, movies, new adventures. Exchange notes/photos? If you're a smart, attractive woman who is, like me, an incurable romantic, let's do it. 8664 ☒

Make Me Laugh—And you'll win my heart. 24-year-old beauty with a great smile, brains, blue eyes and dark hair. Why am I placing an ad then? The same reason you're reading this. I'm tired of the bar scene. You should be a tall, athletic professional man on the ladder to success, 26-35. Note/photo a must. 8749 ☒

Pretty, Petite Pixie-Type—49-year-old (looks 36), MA French, musically and artistically-oriented, multilingual lady, looking for gentleman with similar interests, who is laughter-bent, has a gourmet-food heart, and between 45-55. 8688 ☒

5'7", Pretty Blond Wasp—Slim, fit, tennis, sailing, biking, books, city activities - seeks interesting, active, worldly man, late 40s-50s. Note/photo. 8717 ☒

Sleepless In Manhattan—50ish Jewish grandma seeks 60ish Jewish grandpa for love the second time around. Nonsmokers only. Note/phone. 8727 ☒

Affectionate, Fit And Attractive—Single white male, 30, 6' 175 lbs, active, athletic, military pilot - looking for good-looking single female, fitness-minded, warm and open-minded. Photo. 8630 ☒

Your Search Is Over - Forever—That's because I'm right here, and you're just a step away. And I can't wait to meet you! I'm 34, beautiful in all the ways that really count, with the most soulful green eyes you've ever seen. If you're a guy, 32-42, who's interested in the things that truly matter, take that step. Remember, I'm right here. 8725 ☒ ☎

Gay White Male—Healthy professional, 55, 5'8", hazel eyes, gray hair, super person, East Sider, seeks healthy, gay white man for lasting friend, plus. 8652 ☒

Beauty And Brains—Charm and wit, sensitive and sincere, striking, tall, slim, blue-eyed, strawberry blond young lady seeks tall, handsome, fit, zesty, sharp, mature, successful, considerate gentleman, 29-34, not intimidated by a strong woman of depth, to share adventure, romance, closeness. Photo/bio. 8679 ☒

Successful Female Attorney—34, attractive, witty, spontaneous and sensitive - enjoys music, the outdoors and travel. Seeking warm, down-to-earth professional male, 35-43. Note/photo. 8710 ☒

Choose Your Favorite Restaurant—On our first date. 54, slim, 5'9", good-looking man, highly successful, president marketing firm, worldly, sharing, sensitive, separated (occasional smoker) - seeking pretty, sensuous South American, European or Caribbean lady, 37-45. 8633☒

Nonreligious Jewish Male Doctor—38, handsome, seeks female, 35 and under, for possible relationship. 8665 ☒

Healthy, Somewhat Wealthy—And sincere, single white male, who is attractive (some even think good-looking), successful NYC businessowner, 6'3", 205 lbs, 48, nonsmoker, athletic, divorced, playful, adventurous and huggable, who appreciates the finer things in life. I am seeking someone special to share quality time in a giving/receiving relationship. Please be at least 5'2" with a fabulous figure, slim/pretty, with great legs, 32-42, size 4-10, who is open, warm, communicative, unencumbered, and still believes in fairy tales. No photo, no reply. 8714 ☒

Latin Beauty—22-33, sought by super-handsome, successful, carinoso white lawyer, 38, who loves to dance - for love forever. Photo/phone. 8724 ☒ ☎

Onassis Looking For Jackie!!—Mediterranean economist/businessman (35), paying his dues on Wall Street, is searching for the right life partner. If you are ready to build your own empire, and the word "billions" triggers your adrenaline, please call or write. French, Italian, Portuguese and Spanish spoken. 8683 ☒

Very Pretty—Sexy, intelligent and vivacious female - seeks same in man who's 35 plus. Note/photo/phone. 8625 ☒

Jewish Man WIth Open Heart—Intelligent, sensitive, compassionate, internally strong, handsome, successful eco-entrepreneur, vegetarian with spiritual life, 40. Seeks matching, lovely beauty on a path of personal growth, 30-38, with full open heart, spontaneity and love of life, who cherishes sharing, laughter, intimacy, sensuality, mutual nurturing, commitment and family. Send photo and letter. 8653 ☒

The Stars Predict My Future—In the USA. Italian, divorced businesswoman, 54, great sense of humor, well-traveled, tall and chic, looks for the right man to share a joyful life, good books, songs, opera and classical music, long walks, good food and my beautiful dog. 8751 ☒

Reward!!!—If you're a white, Jewish, single male, 38-48 years old, who is caring, compassionate, fun and attractive, you're eligible for a big reward! For just being yourself, with the qualities listed above, you can meet a woman with the same qualities - to share life with. Photo/note. 8659 ☒

Man Of Many Interests—Interested in the development of body, mind and spirit. Vegetarian and nonsmoker. Aside from my busy professional life, among my interests are yoga, working out, meditation, health, nutrition, Judaism and personal growth. I am a serious student of tai chi chuan. There is a strong spiritual side to my life. I also like movies, theater, restaurants and exploring New York. I am looking for a very attractive, intelligent and sensitive woman in her 30s or 40s, who has some of the same interests and would like a new friend and/or relationship. Photo preferred/note/phone. 8550 ☒

5'2", Eyes Of Blue—52, Jewish, semi-Southern belle - desires educated, cultured soul mate. 8662 ☒

Classy Ivy Grad—Attractive, 40, employed in arts, with warmth, wit and charm, seeks educated, intelligent man with a warm heart and good sense of humor. Note/photo. 8735 ☒

Handsome 6'2" Lawyer—175 lbs, with good values, a keen mind and sense of humor. Enjoys city life, sports, the arts, romantic dinners and simple outdoor pleasures. Seeks very pretty, slender and shapely white or Asian woman, 35-45, with similar qualities, to share interests and a meaningful relationship. Note/photo, please. 8626 ☒

Train For The '96 Marathon With Me!—Single white Jewish female, professional, 33, pretty, brown hair, blue eyes, petite and in-shape - also intelligent, humorous, passionate and warm... Seeks single white male professional, 32-40, with good heart, for running, conversation, good times... forever? Note/photo. 8663 ☒

To See Me—Is to want me; to know me is to love me. So why this ad? Because I'm tired of running around. Lovely, sweet, warm, elite Jewish lady wants permanent senior AAA sweetheart of good humor and good character, for good times, for all time. 8623 ☒

Adorable Jewish Female—39, size 10, Manhattanite. Would like to meet a classy, charming man who also has opinions. I'm adventurous, sporty, Ivy-educated finance type with lots of toys and interests. 8730 ☒

Looking For A Good Soul In A Suit—Pretty, professional, Christian, 40, with vibrant, intelligent, feminine personality, warm tender heart, diverse interests, hopes to meet wonderful, successful man who is her complement, for life of love, laughter, flavored with good conversation and possible future family. Note/photo. 8698 ☒

I Seek That Rare—Beautiful lady, 18-??, willing to meet a plain-looking, hard-working, big-hearted, 42-year-old galoot like me! If you'd like to be a life partner instead of an arrogant Adonis's bauble, and value love and loyalty most, please write. 8620 ☒

Beauty And Brains—Tall, slim, very attractive blond would like to meet a man, 45-56. I love being outdoors - walking, biking and cross-country skiing, or just strolling around NY. I also enjoy Italian cooking, classical music and going to NY's great restaurants. I am looking for a man who, like me, is successful professionally, intense, passionate and intellectual, who can also just kick back and relax. Note and photo most appreciated, but will also respond to phone messages. 8708 ☒ ☎

Total Package—Female, 60s, redhead, trim, very nice-looking, very youthful, very educated, very successful, seeking similar male type. Letters preferred. 8753 ☒

Jewish Cowboy—Southwestern male, 51, attractive, tall, fit and wealthy, looks to import big-city professional lady, 30-50, for happily-ever-after life. Must be trim, fun and brainy. Photo a must. 8678 ☒

Lively, Professional White Woman—Late 30s, 5'9"', dark hair and eyes, shapely and pretty, sports and academic oriented - seeks one well-adjusted, fun-loving male companion with solid values, to share my life with! 8686 ☒ ☎

Beautiful Black Female—Classy, wonderful partner, sincere, seeks chemistry with tall, professional, single white male, 35 plus. 8734 ☒ ☎

Romantic Black Professional—40, seeks single white female, 29-35, for interracial relationship. Nonsmoking. Note and photo. 8691 ☒ ☎

Incredibly Adorable—Sexy, white Jewish male, 40, 5'8", slender, athletic, in entertainment field, seeks gorgeous, slender, affectionate and fun female, 25-35, for possible relationship. My kisses will make you melt. Photo. 8715 ✉ ☎

Wanted:—Single or divorced white female, 26-35, religion unimportant, who is unselfish, honest, affectionate, good-natured, very pretty and mentally and physically in good shape. I'm a handsome professional and entrepreneur, single Jewish man, 35, nonreligious, who loves travel, working out, tennis and beach. Looking for a committed, stable relationship. Note/phone/photo. 8654 ✉

Male Seeks Attractive Female—24-29. Marriage-minded, educated, tall, slim, witty. Italian/NJ a plus. Note/photo. 8737✉

Now On Sale!—Divorced, white Jewish male, handsome, tall, medium build, 45, performing artist - seeks one younger lady for whatever! Photo helpful. 8637 ✉

Petite, Stunning Blond—Early 40s, cover-girl face, aerobicized body, classy, refined, warm and funny. Multilingual, with highly successful career, lives and works in Greenwich, CT. Loves skiing, tennis, learning golf, the arts and traveling. Seeks upbeat, communicative, intelligent, attractive, successful man, 40-55, to spoil and to share the best life has to offer. Recent photo and phone. 8723 ✉

Best Friend And Beyond—5'2", eyes of green, 35, incredibly cute, slim, professional, athletic woman (golf, blading and working out), seeks extremely attractive, Jewish professional male with sharp mind and athletic body (34-42). Photo essential. 8533 ✉

Blue-Eyed Beauty—Fit, 34, spiritual, spirited, romantic, teacher - loves the arts, seeks cool guy. Kids okay. Photo. 8721 ✉

Top Five Percent, Class, Beauty—Brains, 5'6", youthful 40s, athletic, blond, Jewish professional woman of substance, happy in heels or sneakers, seeks upscale, successful, commitment-minded counterpart, 48-60, to share happiness forever. Recent photo/phone. 8739 ✉

Fabulous, Fun And Foxy—44-year-old, pretty, petite Jewish brunette (southern CT) seeks *meaningful relationship* with well-established, family-oriented professional man with a Seinfeld sense of humor. Photo required. 8658 ✉

I Just Might Be—The right woman. Genuinely smart, pretty, petite size 4, successful in a cool job, intact sense of humor. Love books, movies, adventure travel, working out. Seek literate, high-achieving professional Jewish man, 32-45, with plentiful brains, looks, humor and heart, ready for lasting romance. Letter/photo for reply. 8681 ✉

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NY Contemporary League for United Cerebral Palsy - Prof'ls, 25-40, **Heat Up Summer party,** Tue 8/1, Le Bar Bat, 311 W 57, $10=1 Miller beer. **683-6700, x 217**

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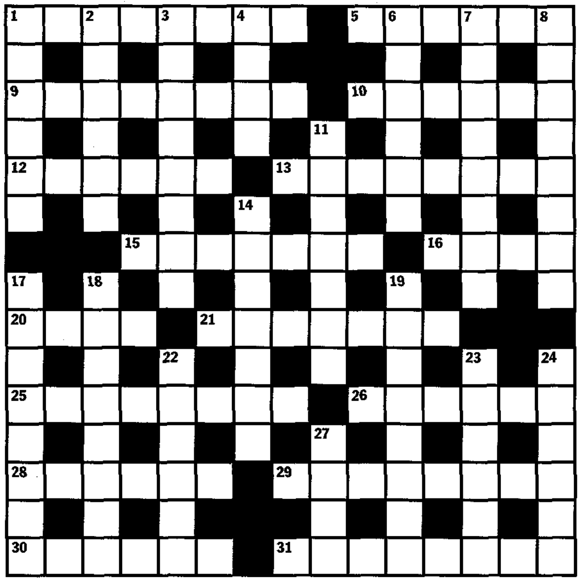
'Sunday Times' of London Crossword

ACROSS

1 Reach the top man, being smart. (8)
5 Exhausts the medico, as in dreadful state. (6)
9 Break in the perimeter. (8)
10 Youngsters scattered rubbish. (6)
12 Find new holding company regressive. (6)
13 Leading lights seeing show-people after church. (8)
15 Rage against sovereign and country. (7)
16 A beastly place, the Orient—though there's a certain affection for it. (4)
20 A chance to offer support. (4)
21 Gods—largely obscure. (7)
25 A boy in a rush argued. (8)
26 Pinch stuff on the quiet. (6)
28 Changes, because about to carry out repairs. (6)
29 Fence taking friend aside, maybe. (8)
30 Some evergreen trees surround this course. (6)
31 Cut, see—and badly. (8)



DOWN

1 Fits up the Continental joint. (6)
2 Feign concern. (6)
3 Trinkets made by manual workers. (8)
4 Endless darkness appears to be near. (4)
6 Right and wrong about top-grade fruit. (6)
7 Suggest meat in it should be chopped up. (8)
8 The way a guide is prepared for a foreigner. (8)
11 Cropped hair-style suitable for the beach? (7)
14 Made a profit as is got over. (7)
17 Bearing the cost of transport. (8)
18 A number housed in quite intolerable accommodation degenerate. (8)
19 Change with the law in pursuit. (8)
22 Unhappy end of outside left—stroke. (6)
23 A taking individual in the main. (6)
24 Scout around up-river without delay. (6)
27 The point of personal cover. (4)

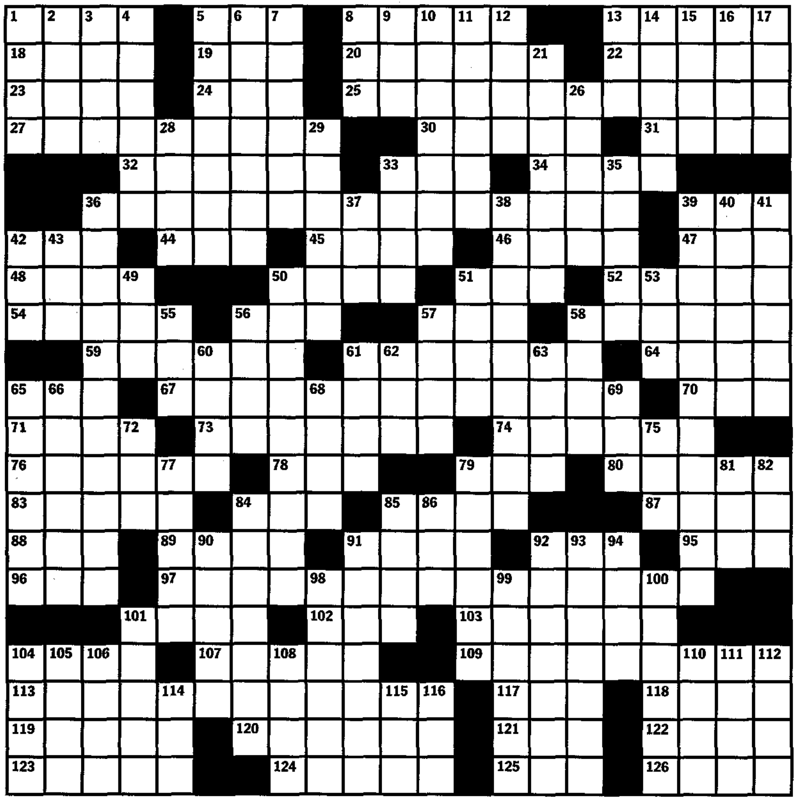
'Sweet Talk': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Points of convergence
5 3 on the phone dial
8 Name on the Tara mailbox
13 Biblical birthright-buyer
18 Novelist Kingsley ——
19 Rotation shaft: prefix
20 Cesar of "Falcon Crest"
22 Habitation
23 Pubs
24 Call —— day
25 Candy that has been monkeyed with?
27 Somewhat brandied candy?
30 Get the suds out
31 Bakery sweet
32 Elicit
33 Opposite of 'tain't
34 Hall of Famer Slaughter
36 Magazine for candy lovers?
39 High-chair neckwear
42 U.N. work agcy.
44 Rockies clock setting: abbr.
45 Horne of song
46 Van ——, Los Angeles suburb
47 Shoshonean tribesman
48 Ex-surgeon general
50 Obscene
51 Boob tubes
52 "My Friend" and "La Douce"
54 Sing praises
56 Smaller than a gulf
57 Be a contender
58 Streisand hit
59 Add spice
61 Trite saying
64 Steinbeck refugee
65 Chem., for one
67 Reduced-cocoa bits?
70 Scottish John
71 Subsequently
73 Flow out from
74 Site of a new wound
76 A Kitt
78 U-boat
79 Conducted
80 November birthstone
83 Hilo hello
84 Cockneys' caps
85 Insert cartridges
87 Bowlers' targets
88 Gibson or Brooks
89 "Wouldn't —— Loverly?"
91 Crow conversation
92 Buddhism offshoot
95 Fraternity letter
96 Jeanne d'Arc's title: abbr.
97 Extremely fattening biscuits?
101 Toastmaster's place
102 Egypt-Syria merger, once: abbr.
103 Full of fervor
104 Whodunit dog
107 Absorb lessons
109 Go fishing for candy?
113 Ducky candy?
117 Confucian ethic
118 Mislocate
119 "Strike —— Band"
120 Lining fabric
121 Old five-franc coin
122 Former shahdom
123 Appraise ore
124 Kind of race
125 Mach 2 plane
126 Disc jockey Don

DOWN

1 Flunk
2 Atlanta arena
3 Fifth nombre
4 Publisher
5 Milk farms
6 Bygone
7 Preposterous flop
8 Bobby of hockey
9 Northwestern Indian
10 Historic yacht
11 Fight back
12 Make —— for it (flee)
13 Fronton game, with "alai"
14 Acts as accomplice
15 "Your Show of Shows" comedienne
16 German border river
17 Better than better
21 Bony
26 Piggy-bank insert
28 Egg
29 Famed regatta locale
33 Look after
35 Actor Davis
36 Hoffman's favorite part?
37 Not many
38 Enticed deceptively
39 Yokels' desserts?
40 Paesano's land
41 ". . . should —— and not heard"
42 Dwight's nickname
43 Bagel's go-with
49 Mystery-story pioneer
50 "Elmer Gantry" star
51 Use a stopwatch
53 Kanga's baby
55 Resinous substance
56 What Clancy lowered
57 Go to the polls
58 —— up (enlivens)
60 Mets' stadium
61 Spill the beans
62 Squealer
63 Tinted
65 Cooks clams
66 Cottage for Heidi
68 Cross to bear
69 Command to Fido
72 To the —— degree
75 Comics caveman
77 Israel's chief port
79 Bengal sailor
81 Formicary occupant
82 Half a Gabor
84 Maulers
85 Leo's lodgings
86 Have the deed to
90 Sheer linen cloth
91 Altar area
92 Astrology diagrams
93 Barely manages (a living)
94 Clementine's shoe size
98 Parish clergyman
99 Speechifies
100 And others: Lat.
101 Russian villa
104 Color near turquoise
105 Dines
106 Does lacework
108 Partially open
110 Par
111 Twin of 13-Across
112 Change for a twenty
114 Locksmith's item
115 One of Hawaii's Maunas
116 Ship's planking curve



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 79.

MARY ANN MADDEN #827
NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

underwear—1. *n.* the first three letters of the hanes alphabet. 2. *adj.* of or pert. to outer garments worn by Cher Bono Allman or Madonna Louise Ciccone.
ugrug—*n.* [Alaskan] A wigged seal; see also Shatner, Nanook.
upbraid—*vt.* to accuse or charge with wearing plaits atop the head. 2. *n.* decoration worn on the shoulder of any officer in the armed services of the NBA.

Above, U. Competitors are invited to invent a fanciful definition for one existing word beginning with the letter *U.*

Results of Competition 824, in which you were asked for self-fulfilling prophesies.

Report: The report—always so original, don't you find? See that you do. And not a moment too soon. As to 824: Hefty reliance on typography topography. Plan Ahea   d. Or, A Stitch in T-i-m-e. Also smiley faces, emoticons, the lot. Duplicated or resurrected: "I'm Just a Girl Who Cain't Say N-n-n-n-." Dsyelxia. To be or   . A little lerning is a dangerous thing. Never say n-e-v-e-r. I-m not a ~~vir~~ very goOd typxist. A ssssśnake in the grassss. What goes around comes—what? you here again?
Speaking of which, have a happy summer or vacation, whichever applies. Hoping me the same the same.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

The White House
Pennsyl   vania Avenue
Edmund Conti, Summit, N.J.

"Be thou familiar, but by no means freakin' vulgar."
David Titus, Melrose, Mass.

ON NARCISSISM by the one and only Sigmund Freud.
Marc D. Faleman, Birmingham, Ala.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

JOHNNY MNEM . . . uh . . .
Jan Leighton, N.Y.C.

sy
zy
gy
Running Bear Conti, Summit, N.J.

John Wavne Bobbitt
Paul McCann, Evanston, Ill.

And Honorable Mention to:

CALL ME MADAM AT 1-900-976-LOVE
Alicia Ann Chuomo, Wilminton, Del.

"I won't make a firm decision until maybe Friday."
Raymond E. Benenson, Niskayuna, N.Y.

"I get no kick from champagne Mere alcohol doesn't thrill mb wak wxt2frogdungy . . . "
Douglas Braverman, Southfield, Mich.

IDIOT'S DILEGHT
Jack Sadowsky, N.Y.C.

THETHREEMUSKETEERS
Joan Clark, Dayton, Ohio

objectS IN MIRROr are
closeR THAN THEY appear
Robert Bond, Needham, Mass.

THE HEIRE$$
Trip Plymale, N.Y.C.
Wendy Glickstein, N.Y.C.
Ivor Winiply, Glen, Colo.
Monica Duffy, Queensbury, N.Y.
Isabel Faulkner, Melville, N.Y.

The King is dead. Paddles. Okay. Clear. Long Live the King.
Hy Komishane, Elizabeth, N.J.

"I am <INAUDIBLE> a crook."
Yoram Eisenstadter, Floral Park, N.Y.
similarly: Bob Dean, Raleigh, N.C.
sp. ment.: Lawrence J. Pippick.

CYRANEZ DE BERGERAC
Mrs. R. Machover, N.Y.C.

Delusions of *GRANDEUR*
Larry Laiken, N.Y.C.

La La Scala
Bill Duffy, Queensbury, N.Y.

THEB ORROWERS
Carol Sontag, Detroit, Mich.
sp. ment.: Selma Ellis, Glenview, Ill.

BEING AND
Ellen Burr, Truro, Mass.

I gave him a piece of my m nd.
Joel Sitrin, Alexandria, Va.

HAM
RYE
Tom Duffy, Rochester, N.Y.

Your Honor, may we have a side$_{\text{bar}}$?
Ken McCann, Somerset, N.J.

You can't see the trees trees trees trees forest.
Teresa Heines, Niskayuna, N.Y.

She did a double take
            double take.
Katie Hamner, S. Plainfield, N.J.

MUCH (   ) ADO.
David Chasman, Beverly Hills, Calif.

THÊ HÔUSE ÔF THE SÊVÊN GÂBLÊS
Woody Whitfield, Brooklyn

IN SEARCH OF EXCELLANCE
Richard Schwartz, Madison, Wis.

Accidents will pehnap.
Lisa Giordano, Madison, Ala.

THE PERSECUTION AND ASSASSINATION OF JEAN-PAUL MARAT AS PERFORMED BY THE INMATES OF THE ASYLUM AT CHARENDON UNDER THE DIRECTION OF OW! that hurts.
Nicholas Santarsiero, N.Y.C.

If you can't beat 'em, join us.
Regina Lyman, Philadelphia, Pa.

Buy $^{\text{sell.}}$
Lars Pettygrove, Arlington, Va.

The proof is in the pudQEDding.
Heather Fontaine, North Reading, Mass.

Honey catches more flies than vinegar, you stupid jerk.
David English, W. Somerville, Mass.

Repeat after me after me.
Bill Harriman, Niantic, Conn.
similarly: Martha Smith, Downs, Ill.

Talk is cheap—on the next *Geraldo.*
Terry Zheutlin, Wilmette, Ill.

Now is the winter of our discontent, dammit.
Roxanne Frising, Whitestone, N.Y.
sp. ment.: G. Gerson, Westfield, N.J.

It seems we stood and talked like this before.
It seems we stood and talked like this before.
M.E. Colby, Metuchen, N.J.

BURNT BY THE SUN (Rated SPF 2)
Cece Trachy, Westfield, Mass.

Come to me, Bend to me . . . ooops—bad back?
Mrs. Louise Daniels, Bronx

****!!!!S*H*O*W*B*O*A*T!!!!****
Louis B. Raffel, Northbrook, Ill.

As we grow older, our memory
Charles Lubetkin, Springfield, N.J.

If you don't succeed at first . . . I'm sorry . . .
If at first you don't succeed, . . .
Jeff Tenzer, N.Y.C.

April showers bring 1-800-FLOWERS.
Bonnie L. Salkind, Great Neck, N.Y.

"I shall
return."
E. Wind, N.Y.C.

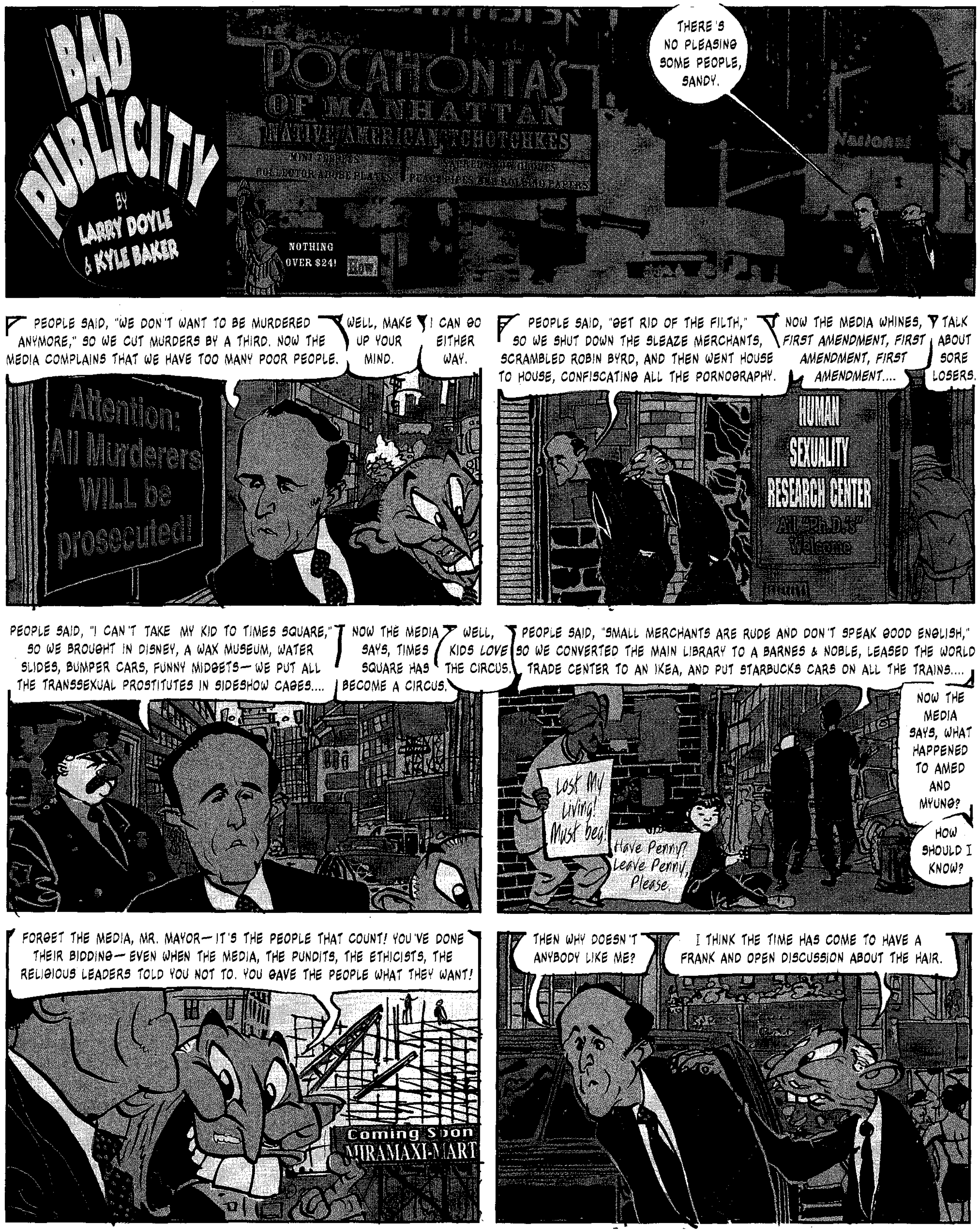
DR∀CUL∀.
Don Silberstein, Wellington, Fla.

Brevity is the soul, the essence, the gist, the very meat and potatoes of wit.
Jim Ringel, Boulder, Col.

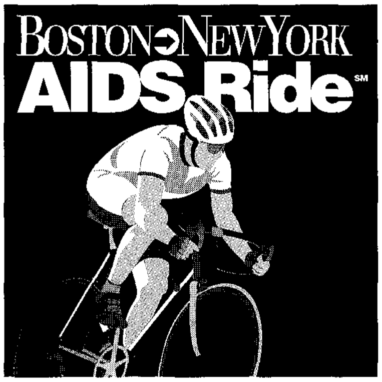
Competition Rules: POSTCARDS ONLY, PLEASE, TYPEWRITTEN IF POSSIBLE. ONE ENTRY ONLY should be sent to Competition Number 827, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017-5998 or sent via e-mail to 71154.3014@compuserve.com. It must be received by August 4. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York.* Results and winners' names will appear in the September 4 issue. Out-of-town postmarks are given three days' grace.

Poor Rudy's Almanac

So, what more do they want from this mayor already? Sandy has an answer.


BAD PUBLICITY
BY LARRY DOYLE & KYLE BAKER
POCAHONTAS OF MANHATTAN
NATIVE AMERICAN TCHOTCHKES
NOTHING OVER $24!
THERE'S NO PLEASING SOME PEOPLE, SANDY.
PEOPLE SAID, "WE DON'T WANT TO BE MURDERED ANYMORE," SO WE CUT MURDERS BY A THIRD. NOW THE MEDIA COMPLAINS THAT WE HAVE TOO MANY POOR PEOPLE.
WELL, MAKE UP YOUR MIND.
I CAN GO EITHER WAY.
Attention: All Murderers WILL be prosecuted!
PEOPLE SAID, "GET RID OF THE FILTH," SO WE SHUT DOWN THE SLEAZE MERCHANTS, SCRAMBLED ROBIN BYRD, AND THEN WENT HOUSE TO HOUSE, CONFISCATING ALL THE PORNOGRAPHY.
NOW THE MEDIA WHINES, FIRST AMENDMENT, FIRST AMENDMENT, FIRST AMENDMENT....
TALK ABOUT SORE LOSERS.
HUMAN SEXUALITY RESEARCH CENTER
All "Ph.D.'s" Welcome
PEOPLE SAID, "I CAN'T TAKE MY KID TO TIMES SQUARE," SO WE BROUGHT IN DISNEY, A WAX MUSEUM, WATER SLIDES, BUMPER CARS, FUNNY MIDGETS— WE PUT ALL THE TRANSSEXUAL PROSTITUTES IN SIDESHOW CAGES....
NOW THE MEDIA SAYS, TIMES SQUARE HAS BECOME A CIRCUS.
WELL, KIDS LOVE THE CIRCUS.
PEOPLE SAID, "SMALL MERCHANTS ARE RUDE AND DON'T SPEAK GOOD ENGLISH," SO WE CONVERTED THE MAIN LIBRARY TO A BARNES & NOBLE, LEASED THE WORLD TRADE CENTER TO AN IKEA, AND PUT STARBUCKS CARS ON ALL THE TRAINS....
NOW THE MEDIA SAYS, WHAT HAPPENED TO AMED AND MYUNG?
HOW SHOULD I KNOW?
Lost My Living! Must beg!
Have Penny? Leave Penny, Please.
FORGET THE MEDIA, MR. MAYOR— IT'S THE PEOPLE THAT COUNT! YOU'VE DONE THEIR BIDDING— EVEN WHEN THE MEDIA, THE PUNDITS, THE ETHICISTS, THE RELIGIOUS LEADERS TOLD YOU NOT TO. YOU GAVE THE PEOPLE WHAT THEY WANT!
Coming Soon MIRAMAXI-MART
THEN WHY DOESN'T ANYBODY LIKE ME?
I THINK THE TIME HAS COME TO HAVE A FRANK AND OPEN DISCUSSION ABOUT THE HAIR.

Join The Crew!



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Sept. 15-17, 1995

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We're looking for 300+ hard-working, tenacious volunteer crew members to help us with nearly every aspect of The Ride. Crew Members will accompany us along the entire Ride and assist with communications, bike repair, medical, security, operations, entertainment, set-up/pack-up and more. No prior experience is necessary for most positions!

Crewing on The AIDS Ride is about more than hard work, support and dedication. When 3,200 courageous cyclists ride into New York City on September 17th, each and every crew member will have had an uncommon opportunity to experience teamwork, spirit and a commitment to excellence on an entirely different level than the world ordinarily demands.

If you or a friend would like more info about this incredible event, join us for one of our upcoming Crew Orientation Meetings. They're a great way to learn about The Ride and its beneficiaries, and how you can be part of The Adventure Of A Lifetime.

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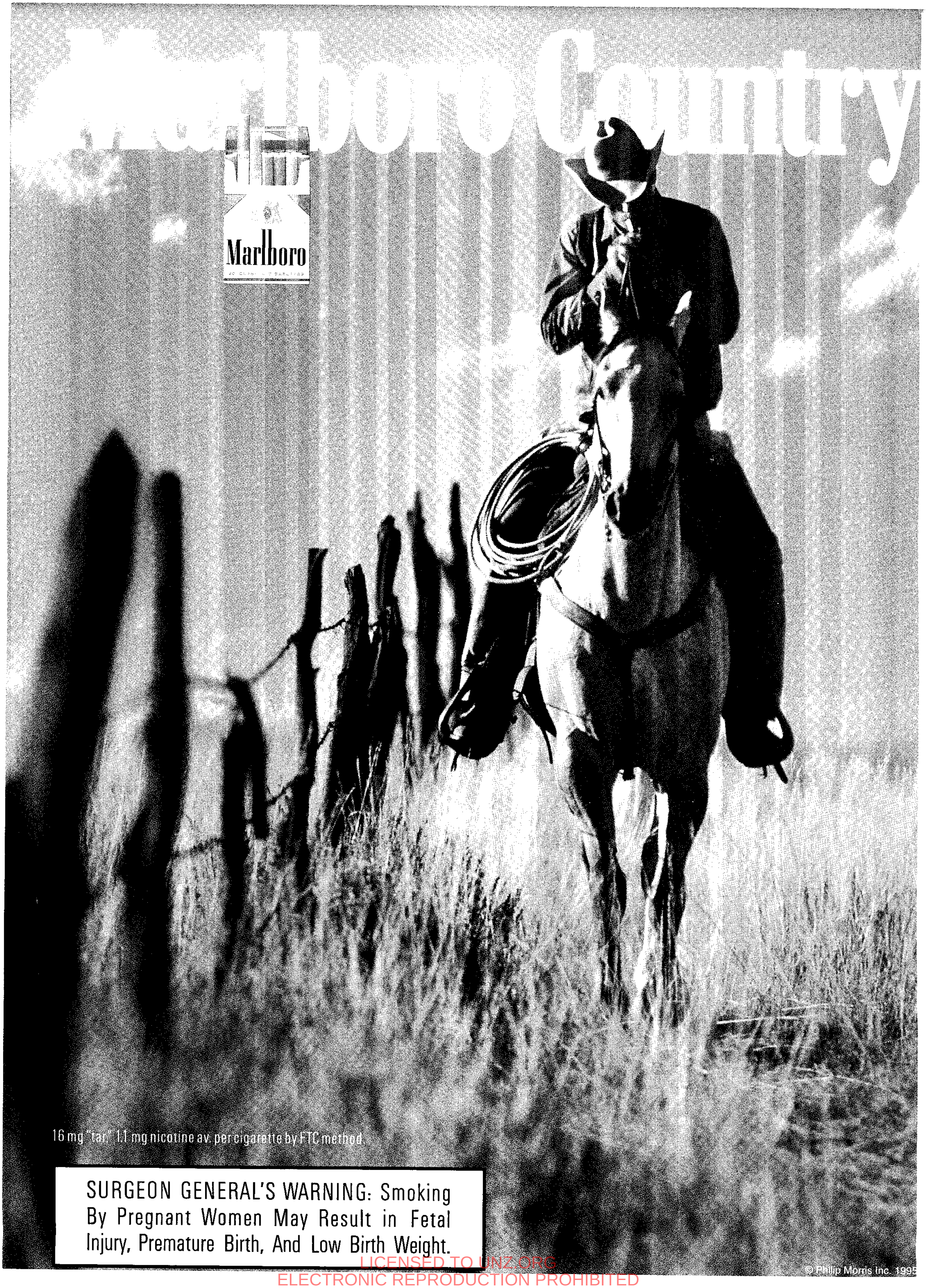

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